THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

FEBRUARY 26, 1949

15¢

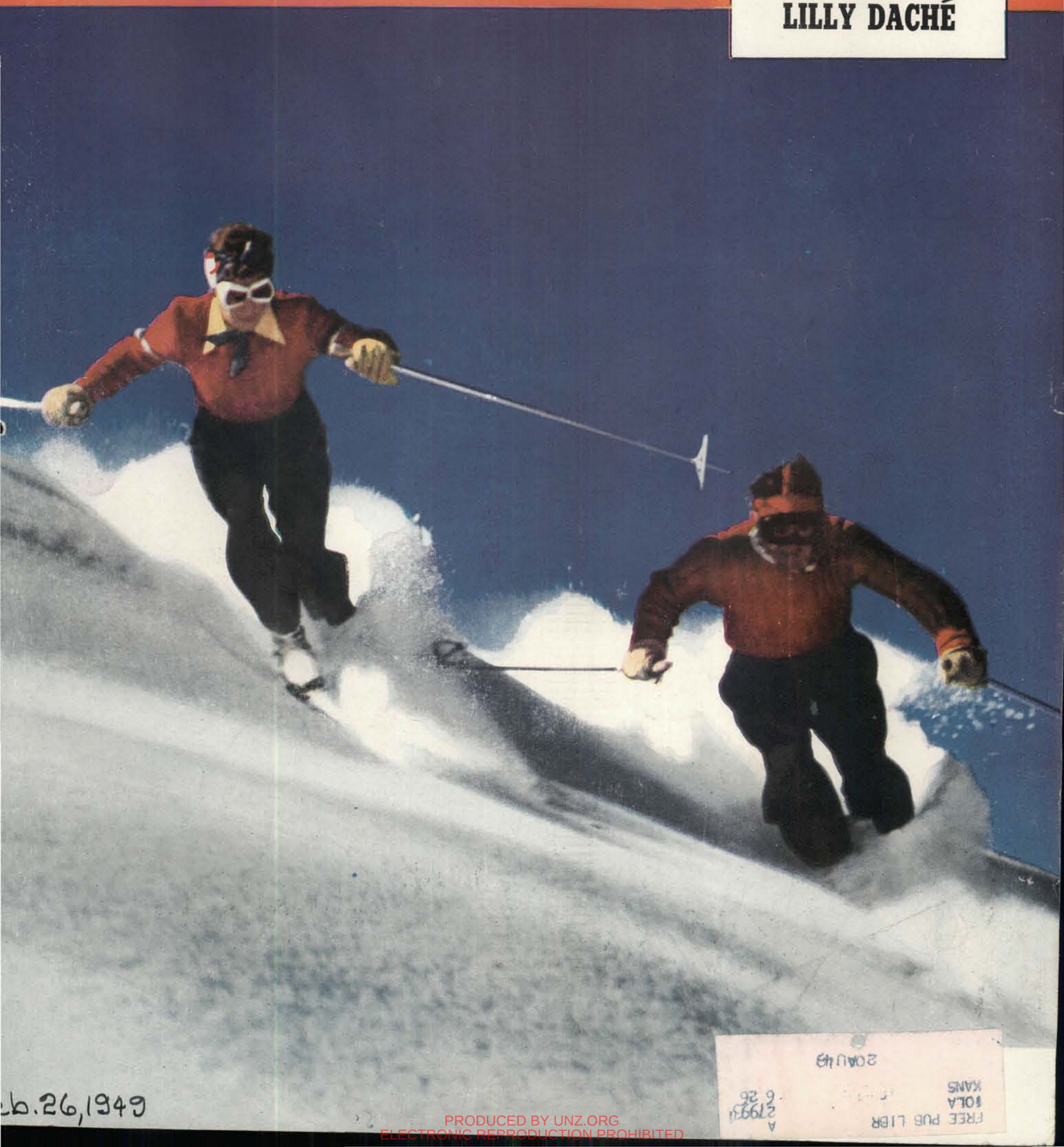
LIC LIBRARY
NSAS

WHAT YOU OWE YOUR COUNTRY

By

GEN. OMAR BRADLEY

THE MAGIC OF LILLY DACHÉ



Feb. 26, 1949

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS

2OAU49

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fortune's new campus

"BOLDIES"

brawny weights for
style-wise young men

• TOP: 6150. "Black Cherry" wing tip, ribbed sole. • BOTTOM: 6172. Blucher style with medallion on tip

• TOP: 6718. Triple deck sole. • BOTTOM: 6754. Rugged stitched blucher.

• TOP: 6707. Ghillie tie. Leather sole and heel. • BOTTOM: 6705. Ghillie "Moxford." Rubber sole and heel.

$8.95 to $9.95
most styles

You pay less for Fortunes...

AND YOU GET AMERICA'S TOP STYLING

Fortune
SHOES FOR MEN

• Handsomely masculine every stitch of the way from their plump upper leathers to the bottom of their extra-thick soles, these new Fortune styles are designed to accentuate the "bold look." Of rugged build, Fortune "Boldies" are superbly finished in every detail to artfully combine style correctness and rich, mellow leathers with luxurious comfort and ease. In every pair of Fortunes you get extras found only in really fine shoes — longer wear, better fit, America's top styling — and you pay less, thanks to Fortune's cost-saving production methods. See your local Fortune dealer for a pair, today.

THE RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY DIV. GENERAL SHOE CORP. NASHVILLE, TENN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the Telephone Rings

Pop hopes it's a call from Brown & Smith, saying that business deal is OK.

Mom's expecting a call from her mother.

Sis will go into a tailspin if it isn't Harry, who hasn't yet asked her for a Saturday night date.

Buddy hopes it's Joe, asking if he can come over.

Family Story. The story of Pop and Mom and Sis and Buddy is typical of many a family throughout the country. It shows the two-way value of your telephone service. The calls you get are as important as the ones you make — sometimes more so.

Greater Value. Your telephone is more valuable today because there are nearly 40% more telephones — about 9,000,000 more — than three years ago.

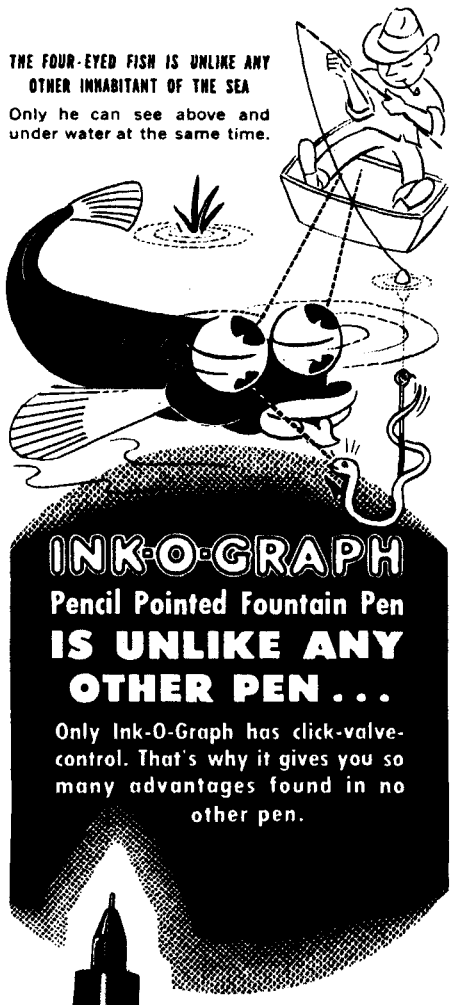
You Can Reach more people and more can reach you. The cost is small per call and exceedingly small in relation to the value of each call.

Rates Are Still Low. Telephone rate increases are much less than the increases in most things you buy. They are far less than past increases in telephone wages, and other higher costs of providing service.

In fact, telephone rate increases average only a penny or so per call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THE FOUR-EYED FISH IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER INHABITANT OF THE SEA
Only he can see above and under water at the same time.
INK-O-GRAPH
Pencil Pointed Fountain Pen
IS UNLIKE ANY OTHER PEN . . .
Only Ink-O-Graph has click-valve-control. That's why it gives you so many advantages found in no other pen.

Pick up an Ink-O-Graph and shake it gently; and you will hear the click valve in action. It is the click valve that enables your Ink-O-Graph to give you so many writing extras.

Ink-O-Graph writes instantly under the lightest hand or the heaviest writing pressure. The 14-Kt. gold pencil-like point can't possibly spread or bend.

Write with Ink-O-Graph at any angle; rule lines with it, without fear of smudging; and make carbon copies, the original in a permanent ink; and you will agree that Ink-O-Graph does every writing job just a little bit better; and writes as smoothly as a soft lead pencil.

Try one at your favorite pen counter and see for yourself.

In four handsome colors and black...

ONLY $2.00

OTHER GUARANTEED INK-O-GRAPHS

INK-O-GRAPH BALL POINT INK PENCIL has exclusive spiral air-vent to assure a steady ink supply. . . . ONLY $1.00

INK-O-GRAPH SHORTY A half-size ball pen that does a full-size job. ONLY $1.00

INK-O-GRAPH HOODED-POINT FOUNTAIN PENS...Precision built for smoothest writing and easiest filling (2 styles) $1.00 and $1.25

INK-O-GRAPH CO., INC., 200 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

INK-O-GRAPH

35 YEARS OF PRECISION PEN MANUFACTURING

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

ALBERT E. WINGER, *President* THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Publisher*

WALTER DAVENPORT, *Editor*

OSCAR DYSTEL, *Managing Editor*

WALTER ROSS, *Article Editor* KENNETH LITTAUER, *Fiction Editor* TONY PALAZZO, *Art Director*

Contributing Editors

W. B. COURTNEY JIM MARSHALL AMY PORTER LESTER VELIE
COLLIE SMALL FRANK D. MORRIS BILL DAVIDSON

Associate Editors

Fiction	*Humor*	*Washington*	*Men's Fashions*	*Articles*
NAOME WALSH	GURNEY WILLIAMS	WILLIAM HILLMAN, Mgr.	BERT BACHARACH	JAMES N. YOUNG
KNOX BURGER	*Sports*	JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Women's Fashions*	WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
GERTRUDE BUCKMAN	BILL FAY	*Family Features*	TOBÉ	EDMUND ANTROBUS
MACLENNAN FARRELL	*Aviation*	RUTH FOWLER	*Food*	WARREN BROWN
WALT GROVE	FREDERICK R. NEELY	JEAN B. BINGHAM	CHARLOTTE ADAMS	FAITH McNULTY

JOHN CONNER, *Assistant Managing Editor* MANLEY JACKSON, *Director Editorial Research* BRUCE DOWNES, *Photography Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Production Director* HELEN P. BUTLER, *Production Assistant*

Contents for February 26, 1949

Articles

WHAT YOU OWE YOUR COUNTRY.....*Gen. Omar N. Bradley* 13
HE FIGURES TO SAVE YOU MILLIONS.....*Bill Davidson* 18
THE MAGIC OF LILLY DACHÉ.....*Hambla Bauer* 21
LONDON'S MIGHTY CROOK TRAP.....*Collie Small* 25
THE HELL-RAISIN' BEAVER.....*Edwin Way Teale* 28
CALIFORNIA CALLS THE DOCTOR.....*George Creel* 56

Short Stories

★ LOW-DOWN COTTON (*The Star Story*).....*Roark Bradford* 16
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS (*The Short Short Story*).....*John Reid Byers* 20
IN PLACE OF PITY.....*Jack Sher* 24
O'HARE'S WAY WITH BABES.....*Nord Riley* 26
THINGS REMEMBERED.....*Ernest Haycox* 50

Serials

HANGOVER HOUSE.....*Sax Rohmer* 22
(*Part 2 of five parts*)

Features

THE WEEK'S MAIL.....*from our readers* 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD.....*Freling Foster* 8
THE WEEK'S WORK.....*Ted Shane* 10
THE HUMAN FEMALE.....*Corey Ford* 30
CLANCY.....*John Ruge* 34
SENATOR WALRUS: ON RENT CONTROL.....*Al Graham* 45
INSIDE SPORTS.....*Bill Fay* 54
EATING—IN OR OUT.....*Charlotte Adams* 58
VARIETY FOR THE MEAT MENU.....*Charlotte Adams* 64
WHAT SHOULD I WORRY ABOUT FIRST?.....*Margaret Fishback* 73
13 ISN'T UNLUCKY.....*W. E. Farbstein* 74
CARTOONS.....32, 36, 38, 42, 43, 47, 48, 49, 52, 62, 66, 69, 71, 75, 76, 77
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: *College Teaching Doesn't Pay*..... 78
COVER.....*David Peskin*

The Week's Mail

STRENGTH OF THE SPIRIT

MY DEAR SIR: Ayres Houghtelling's pictured Life of Christ (Jan. 1st) shows discriminating thought and is beautifully detailed but I am afraid the old master understood far better than Mr. Houghtelling the quality of Christ's strength. It was the essence of physical strength, but suggesting something higher than either masculine or feminine properties. Mr. Houghtelling has developed a totally masculine giant who surely would have needed no help in carrying the cross.

LOUBEL WOOD, Houston, Texas

. . . One scene at the bottom of the picture simply horrifies me. His lovely sensitive hands are big and ugly. His fingers blun—not at all the beautiful, slender, loving hands we know He has. His eyes deep sunk and not visible. Why? Because thi artist could not catch that something we know He has—Love? His birth is hardly visible to the eye.

A CHRISTIAN AMERICAN, Lyons, Colo

. . . Almost all artists have portraye Him with dainty hands and a piou expression which I don't care for. Hough telling has painted the most noble, strong featured, yet beautiful picture of Chris I've ever seen! His hands are powerfu and coarse, as a man's should be who ha been a carpenter, and face strong, for H had seen much suffering. With a chest an hands like that, no wonder He could s easily throw the money-changers from Hi Father's Temple. Have more of Hough telling's pictures, we love them.

K. A. Y., *Richmond, Ca*

. . . Articles such as The Miracle of Te payac (Dec. 25th) and The Life of Chris

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 123, No. 9. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demnerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00.

FOR PAN-AMERICAN countries in the Postal Union, add $1.00 per year. For all other foreign countries add $4.00 per year.

REMIT by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks advance of the next issue date. Give both the old a new addresses.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Offic Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and the Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, T National Weekly, should be accompanied by address envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or a

COPYRIGHT, 1949, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Today millions enjoy *Yellow Durkee's* in quarter-pound prints!

● In 30 states and the District of Columbia, Durkee's Margarine *looks* as good as it *tastes*. In these states, millions of lucky people are buying Durkee's all colored a luscious, table-ready yellow.

Mild and sweet and always country-fresh—it's the finest of spreads and the best for all your cooking and baking. Every pound contains 15,000 units of Vitamin A. Now on sale *yellow* in Alabama • Arizona • Arkansas • Colorado • Florida • Georgia • Idaho • Indiana • Kansas • Kentucky • Louisiana • Maine • Maryland • Massachusetts • Missouri • Mississippi • Nebraska • New Jersey • New Mexico • Nevada • North Carolina • North Dakota • Oklahoma • Rhode Island • South Carolina • Tennessee • Texas • Utah • Virginia • West Virginia • District of Columbia.

In all of the fields below, Glidden leadership in research is proving invaluable to industry.

Quality Paced by Research

Write The Glidden Company, Cleveland 14, Ohio. In Canada, The Glidden Company Ltd., Toronto.

Principal Glidden Products: **FOODS:** Durkee's Famous Dressing; Durkee's Margarine; Durkee's Mayonnaise; Durkee's Salad Dressing; Durkee's Shortening; Durkee's Shred Coconut; Durkee's Spices and Worcestershire Sauce; Durkee's Puff Pastry Margarines and Shortenings for the Bakery Trade; Special Ingredients for Confectioners • **SOYBEAN PRODUCTS:** Alpha* Protein; Prosein*; Fine Chemicals; Glidden Lecithin; Soya Flour and Grits; Albusoy*; Soybean Meal and Flakes • **FEEDS:** Poultry and Livestock • **PAINTS:** SPRED-Flat; SPRED-Luster; Japalac; Ripolin Enamel; Spray-Day-Lite; Endurance House Paint; Gliddenspar Varnish; Nubelite; Industrial Paints; Industrial Lacquers; Enamels and Varnishes; Glidair Aviation Finishes • **VEGETABLE OILS:** Soybean Oils; Coconut Oils; Cottonseed Oils; Peanut Oils; Corn Oils; Palm Oils; Linseed Oil • **CHEMICALS AND PIGMENTS:** Titanium Dioxide; Lithopone; Cadmium Colors; Litharge; Red Lead; Euston White Lead; Cuprous Oxide; Zinc Sulphate Crystals • **METALS AND MINERALS:** Powdered Iron, Copper and Lead; Glidden Type Metal • **NAVAL STORES:** Tars and Resins; Turpentine; Solvents; Synthetic Rubber Compounds; Compounds for Plastics.

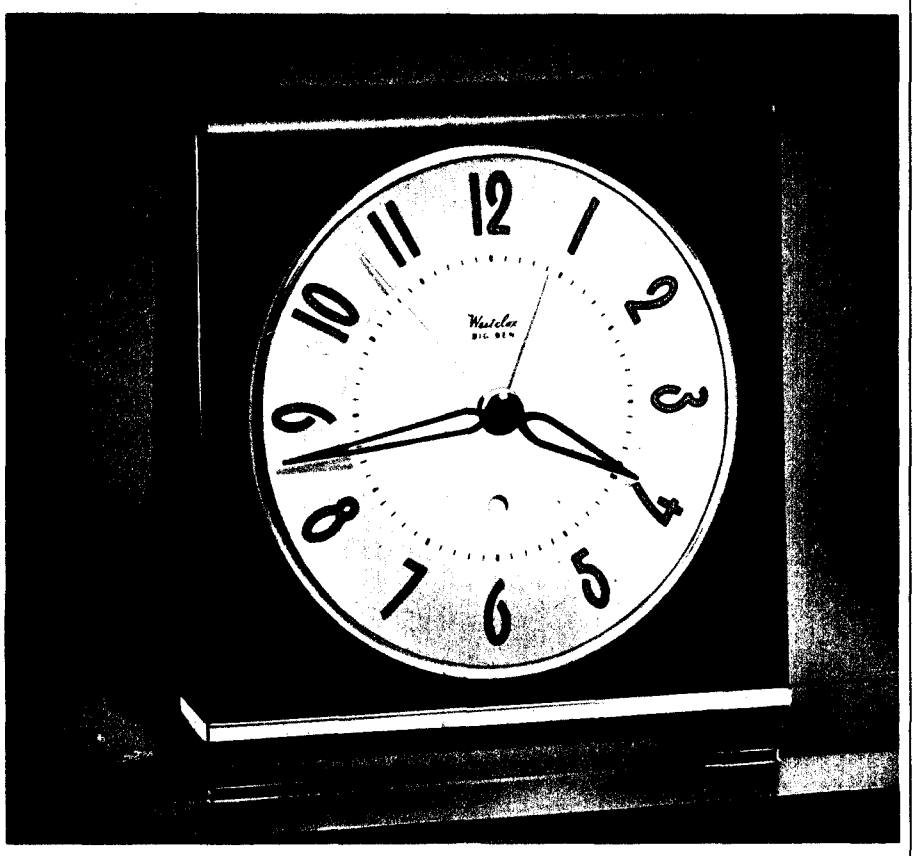
*Trade Mark Registered

© 1949, The Glidden Company

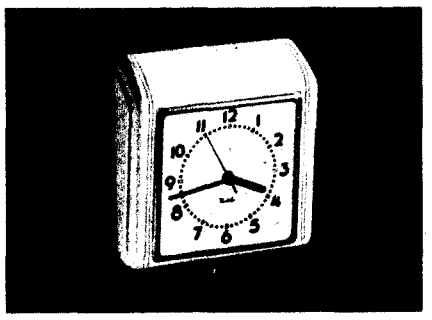
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTCLOX ELECTRICS . . .

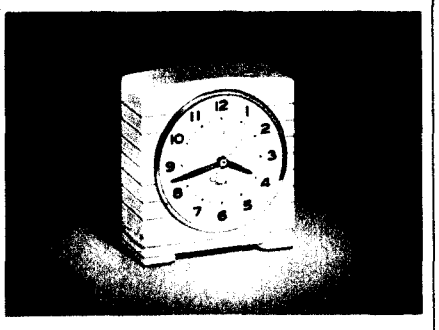
HANDSOME TO LOOK AT
STEADFAST IN SERVICE



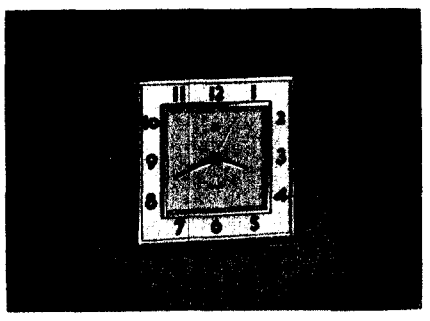
BIG BEN Electric Alarm has a cheerful gong alarm, adjustable to loud or soft. Stunning in rich brown with gold color trim, he's $8.95—or, with luminous dial for 24-hour duty, one dollar more.



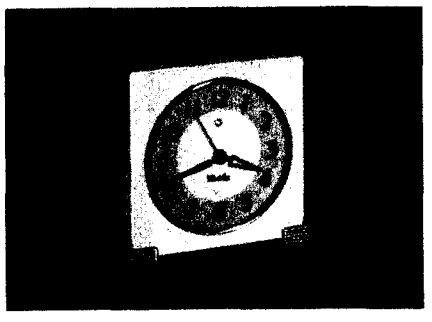
DUNBAR Electric Wall Clock—a friendly face in your kitchen. Case is tilted forward for easier reading. Choice of white, red, green or ivory finish, $5.95.



BARRY Electric Alarm has a cheerful bell alarm. Alarm indicator is on the two-tone dial. Choice of black or ivory finish, fluted, only $4.95.



ARDMORE Electric Time Clock, new and handsome Westclox, at home in the finest surroundings. Lustrous brown plastic case, gold color trim, $8.95.



LOGAN Electric Alarm has beautiful Westclox styling in every detail. In ivory finish, only $5.95—or, with luminous dial, one dollar more.

*Prices do not include tax and are subject to change. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

WESTCLOX*

Electrics

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN***

Products of **GENERAL TIME** *Instruments Corp.*

WESTCLOX, LASALLE-PERU, ILLINOIS; IN CANADA, WESTERN CLOCK CO., LTD., PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO

by Ayres Houghtelling, do more for world peace and happiness than words and meetings of political leaders.

L. E. COTTER, Canton, N. Y.

YOUNG INTELLECTUAL

DEAR COLLIER'S: I am sending you a picture my mommy took of me showing how I enjoy your magazine although I am only six months old. Everyone who saw me pose calls me a cover girl and said you would probably get a kick out of me.

MISS PATRICIA ANNE CRUISE, Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN OF THE KREMLIN

DEAR SIR: Re Arthur Goodfriend's Russia's Children from Cradle to College (Jan. 1st), I have never seen a more complete and concise article in any of the eight popular magazines to which I subscribe.

P. PRUCHNICKI, Chicago, Ill.

. . . One day I visited the harbor of Portland, Oregon, where a dozen or more Russian freighters were loading Lend-Lease. I went aboard several of these ships. I learned that each Russian freighter throughout the war carried 30 to 50 children with teachers. Christmas, 1944, Portland arranged a Christmas party for 500 Russian children from the ships. Many children from Portland were included. A huge tree was erected, with presents at the base, Santa was on hand, a turkey dinner was served, carols were sung, etc. The party was a flop. The Russian children had no conception of what Christmas meant, were entirely ignorant of Christ Jesus, had never seen nor heard of the Christian Bible. . . .

E. B. GRIFFENBERG, Wilmington, Del.

SECRETARY OF BINGO!

SIR: Re your editorial (The Numbers Racket Is Corruption, Jan. 15th) and article on the numbers racket, you say, "Of course we know gambling is a sin. Or we should know. . . ." Then you turn around and prove that it "ain't no sin" except in certain cases (bingo, church raffles, family poker, bridge, etc.). Since we can't take gambling out of the people, why not take the racket out of gambling by making it legal, bringing it out in the open, and giving it a chance to become the innocent amusement that it already is to about 50,000,000 sinners?

C. J. ROCKHOLD, Jonesboro, La.

. . . The Post Office Department can handle the whole transaction: the printing, selling and the redemption of the tickets. The prizes should be monthly. . . .

CHARLES GENDASON, Baltimore, Md.

. . . I think if the lawmakers intend to try to stamp out gambling they should begin in the higher brackets (the stock exchanges for instance). . . .

MRS. SAM S. HILL, Madison, Ind.

. . . Either gambling is a sin or it is not. There can be no exceptions, no qualifications. If it is not sinful to gamble a dime on a bingo card, then it cannot be sinful to gamble $1,000 on a horse. The only time it is a sin to gamble $1,000 is if the individual needs that money to pay for food or clothing or shelter. However, the only sin attached to the act is the wasting of the $1,000, not the gambling itself.

RAYMOND R. GOURD, Hamden, Conn.

FRED & GINGER

SIRS: Congratulations on your wonderful story on Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, How to Dance Like Four Antelopes (Jan. 8th). I don't think there is a movie fan in the country that is not looking forward to seeing them in Barkleys of Broadway.

CHARLES W. HUGHES, Tucson, Ariz.

SPIRIT OF CALIFORNIA

DEAR SIRS: In California's New-Fashioned Religion (Jan. 15th) it may seem very funny to ridicule gospel broadcasts but God's word says: "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness, but unto us that are saved, it is the power of God." Someday we all will stand before the throne of God to be judged, and then we'll see how funny you think it is.

ROCKY WALLEY, Sherman Oaks, Cal.

. . . I actually felt physically ill. . . . I can understand your wanting to rid southern California of money-loving hypocrites. But why would you attack such people as First Mate Bob, and Sister Sarah Hopkins? These people are guilty of nothing save preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

MISS JOAN BENJAMINE, Compton, Cal.

BALANCING THE WHEELS

GENTLEMEN: Mr. Robert J. Teall (The Week's Mail, Jan. 8th) says that people riding in trailers on the road take a beating. Either his trailer is balanced incorrectly, or it is not properly hooked to the car, or both. I have even gone to sleep in a trailer in motion. And I once saw the man standing at the rear window, shaving himself with a straight razor. We also traveled 400 miles one day on a graveled road (Highway No. 1, Canada, westward from Winnipeg) with a teakettle standing on top of the stove.

W. M. KARTZMARK, Tucson, Ariz.

ATHLETIC BED SLATS

DEAR SIR: Are Skiers People? (Jan. 15th) prompts me to ask Are Authors People? In my estimation, Dugan is a "Salon Tyroller" or a "gemoke" who doesn't know a parallel Christy from a *Sitzmark*. Collier's is a joy to read but there are times when joy turns to wrath.

JOHNNY DE MARTINO, Dedham, Mass.

. . . Dugan gives the impression that skiers are a bunch of pansies. If he is ever in Omaha I will be glad to look him up and swap a few punches with him to prove otherwise. Or would Mr. Dugan prefer to stay home and knit?

BILL LEWIS, Omaha, Nebr.

ALIMONY BLUES (IN THE RED)

GENTLEMEN: In Confessions of a Bill Collector (Jan. 8th), your Mr. Saul Kleinman may get golden results in collecting old debts from *dead beats* but Collie Small makes no mention as to how great his talents are in collecting alimony arrears. I tried kindling several fires under my ex, but, so far, no results!

A DIVORCEE, Chicago, Ill.

SHUCKS, WE KNEW IT ALL ALONG

SIRS: Collier's was always a good magazine—but your last few issues have been as radiant as a June bride. Thank you.

MRS. I. MORRIS, Roselle, N. J.

EYES IN THE BACK OF HER HEAD

DEAR SIRS: In your short short for Dec. 11th, Sharp Right Turn, by Max Murray, the author states: "I stood behind the girl and watched her play. . . . Her eyes were gray but as I watched, they were expressionless." To do justice to this feat, why not get Partch to illustrate?

MOE MARKOFF, Moncton, N. B.

Okay, Moe, here's Partch's illustration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

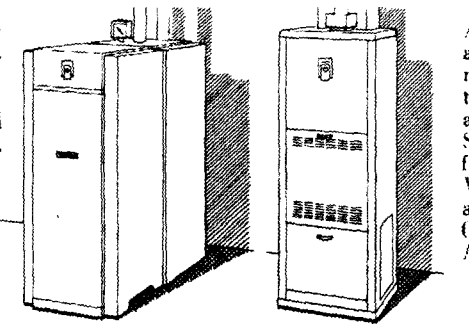
AMERICAN-Standard

First in heating...first in plumbing

The Royal Hostess Sink—one of many beautiful sinks by American-Standard.

Kitchen beauty begins here

WHEN you buy a kitchen sink, choose American-Standard and you get the finest, both in looks and convenience. These sinks are made in one piece for cleanliness, of rigid cast iron for sturdiness, with a heavy coat of acid-resisting enamel for long life. Yet they cost no more. Many models to choose from, in a variety of colors and sizes. Time payments for remodeling. Sold through selected Wholesale Distributors to your Heating and Plumbing Contractor. Send for FREE HOME BOOK, your guide to heating equipment and plumbing fixtures for the whole house. **American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp.,** Dept. K92. Pittsburgh 30, Pa.



American-Standard Heating Equipment covers any type of heating for any type of fuel. Shown are the oil-fired Arcoliner Wet-Base Boiler and the gas-fired Chippewa Winter Air Conditioner.

Look for this AMERICAN-Standard HEATING · PLUMBING *Mark of Merit*

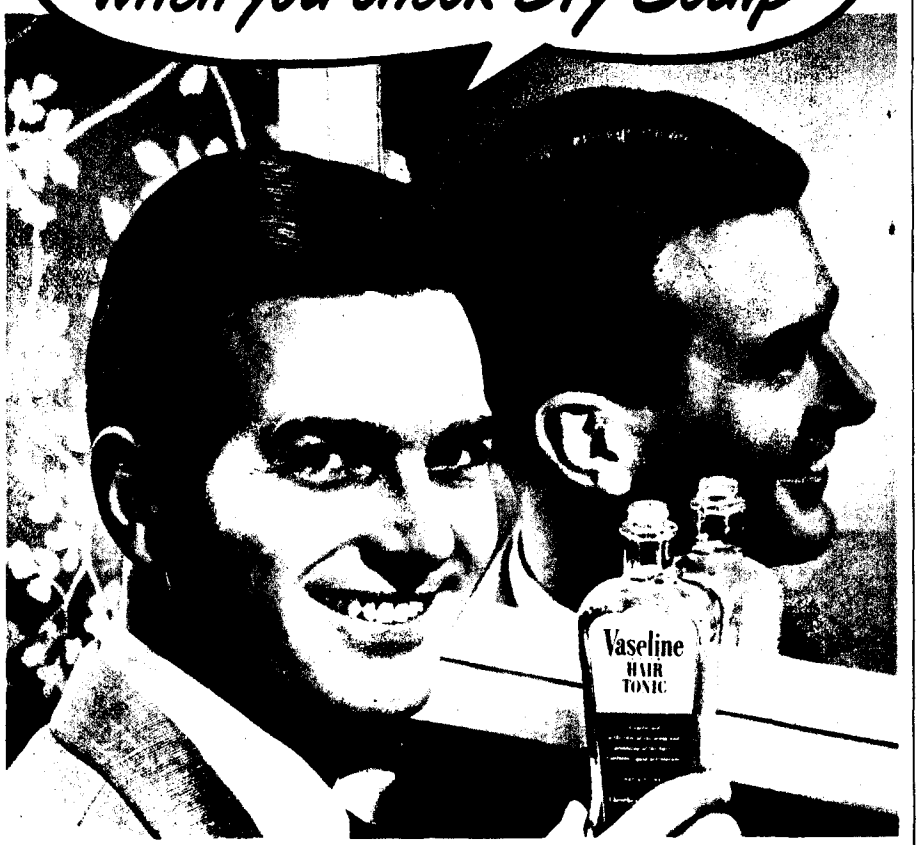
Serving home and industry: AMERICAN-STANDARD • AMERICAN BLOWER • CHURCH SEATS • DETROIT LUBRICATOR • KEWANEE BOILER • ROSS HEATER • TONAWANDA IRON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"...**HE'S ON THE AIR,** but he isn't on to Dry Scalp! Wonder how that dull, straggly hair will look over television? Doesn't he ever comb it? And that loose dandruff will never do! He needs an announcement about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . ."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



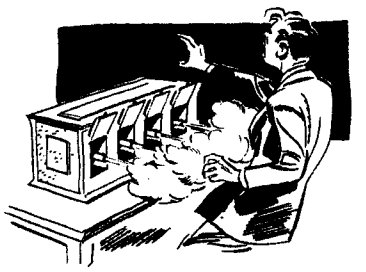
GOOD NEWS for you, too! It's so easy to check Dry Scalp . . . and keep hair looking just right with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day . . . and a liberal massage before shampoos do the trick. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Gives double care . . . to scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: **DR. CHRISTIAN,** STARRING **JEAN HERSHOLT,** ON CBS, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS; **LITTLE HERMAN,** NEW MYSTERY SHOW, SATURDAY NIGHTS, ON ABC. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



A rare jewel box, sold at auction in New York several years ago, and made in the days when such cases had to be theftproof, was equipped with a device that killed anyone who attempted to open it without knowing the secret. This particular chest, which is about 14 inches high by 20 wide and 10 deep, has a bottom lock that locks and unlocks the box and a top lock that locks and unlocks the protective mechanism. If the top one is not locked when the case is opened, four front doors fly open, a pistol behind each springs into position and all four fire automatically.

★★★★★★★★★

Without doubt the slowest-moving mechanism made is that which controls the needle in one of the 93 dials of a clock completed in Belgium about 1936. Designed to record a Platonic year (a cycle of 25,800 solar years) the point of this needle will move 1 inch in about 14 centuries.

★★★★★★★★★

As the Ulster County (New York) Gazette of January 4, 1800, contained the first complete account of the last hours and funeral of George Washington, copies became so rare and valuable by 1825 that several publishers began to fake the issue. Within a short time, they had printed and sold more than a million spurious copies, many of which are still preserved and regarded as originals. However, the only genuine copy in existence, so far as is known, is owned by the Library of Congress.

★★★★★★★★★

The "perfect crime" was almost achieved by Warren J. Lincoln who murdered his wife and brother-in-law in their home in Aurora, Illinois, at dusk on January 10, 1923. In a quarrel Lincoln's wife had threatened to kill him. As the neighbors had overheard it, Lincoln made capital of the threat and circulated rumors of attempts to poison his food. He then shot and killed Mrs. Lincoln and her brother. Dismembering the bodies he *completely* destroyed all the parts in a furnace with the exception of the heads which he incased in a block of concrete and threw on the city dump. Two nights later, Lincoln scratched his face, tore his clothes, screamed for help and told those who rushed to his aid that his wife and brother-in-law had tried to kill him but had become frightened by his yelling and had run away. To further the belief that the two were still alive, Lincoln left town six months later and returned after a week with the story that his wife and brother-in-law had kidnaped him from bed in his nightshirt and locked him in a cellar in Chicago. He escaped by slugging the guard and taking the man's clothes. As the police discovered that Lincoln had arrived home with his own watch and penknife in the "stolen" suit, they were suspicious and ultimately obtained his confession, although they had no evidence that the murder had even been committed.

★★★★★★★★★

While digging in the Grave Creek Mound at Moundsville, West Virginia, late in 1838, workmen came upon a chamber containing what they thought to be prehistoric relics. One was a stone tablet inscribed with hieroglyphics which defied translation. It became the subject of controversy for 92 years. At least 60 linguists studied the characters and variously claimed they were runic, Etruscan or some other ancient language. But the hieroglyphics were not deciphered until 1930, when an American chanced to look at them from an unusual angle and saw they were English letters which spelled out "Bill Stump's Stone, October 14, 1838."

★★★★★★★★★

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

To confound the Devil who might trail and tempt them, many women in the oases of the Sahara still wear capes that drag behind them for six feet and wipe out their footprints in the sand.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. *This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Never forget... there can be only <u>one</u> original!

ZENITH is America's most widely copied Radio.

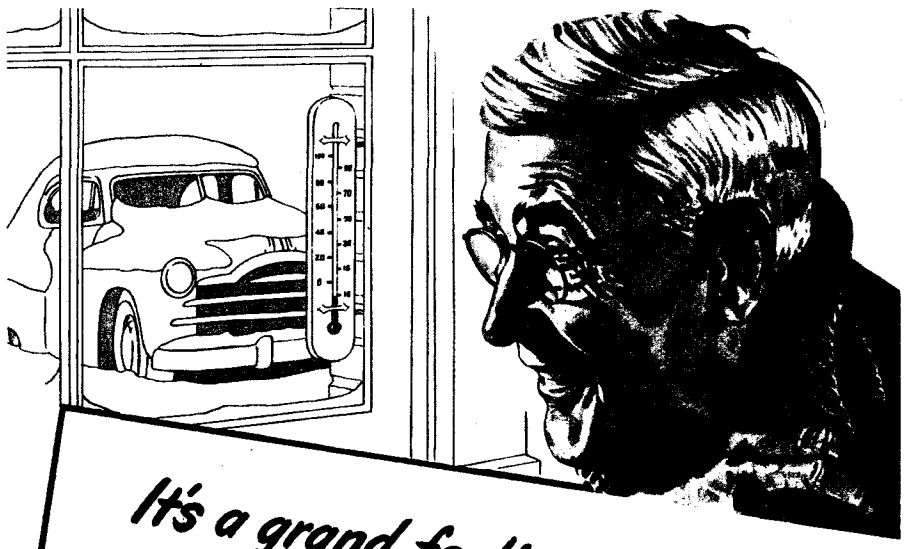
Zenith* will be America's most widely copied Television.

Other manufacturers will shortly copy Zenith's Giant Circle Screen. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

In your own interests, insist upon seeing at your dealer's what the Zenith Giant Circle Screen and <u>other</u> <u>Zenith</u> <u>original</u> <u>innovations</u> do for Television

©1949 ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION • CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS *®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's a grand feeling to have a Good Battery!

Have your battery checked now at your friendly, local UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATION

Automobile Service is his business

Your United Motors man is out to give real *service satisfaction* to the car owners in his neighborhood. That's his "bread and butter." So when your car needs attention—whether it's just adding water to the battery or something more serious—go to the man who takes a *personal interest* in doing the job well. He uses the finest original equipment parts, the latest service methods. You'll like doing business with him.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
ROCHESTER Carburetors
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios and Television
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes
MORAINE Engine Bearings

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Dynamic Downhillers. The speeding snow-cutters are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Iselin, ski instructors at Aspen, Colorado, on whose slopes the shot was made by the peripatetic Peskins. Both Iselins are former European champions and hold records yet unbroken. Fred has done a book on skiing.*

THIS latest trip to Europe, says Collie Small, who searchlights Scotland Yard (London's Mighty Crook Trap, p. 25), was a strange one at times. In Helsinki he and the delectable Mrs. Small slept between paper sheets and subsisted on pickled reindeer tongues and spent most of their time at the railroad station watching the trains from Leningrad come in. Walking through the lobby of the El Minzah Hotel in Tangier, Collie came on a Stanford College roommate selling colas to the Arabs, who love sweet drinks but are forbidden by Allah to take alcohol.

In Rome he ran into a bankers' strike and lived for a week on about 12 cents. In Copenhagen a customs officer with a sense of humor extracted a ball of living fur from a big box, and it turned out to be a lion cub just flown in for the Copenhagen zoo. "It scared hell out of me," says Collie ruefully. "But I must have scared the lion too. I had to send my suit and topcoat to be cleaned immediately."

At the bullfights in Portugal, Collie sat with a copy of Death in the Afternoon under his arm, while Mrs. Small sat with her hands over her eyes—but peeking. First bull they saw jumped a fence, and Mrs. Small jumped back 18 rows. She finally was wheedled back, became a bullfight fan, first-class.

"She sat sideways, however," says Collie, "in case she had to make a getaway."

While he was sleuthing Scotland Yard, a mysterious foreigner showed up at the Collier's London office trying to get 30 or 40 old copies of Collier's for a reading circle. "Since it had recently become fashionable to wrap bombs in American magazines and mail them to high people in England," says Collie, "we thought we had something. The case is still unsolved. I did find out, however, that the original Last Mile is a walk down the Rue de la Paix with your wife. Few guys get out alive."

AS BEFITS the author of The Hell-Raisin' Beaver (p. 28) Edwin Way Teale has always operated at a beaver pitch himself. Born in Joliet, Illinois, in 1899, he graduated from Earlham in '22.

Then he taught for a while at Friends University in Kansas. Later, while taking his master's at Columbia (so he could get close to editors), he got his first manuscript back the afternoon he submitted it.

After editorially assisting the late great moralist, Dr. Frank Crane, for a time, Mr. Teale wrote steadily for Popular Science Monthly—mingling with radar, diving bells and moon rockets.

Since 1941 he has been traveling, doing books and articles on nature subjects, and lying on his belly studying insects in his insect garden on Long Island.

He has also spent the night alone on the top of the Empire State Building to check on migrating birds. "The night watchman came at 2:30 A.M. to see me leaning over the terrace wall, the wind in my hair. He kept his distance, sizing me up as mentally nitroglycerin. Explaining I was just watching the birds didn't help!" sighs Mr. T.

Being a writing naturalist and member of many societies, Mr. Teale gets many opportunities through the mail, of which the following are typical: An inventor recently begged some insects to test a death ray. A "nature religion" offered him the position of Bishop of Pennsylvania in a nudist cult. A young man in Louisiana offered to come and live with him for three years while Mr. Teale taught him nature photography. Parcels are forever coming containing live tarantulas, scorpions, baby alligators and asps.

THE memory of a New Year's cocktail party given by the Sax Rohmers at their place in the English Surrey hills shortly before the outbreak of World War II, gave rise to the serial, Hangover House (p. 22). The occasion was a week end, and the invitations read: "At home from 6:00 P.M., December 30th, to 6:00 A.M., January 1st."

The result, Mr. Rohmer assures us, was chaos.

"Guests who turned up late Saturday night for cocktails reappeared from sundry bedrooms on the morning of the 31st," says Mr. Rohmer. "One damsel in full evening dress, on her way to a New Year's Eve celebration elsewhere, dropped in about sevenish on the 31st and remained till noon on January 2d. There may be some of the guests around still, for all we know.

"Hangover House was written in New York, entirely surrounded by musicians," says Mr. Rohmer. "A lively lady pianist on my immediate left practiced Ravel from 10:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M. A soprano opposite did scales for three hours. A violinist (sex unknown, execution strongly approved) tortured a nonvintage violin in the room below from four to seven daily, Sunday matinee included. Originally intended as a play, how it became a novel is not entirely clear to me. In such circumstances, however, it was born." . . . TED SHANE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

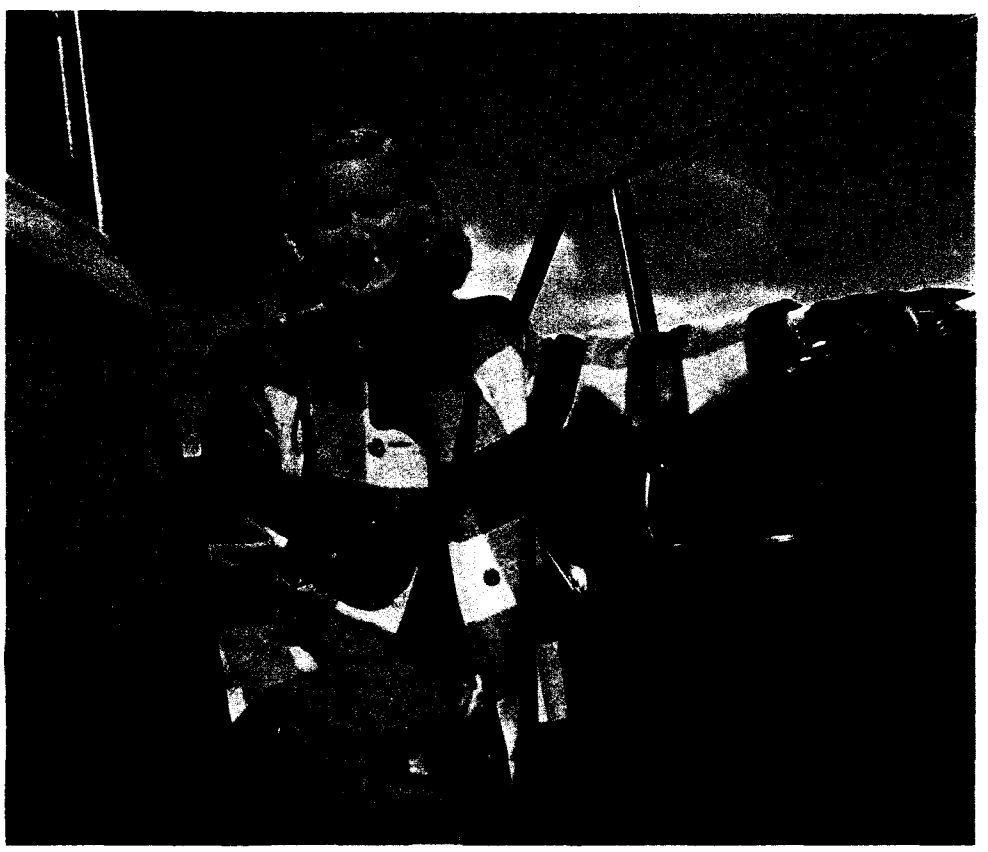
True Yesterday

PLYMOUTH—the low-priced car most like high-priced cars

and Tomorrow

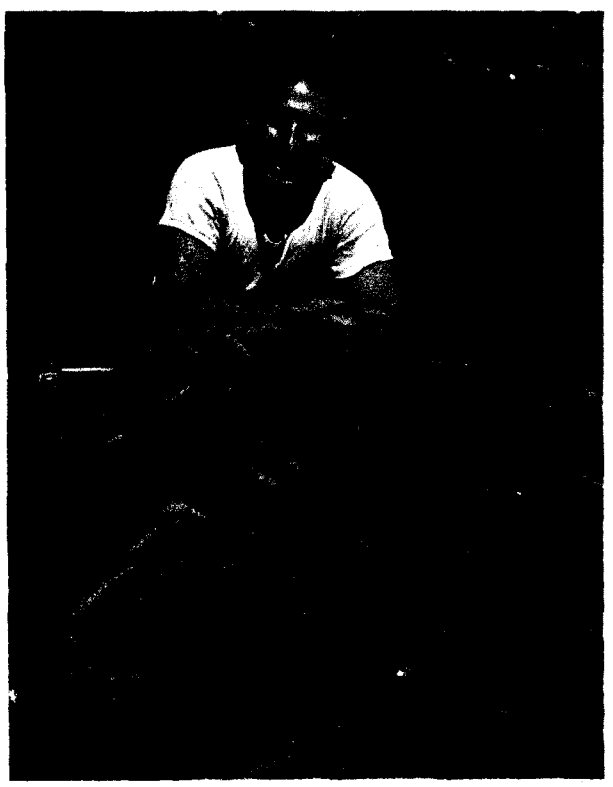
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let these folks help you choose your next tires!

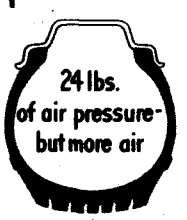


JOYCE C. CONNER, social worker, Weirton, W. Va.: "These big Super-Cushions have added so much to the appearance of my car! And on winding mountain roads, they just cling to the pavement—no skidding or swaying—and make me feel ever so much safer. But no matter where I drive, I always notice how they really smooth out the bumps and jolts!"

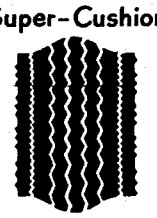
WILLIAM C. McGEHEE, lumberman, Natchez, Miss.: "I've driven thousands of miles since I put Super-Cushions on my small car, and they've made it ride and handle as smoothly as a big car. In logging operations, I drive over rough corduroy roads, yet these tires absorb the shock and flow over the ruts. I get lots better wet-weather traction, too."



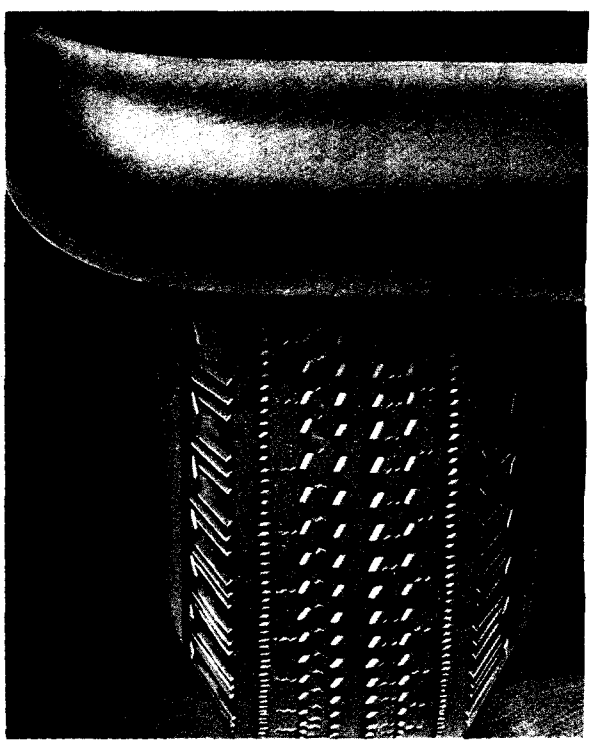
MICHAEL FRIES, wholesaler, Cincinnati, O.: "As soon as I changed to Super-Cushions, I was amazed at how much smoother my car rode. It just glides over bumps and railroad tracks here in the market districts."

Conventional Tire	Super-Cushion
	
Ordinary ride	New softer ride

Softer Ride! The Super-Cushion is bigger and softer. *It runs on 24 pounds of air!* It soaks up road shocks, jolts, jars and vibrations. This means you get a smoother, *softer* ride. It means less wear on your car, fewer rattles, fewer repair bills!

Conventional Tire	Super-Cushion
	
Regular-size "footprint" Ordinary traction	Bigger "footprint" New greater traction

Remarkable Safety! The Super-Cushion has larger contact area with the road. You get a new ease and stability in car handling. Your car seems to *hug* the road, to *flow* through traffic, to *float* around curves. And you get quicker, safer stops!



Modernize the riding qualities and safety of *your* car. Super-Cushions will fit its present rims! With Goodyear's great LifeGuard Safety Tubes, they give you the *last word* in modern motoring comfort and safety. See your Goodyear dealer!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The new *Super Cushion* by GOODYEAR

We think you'll like "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"— Every Sunday — ABC Network

Super-Cushion, LifeGuard T. M.— The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. 123, NO. 9

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

FEBRUARY 26, 1949

What You Owe Your Country

By GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY

Chief of Staff, United States Army

A nation's strength is not in its treasury statements but in the national character of its people, writes General Bradley. In this brilliant article one of the country's most level-headed leaders looks into the heart of our democracy and prescribes a homely remedy for its ills

Several months ago General Bradley was speaking to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. "We have neglected to tell our young people," he said, "that democracy is a two-way street—that with its benefits comes the necessity for also giving service."

Collier's believes every syllable of that. We asked the general to expand those words into an article. He did so. We are glad to present the result here. You will be glad to read it. This is the true interpretation of patriotism. EDITOR

EVEN in June the Channel waters were icy as I splashed through the life-belt-littered surf and scrambled aboard the landing craft. Its Diesels shuddered as the helmsman—a stocky, frowning youngster in wet-weather gear—coaxed his clumsy boat from the beach and headed toward the line of ships offshore.

By noon on this second day on Omaha Beach, we had cracked the German crust and were pushing into the hedgerows. Now, with a marked map under my arm, I was hitching a ride back to headquarters. Offshore in deep water a thin-skinned PT boat waited to carry me out to the cruiser Augusta.

On the wet open bottom of our tiny craft a dozen litters had been loaded. And on those litters a dozen wounded youngsters lay wrapped in blankets already soggy from the spray. All of them in their raw twenties, they lay quiet, uncomplaining, awaiting transfer to a hospital ship.

Ten years before, when the German guns that had torn their bodies were being heralded by the booming mobs of Munich, those 12 youngsters were in knee pants, wandering through a depression toward their rendezvous on Omaha Beach. And while their parents struggled uncomprehendingly through the fear and uncertainty of that economic storm, their generation was being rudely hustled from adolescence into a war.

There I remember, in the pitching bottom of that nameless craft lay the fragments of a generation rashly condemned for having been "corrupted" by the ease of democracy and "debased" by the luxury of freedom. But those 12 men had learned on D-Day—as hideously as man can learn—that freedom is not free, that democracy can exact stern repayment from those who share in its bounty.

In time of war, the competitive struggle that powers a free society such as ours is enveloped by common danger. Just as life is held most dear by the man who faces death, so are the institutions of a free nation cherished most jealously when they are threatened by aggression. Confronted by war, the American people scamper hastily home to the fundamental realization that it shall profit a man nothing to gain possessions, knowledge and power if he loses the freedom in which they are rooted.

But when danger has passed and our enemies at last lie crushed, the individual once more asserts his priority claim to self-interest. The right to profit, the right to get more, obscures the war-born realization that an individual's welfare is plainly tied to the welfare of his nation. We quickly forget that if freedom is to produce security as well as the bountiful life, then its roots must be continuously nourished by sacrifice, devotion and service.

Because of the exaggerated emphasis we have attached to the omnipotence of the dollar, too many of us have already accepted the dangerous illusion that we can buy off our responsibilities as citizens in the payment of taxes.

A nation's strength is not to be found in its treasury statements. It lies instead in the na-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional character of its people, in their willingness to sacrifice leisure, comfort, and a share of their talents for the welfare of the nation of which they are part.

Self-government is not a luxury on which men may grow fat and indulgent. Rather it is an instrument by which men can—if they have the wisdom—safeguard their individual freedom and employ that freedom in pursuit of happiness and fair reward for their ingenuity, labor and intellect. Because self-government is an instrument which demands unceasingly the services, the energies, the participation of those who would benefit by it, self-government is weighted as heavily with obligation as it is with privilege.

Our democracy is much like a tall stand of timber. We cannot cut from it more than we plant in it without periling its survival. And forests—like gardens—cannot be bought. They must be cultivated by toil and nourished by the sweat of those who would keep them.

★★★★

IF WE DARE LOOK on our government simply as a legacy left to us for our benefit, enrichment, and ease—then we shall someday awaken to find that our nation has rotted as quickly as our character has decayed. Democratic self-government tries its people with a sterner challenge than any other system in the world. Scorning the brutal coercion of totalitarian states, it asks generosity and brotherhood of its people. It asks that they co-operate willingly and voluntarily for their common welfare in order that each may benefit equitably according to his merits.

And while the imperfections of our democratic government—like all man-made institutions—have brought injustices to some, advantages to others, it nevertheless has helped us to achieve greater personal dignity and more material wealth than any nation in the world.

At a time when peoples throughout the world are being courted by an aggressive stateism that would have them abdicate their personal share in government and entrust their welfare to rule by clique, the American people must put their faith in not less—but more—personal responsibility in the affairs of their community and nation.

Because personal freedom does not grant to the individual, license to trespass upon the rights of others, a democracy must protect by regulation the common welfare of its people against transgressions by special interests. And as our American economy matures, we have found it necessary to insure greater equality of opportunity by the wise intervention of government into the enterprise of individuals. The depth of this invasion into the freedom of the individual, however, must be limited by compromise. For in our effort to provide equality of opportunity through sufficient government, we cannot abuse this power lest we stunt initiative through too much government.

While in the Veterans Administration immediately after the war, I was several times chided by hard-shelled friends for justifying the enormous social desirability of the G.I. Bill. To some mossbacks who had plunged profitably into the production tasks of the war, even our readjustment program was viewed suspiciously—and secretly with alarm. I am reminded of one entrepreneur who made a wartime fortune in wheat. Although he conceded the need for "some" government aid to veterans on their return, he still blandly contended that I was spending money "on just another Washington handout to make government wards of these kids."

Few tories went that far. But even while they enthusiastically accept the G.I. Bill and most of the social advances made in the last two decades, many men of good will today admit to a fear that our wartime generation has become too dependent upon government, that initiative has waned, and that too many of us are inclined to see Washington as the source of the bountiful life.

Apart from its economic implications, this habit of turning to Washington with our troubles conceals a political danger as well. For, once we make a crutch of government, we are on the way to becoming political cripples.

If we look to government purely for its benefits and deny it our obligations, then we shall be poorly prepared to assert the superiority of democratic government over the absolute powers of stateism. Overdependency on government is the road to enslavement.

When men become so addicted to the benefits of government that they lose sight of their responsibilities, then that government is in danger of being seized by any leader or minority group that can promise greater benefits to the people in return for abandonment of their rights. Or when men become so intent upon selfish exploitation of their rights that our majority interests are sidetracked in favor of a greedy minority, then also is our freedom threatened. For only so long as freedom remains a force for the welfare of all our people will men cherish it in their hearts and defend it with their lives.

Our earlier insistence on opportunity for enterprise has given way to a demand for economic security. And ruefully though the older generation may view this cautious shift in interest, it has no one to blame but itself. For it was the freebooting business anarchy of my generation that brought on the Great Depression. And it was largely that depression which stimulated this passion for security we find among young men today. During the early 1930s when the nation showed its fear, the mark of that panic was stamped upon the memory of our World War II generation. First during the depression and afterward in the war, they were steadily the victims of error and default on the part of their parents.

★★★★

ON THE OTHER HAND, the youthful postwar soldier—his average age is 22—is clearly a product of prosperity. A youngster of 12 when war broke out, he romped through adolescence during the frenzied period of war production with considerably more money and less parental supervision than his brother before him. He came of age in an era of full employment when employers were bargaining for men. Frequently he was the child of itinerant parents, raised on time-and-a-half overtime wages in the shadows of shipyards and aircraft plants.

Like his depression predecessor—he, too, is the product of his times. But what vastly different times they were.

While exploring a human relations program for the training of these recruits, we in the Veterans Administration went first to an eminent psychologist to learn what manner of man was coming into our ranks. The scholar's verdict was a harsh one—harsher perhaps than these youngsters deserve.

"The postwar soldier," he said, summarizing his observations, "is younger than his wartime brother, healthier, better schooled, and more adept at learning."

But with an estimate that alerted us to the size of our job, the professor added, "He is also plainly undisciplined, jealously aware of his rights but not of his responsibilities. Moreover, he is mercenary and antagonistic to authority in almost any form."

The conclusion we drew was an inevitable one.

Not only was the Army challenged to make soldiers of these men, but it was also faced with the task of first making them better citizens, making them aware of the responsibilities that accrued to them as adult Americans.

For most of them, service in the Army is an initial payment on the privileges they have already enjoyed in growing up, privileges they shall have to balance with obligations the rest of their lives.

★★★★

AT FORT MYER, where I have my home, I sometimes slip down to the tiny post movie. Dressed in a tacky prewar civilian suit I am treated to soldier talk, especially when the lights are out. One evening, several months ago, an 18-year-old youngster, who let it be known he was a one-year volunteer, complained to his companion that he had put his neck in the noose when he came willingly into the Army.

"What's it going to get me?" he asked. "Not even the G.I. Bill. My old man was in the first World War—and what did he get out of it?"

By some standards, the young man was a realist. He was simply asking the question it is the fashion to ask today:

"What's in it for me? How do I come out?"

It is time we provided the answer for that youngster and thousands like him, time we reminded him—as well as ourselves—that freedom is not a prize to be given a man for his distinguished achievement in having been born an American.

If we are delinquent in the business of being good citizens—and there are many who contend that we are—then we must learn why it is we believe democracy has become a free ride without the need for earning our way.

Probably the greatest single cause for delinquency in citizenship can be traced to our declining sense of responsibility in the home, the church, the school and the community in which we live.

While most delinquents turned remorseful suddenly feel the need for doing more for "democracy" and turn their eyes toward the mountainous issues that crowd our national scene, few have the humility to start down where citizenship counts.

Because the family is the basic unit of our society, it is there that responsibility begins. Unless the young man of this new generation can feel that the security, the well-being and happiness of his family is in part a responsibility of his, there is no hope in tutoring him later on his broader obligations. For citizenship is a progressive education that starts in the home and works its way toward the dizzying heights of national and world responsibility.

Much as we welcome the leisurely comforts of indoor plumbing, oil heat, electric lights, and the family car, we nevertheless lost a primary lesson in good citizenship when 20th-century city convenience rendered the tradition of chores old-fashioned. The necessity for doing one's daily round of little jobs made a youngster of earlier generations feel part of the household and planted in his young mind the seed of responsibility to someone other than himself.

This moving appraisal of our American way of life by General Omar N. Bradley is an article which public-spirited organizations may wish to distribute to their members and other individuals. For this reason, Collier's is making black-and-white quantity reprints available at our cost of $3 per 100.

Address reprint orders to: Box 101, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back home in the flat farmlands of Missouri, life on a schoolmaster's wages was not calculated to make one rich or idle. But however busy his modest life might be, still my father had time to take me through crisp cornfields hunting coveys of quail when I was a youngster of seven. And by the time I had grown to 12, he had given me a shotgun of my own.

Even at that time our life was an itinerant one. My father rambled from schoolhouse to schoolhouse, first in the soft-coal fields of Randolph County, then in the rich farm lands of Fayette. At the end of each short six-month term, he took an interim job. Sometimes we lived on a farm, sometimes in town, where Dad ran the mutual telephone exchange.

For a period of several years we farmed 200 bottom-land acres. During the school year, Dad would set off each Sunday afternoon and walk eight miles to the family with whom he boarded nearest the schoolhouse. And each Friday afternoon when school was out, with a book under his arm, he would walk eight miles back to our farm to work on the week end with Mother and me.

My chores were neither painful nor unpleasant. Each morning I filled the woodbox with chips and kindling for the big kitchen stove. I kept the buckets filled with water from the deep well out in back. When there were cows in the barn, I helped with the milking. And during the years we kept 200 chickens, I helped Mother feed them, kept the hen-house clean, and counted new records in fresh white eggs. Once a week we went together to town carrying a great tin bucket of those gleaming eggs. They fetched ten cents a dozen.

★ ★ ★ ★

AT THE END of each summer I sharpened my knife and ran through the woods in search of bee trees. Whenever I found a busy beehive concealed in a hollow tree I would mark it carefully in my mind and run off to the farmhouse to ask permission to cut the tree down.

If the farmer agreed—and they always did—I would scamper happily back to the tree and scar its bark with a great gashing cross. That was my sign of a claim and there the tree stood safe from other bee seekers until we returned to cut it down. One August I put down, in the great earthen crocks Mother gave me, 200 pounds of that wild bee honey.

Throughout the time I was growing up, I knew that if there was no wood by the stove, no water in the kitchen, there would be no breakfast of home-cured ham, warm milk and bright yellow-yolked eggs. If I didn't find the bee trees, there would be no honey-bread after school. And if I didn't help Mother clean the lamps, there would be no light for the evening.

The advent of apartment dwelling and the modernization of our living habits has made too many of today's youngsters look upon their home as a shelter, a meal ticket, a refuge during their period of adolescence. A family is no longer a group whose members depend on one another for companionship and association. Their leisure time is divided. In cities, neighborliness has all but disappeared, a relic of the suburbs and the country.

Even the integrity of the family has been damaged in the rising rate of divorce. The urge of each individual in the family to pamper his own wants, to seek leisure-time companions of his own choice, has put the emphasis on selfishness and suffocated the instincts of good citizenship at the very source.

The church, too, has suffered in our automobile

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

For years the field hands had been hearing tall tales about a big machine that would pick cotton—and now here it was

LOW-DOWN COTTON

By ROARK BRADFORD

In December of 1927, Roark Bradford's first contribution to Collier's was published. During the twenty-one years that have followed, more than a hundred of his stories have appeared in our pages. We look back across these years with deep affection and respect for the modest, gifted man whose genius made our long association with him memorable. Now he is dead. He died last November in his sleep. He was a casualty of World War II—which was the second world war in which he had served. An amoebic infection, contracted on duty with the Navy in Africa, ended his life. No living writer has equaled him in his chosen field. None is likely to replace him. Here is his latest account of humble doings on Little Bee Bend Plantation—the unpretentious scene that his stories have made famous. It came to us a few days after his death.

THE machine age hit Little Bee Bend Plantation—and Little Bee Bend hit right back. It was almost like a jamboree. The occasion was the advent of a cotton-picking machine, and everybody gathered around to watch a miracle take place.

For several years the field hands had been hearing tales about a big machine that would pick cotton right off the stalks and pitch it into the wagon without anyone having to put a hand to the boll. These were just tales—tall tales to take people's minds off their aching backs and boll-stabbed hands. But here it was, awaiting the signal from Giles, the foreman, to begin picking cotton.

Little Bit Boody, who had come home from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shully T said she wanted a tractor-drivin' man, and the only one on Little Bee Bend was Little Bit Boody. But he didn't get her as easy as that. A cotton-pickin' fool named Bee Bee Dorcas could drive a pretty mean tractor himself

Uncle Sam's Army a Tech Sergeant for driving a bulldozer on the Alcan Highway, was the man selected to run the tractor which was to power the machine.

The afternoon was bright and warm. The field, although turning an early September brown with plenty of opened white cotton showing through the leaves, still had enough green in it to smell alive and potent.

"Dey tells me," shouted Shully T, Mamie T's daughter, "dat hit will likewise gin de cotton, bale hit and sell hit, pay you out at de commissary, and den haul off and plant next year's crop all in one lick!"

"Shully T," said Bee Bee Dorcas, warmly, "you's a case! You breaks me down!"

Giles gave the machinery a final checking, and signaled Little Bit to start the tractor.

"Take hit away," ordered Giles.

Little Bit, conscious of being the key man to the operation, raced the engine loudly, slipped in the clutch, and then eased his foot off the pedal. The tractor rolled forward. A hundred water-damp, whirling steel spindles shuttled back and forth through the stalks. The air became foul with the smell of burnt oil, and troubled with the whickety-whackety sound of machinery in motion. Presently a stream of freshly picked cotton tumbled from the canvas shute into an accompanying truck. It was a miracle come to pass!

"Th'ow her in mutual, Little Bit," screamed Shully T. "She's a cotton-pickin' poor fool, and de man ain't bawn dat can stop her!"

Little Bit grinned, released the steering wheel momentarily, and lifted both hands above his head. "Look it!" he yelled. "Widout no hands!"

"Grab dat wheel!" roared Giles. "Dis is workin'. Not playin'."

B'r Charlie, the one-legged preacher, puffed like a frog with excitement. "Hit's pickin', amen!" he exclaimed. "Praise Glory, hit's pickin', for true! Maybe us ought to bow we's heads and pray a prayer."

"Dry up, you imp er evil!" snapped Uncle Henry, the lotman and senior deacon in religious matters. "If you so much as speak one good word to de Lawd about dis yonder 'bomination, I'll knock yo' head off!" Uncle Henry loved mules and hated machinery.

"Now, Henry," cautioned the Widow Duck. "Don't go whuppin' de pastor in front er de members. Hit'll git de church a hard name." And, turning to the preacher, she added, "And you, you old

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

J. K. Lasser basks in the sunshine of his amazing success, Your Income Tax. A wiz at figures, he got his taste for them adding bowling scores for a newspaper

He Figures to Save You Millions

By BILL DAVIDSON

IN 1940 a Yonkers, New York, nurse, Helen Krusko Harsaghy, studied with displeasure the annual income figures listed on her tax return. Out of her year's takings of $1,517.96, she had had to pay $71.84 for regulation uniforms, and $145.60 for laundering them.

According to her reckoning this reduced her earned income to $1,300.52. Since she had been reading about cases like the one in which the government allowed actor Reginald Denny to deduct as a business expense "the cost of dental bridgework to replace teeth knocked out in a prize-fight movie," Mrs. Harsaghy thought it more than reasonable to deduct the cost of her uniforms, etc., as similar unavoidable business expenses.

The government, however, thought differently, said, "No, you don't," and sent her a bill for $11.81 more.

At this point, Mrs. Harsaghy, to whom $11.81 wasn't chicken feed, hit the ceiling and went to an accountant in New York. The accountant sent her to a C.P.A. tax expert named J. K. Lasser, who immediately saw that the miniscule $11.81 figure involved a matter of principle well worth fighting for. By the time Lasser was through, a tax court judge had reversed hallowed Treasury Department rulings by declaring the uniforms not only of nurses but of traffic cops, surgeons, etc., to be deductible.

A high Treasury official muttered that Lasser had cost Uncle Sam $80,000,000 by taking up the cudgels for Mrs. Harsaghy and others like her. But Mrs. Harsaghy and many other people who wear uniforms to work, wrote him thank-you letters calling him such things as the Little Taxpayers' Abraham Lincoln. And at a banquet, publisher M. Lincoln Schuster, president of Simon & Schuster, made the toast: "Lasser is to taxation what Einstein is to relativity."

Both overstatements notwithstanding, Lasser probably *does* mean more to the taxpayers big and little than anyone else in the United States; and in 1944, no less than 1,000 Little Taxpayers tried to show their appreciation by mailing their income tax returns directly to Lasser, rather than to the Collector of Internal Revenue.

Lasser is a short, heavy-set man of 52, with blue eyes and a prize fighter's displaced nose, who heads a 70-man firm of accountants in New York. This firm controls the financial destinies of much of the country's publishing industry. He is Grand Vizier to more than 200 magazines, book publishers and radio networks, and his taxation clients range from some of the biggest oil companies to a roadside diner in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Lasser-authored textbooks are used in 160 colleges, at three of which Lasser lectures personally once a year. He is a big wheel in the American Institute of Accountants; he has advised governors on fiscal matters; he has badgered Congressional committees, and at least one Secretary of the Treasury listed him as The-Man-I-Would-Most-Like-to-Have-as-Collector-of-Internal-Revenue.

But none of this high-priced activity has brought him as much fame as his warfare in behalf of people like Nurse Harsaghy. His principal weapon is a remarkable paper-covered book entitled Your Income Tax, which he puts out every year. It has been barred permanently from best-seller lists, probably because it makes a shambles of the sales figures of all other books.

A 1948 number one best seller, for instance, was Peace of Mind, with 213,132 sales; Your Income Tax hit over 500,000 the same year and put its total sales since 1936 at over 10,000,000.

Hawked like a magazine from newsstands and drugstore counters, this book is Lasser's translation of the income tax law into simple English. Famed U.S. Circuit Court Judge Learned Hand once declared that that law was so unintelligible to him that rather than tangle with it he preferred to take no deductions on his income tax.

Lasser tangles with it throughout the year, and

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EILEEN DARBY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the millions who are getting headaches over their income tax returns, the story of J. K. Lasser may provide a welcome relief. Let him help extricate you from your tangle with tax forms. It may mean money in *your* pocket

comes up with some useful hidden information, such as how you can save hundreds of dollars by choosing the income tax form best suited to your case—not necessarily the easiest to follow; and the fact that you can deduct the cost of items like abdominal supports, frozen auto radiators, theater tickets for visiting customers, and attorneys' fees "to aid in the collection of Irish Sweepstakes winnings." Lasser also gives a line-by-line demonstration of how to fill out the income tax form, a procedure which the Treasury Department seems to prefer to keep cloaked in mystery.

As Simon & Schuster, the book's publishers, put it, "There is no best seller like a best seller that tells people how to save money." Lasser's book has become an American institution. Simon & Schuster have dozens of letters in their files telling how readers made out their income tax form from Lasser's book, went to a lawyer or an accountant to make sure there was no mistake, and then discovered them using Lasser's book, too. Readers also report that nearly all government revenue agents they've seen carry Lasser's book in their back pockets, and that one agent said: "It's the only way I can understand the tax law sometimes."

Portrait of a Harassed Taxpayer

Last March 15th, the Macon, Georgia, newspapers ran a page-one photograph of a harried citizen drinking coffee, gulping aspirin, and working feverishly to stave off the vision over his head of himself in a striped suit behind bars. In the foreground was a copy of Your Income Tax, by J. K. Lasser.

Lasser's efforts in behalf of the Little Taxpayer often get him into the news columns of the papers.

A woman named Ella H. Bartlett came to Lasser when she discovered that the Treasury was going to take a healthy bite out of insurance left to her by her deceased father, who had stipulated that the insurance be paid in 240 monthly installments. The government insisted that she pay tax on the sizable interest which would accrue over the 20-year period.

This case aroused Lasser's ire and he took it on as a test in behalf of the Little Taxpayer. David Boyd Chase, a brilliant partner in the Lasser firm, argued the matter in tax court. It finally was decided by the Second U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals on July 22, 1940. Again, Lasser set precedent. As the result of this case, the Treasury Department now keeps its hands off all such life insurance payments. Lasser, therefore, has saved money for millions of men, women and children in the United States, and possibly for *you*, too, if you are the beneficiary on someone's insurance policy.

In another case, which *didn't* get into the papers, a poor Chicago widow came to him a few years ago because she had won a goodly sum in the Irish Sweepstakes, most of which the government was going to take away again in taxes. She proved to Lasser that when she bought the ticket she had cut it into six pieces. She had kept one section and given one to each of five relatives. This was for luck. The widow didn't realize how *much* luck it was. Lasser told her that she had a six-way partnership. The widow and her five relatives thereupon paid six small taxes on six small portions of the winnings, rather than a tremendous tax on the total.

Lasser played a major part in getting through Congress the law which now allows authors to spread income from a long-term project over a three-year period, even if all the money was collected in a single year.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

SEVEN WAYS TO SAVE ON YOUR INCOME TAX

Through ignorance, or timidity, you may be paying Uncle Sam far more than what is due when you make out your tax form this year. Study these questions and answers carefully—it may mean money in your pocket

1. *Have you chosen the right tax form?*

This is the most common cause of tax overpayments. Too many people with incomes under $5,000 are frightened by the figuring necessary on the long form and use one of the short methods, which only allows an automatic deduction of 10 per cent of your adjusted gross income. Don't be lazy or overwhelmed by the technical language. Try both the long and the short methods, and then file the form that gives you the best tax break. For instance, a man with a $4,500 salary and deductible expenses totaling $900 can save $82 by using the long form. If his charity contributions, medical expenses, etc., total less than $450, he saves money by using the short form. If you make over $5,000 a year, you have no choice. You must use the long form.

2. *Are you taking all the exemptions you are entitled to?*

You are allowed to take a $600 exemption for *any* person closely related to you by blood or by marriage, provided you contribute more than 50 per cent of the dependent's upkeep, and provided the dependent does not earn more than $500 that year. The age or physical condition of the dependent does not matter. It can be your divorced wife's worthless older brother, and it even can be an infant who died a few days after birth.

3. *Have you overlooked deductible expenses to which you are entitled?*

These deductions are the biggest source of tax savings. There are hundreds. Here are a few samples:

A plumber's living costs while working away from home.

A teacher's expenses incurred while attending a teachers' convention in another city.

The books, magazines and newspapers in a doctor's waiting room.

Food and drinks for entertaining necessary in your job or business.

A percentage of your rent, if you use part of your residence as office space to produce income.

Union dues.

Alimony paid by you.

Depreciation on tools, instruments or apparatus used in your work, if they last more than one year.

Uniforms necessary in your work

(like nurses', surgeons', or railroad conductors') plus cost of cleaning or laundering them.

Rental of safe-deposit box, if you keep income-producing securities there.

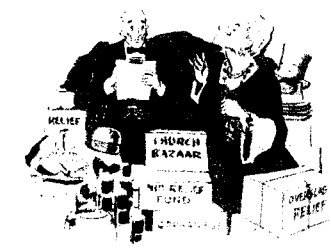
Personal bad debts up to $1,000.

A college professor's research expenses for a book to be published several years in the future.

The cost of the book you buy to help you make out your income tax.

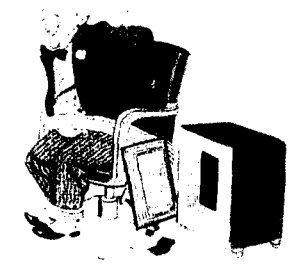
4. *Are you deducting all medical expenses?*

You are allowed to subtract all medical expenses over and above an amount equal to 5 per cent of your adjusted gross income, but many people overlook this, even though tax savings are needed most when sickness hits. Don't forget to take off eyeglasses, ambulance hire, wheel chairs, drugs, false teeth, foot arches, the traveling costs of transporting a sick person to a hospital, therapeutic baths, gym courses if prescribed by a physician, trusses, meals for nurses, health insurance premiums, and even tooth paste. These small items can add up to a surprisingly juicy sum.



5. *Are you deducting all possible charity contributions?*

Another major item overlooked by most people is the deduction of contributions other than money, to bona fide charities. If you donated a suit to United Nations Relief, a pie to your church bazaar, or furniture to a child-welfare auction, compute the used value of the contribution and deduct it. You also are allowed to deduct life-insurance premiums if a church or other charity is listed as the beneficiary.



6. *Are you deducting casualty losses?*

If a storm damages your home, if an earthquake collapses your store, if a flood floats your garage away, if your silverware is stolen, if a sudden frost froze the radiator of your car, if an exploding boiler wrecked your restaurant—and you were not reimbursed by insurance for the total damage—*take it off!* You're entitled to deductions for any Acts of God not covered by insurance.

7. *Are you splitting your income, if you're married?*

This year, for the first time, married couples all over the country are permitted to add their net incomes, divide the total in two, and then pay the sum of two small taxes instead of one big one. In most cases, this can save you many, many dollars. *Don't neglect to split your income!*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By JOHN REID BYERS

THE little gray man in the battered hat sat like the others on the floor, his back against the wall, his hands obediently half raised. Thirty feet away, just inside the door, his tool bag lay open against the radiator on which he had been working when the thin-faced man with the queer eyes had come into the high-ceilinged old office with a small automatic in one yellow-gloved hand. Close to the tool bag a plumber's blowtorch muttered and hissed as it spat a foot-long blue flame.

Unlike the three stocky, well-dressed men who sat beside him, there was no tension in the shabby little gray man's posture, no anxiety in the worn lines of his face. And while his faded blue eyes studied the scene in front of them, it was without excitement, almost without interest.

The thin-faced man was kneeling in front of the vault now. "I could make one of you monkeys open up for me," he was saying. "But I kind of like to keep in practice." He shifted the gun from his right hand to his left, and pulled off the glove with his teeth. Beneath the yellow pigskin his hand was sheathed in flesh-colored rubber.

"There ain't six other guys in the country today can do this," he boasted as his fingers closed tightly about the combination knob. He pressed his ear against the vault door and began to turn the knob with slow precision. His eyes and the muzzle of his gun did not leave the men at the wall. For perhaps a minute there was no sound but the muted clicking of the lock's tumblers. Then the thin-faced man stood up. He was smiling now. Like his eyes, his smile was not quite normal. He threw the lever and swung the vault door open. "It's all in knowing how, folks," he said happily. "All in the old know-how!"

He shifted the gun back to his right hand. "And now I want those sparklers you took off the boat this morning," he said in a different voice. "Move quick, one of you—or I'll let the gun talk for me!"

One of the well-dressed men was middle-aged; the other two were in their twenties. The middle-aged man spoke now; heavily, with a slight accent. "Get them for him, Carl. He will shoot else. Heroin I have seen before."

The young man next to him got slowly to his feet. His face was white and desperate. "But they are not insured yet, Uncle Jacob! We will be bankrupt! Minna—the babies—"

The thin-faced man jerked his gun imperatively. "Cut the chatter!" he commanded. "Are you going to get them?"

"No!" Carl cried out suddenly; and flung himself toward the man. The little gun cracked sharply. Carl dropped to his knees as the ejected shell tinkled against the wall. His hand was pressed against his right shoulder and blood began to ooze between his fingers.

"The next shot'll be for keeps!" the thin-faced man snapped. "Get into that vault!"

"No!" young Carl cried again. He was staggering to his feet and lurching forward; and behind him the other two were scrambling erect, shouting inarticulately. The little gray man sat without moving.

"All right!" the thin-faced man said savagely. Leveling the gun at Carl's chest he pressed the trigger. There was no explosion. For an instant he jerked futilely at the slide of the jammed automatic. But Carl was upon him; the others, still shouting, close behind. He brought the flat of the gun down on Carl's head, pushed the half-stunned man into the path of the other two and leaped toward the door. But he did not open it. Dropping the useless gun, he snatched up the sputtering blowtorch in one swift, smooth motion, and turned to face the three men. "All right!" he said again. "All right, smart monkeys!"

Carl first and then the other two had nerved themselves to defy the gun. But before the spitting, blue-flamed horror in the thin-faced man's hand they huddled like sheep now; like sheep allowed themselves to be driven back to stand against the wall where the little gray man still sat. The thin-faced man was laughing. "And now we'll collect those sparklers," he said. "And then I'm going to shut you smart monkeys up in the vault and leave you there! Maybe some of you'll still be alive when they find you."

SIGHING unhappily, the little gray man struggled to his feet. "That'd be murder," he said mildly. He had taken off his battered hat and stood with it in his hand as he confronted the thin-faced man. "Your robbing these folks wasn't none of my concern," he went on peevishly. "Don't approve of jewelry anyway; all vainglory and tomfoolishness! But murder's different. Murder's in the public domain, kind of. It's everybody's business!"

The thin-faced man was swinging the torch in a lazy arc. He extended the arc to include the little gray man now. "Don't worry, Pop," he said gaily. "You'll be in there with 'em, helping 'em to breathe slow!"

The little man shook his head. "Don't think so," he said shortly.

The muttering blue flame swung toward him threateningly. The little gray man moved the hand that held his hat in a quick, whipping motion. The torch continued to hiss angrily. But the savage blue flame was gone. "All right, you folks!" the little man ordered in the same peevish voice. . . .

Half an hour later, when the police had removed their prisoner and the doctor had gone, the middle-aged man approached the little gray man, busy once more with the radiator beside the door. He walked carefully wide of the relighted blowtorch. "Yet I do not understand," he said. The little man looked up at him with the irritation of an interrupted craftsman. "I have seen these things"—the middle-aged man gestured toward the grumbling torch—"outdoors, in strong winds. They do not go out. But you—"

The little gray man shrugged impatiently. "Take a hurricane to blow one of them out," he agreed. "But about the first thing a plumber learns is that you can slap them out easy and quick. With a piece of sacking, say. Or an old hat!" For an instant his lips curled in a wintry smile. "Guess it's kind of like that fellow said—'all in the old know-how.' "

There was a folded slip of paper in the middle-aged man's hand. He extended it now. "For you," he said. "We are grateful."

The little man unfolded the check and studied it for a moment. "Five hundred dollars, eh? Think well of yourselves, don't you?" His voice was faintly angry. He held the slip of paper to the tip of the blue flame, watched it char to nothingness. "Never took a cent in my life I hadn't earned, mister! And I don't aim to start now!"

"You saved our lives!"

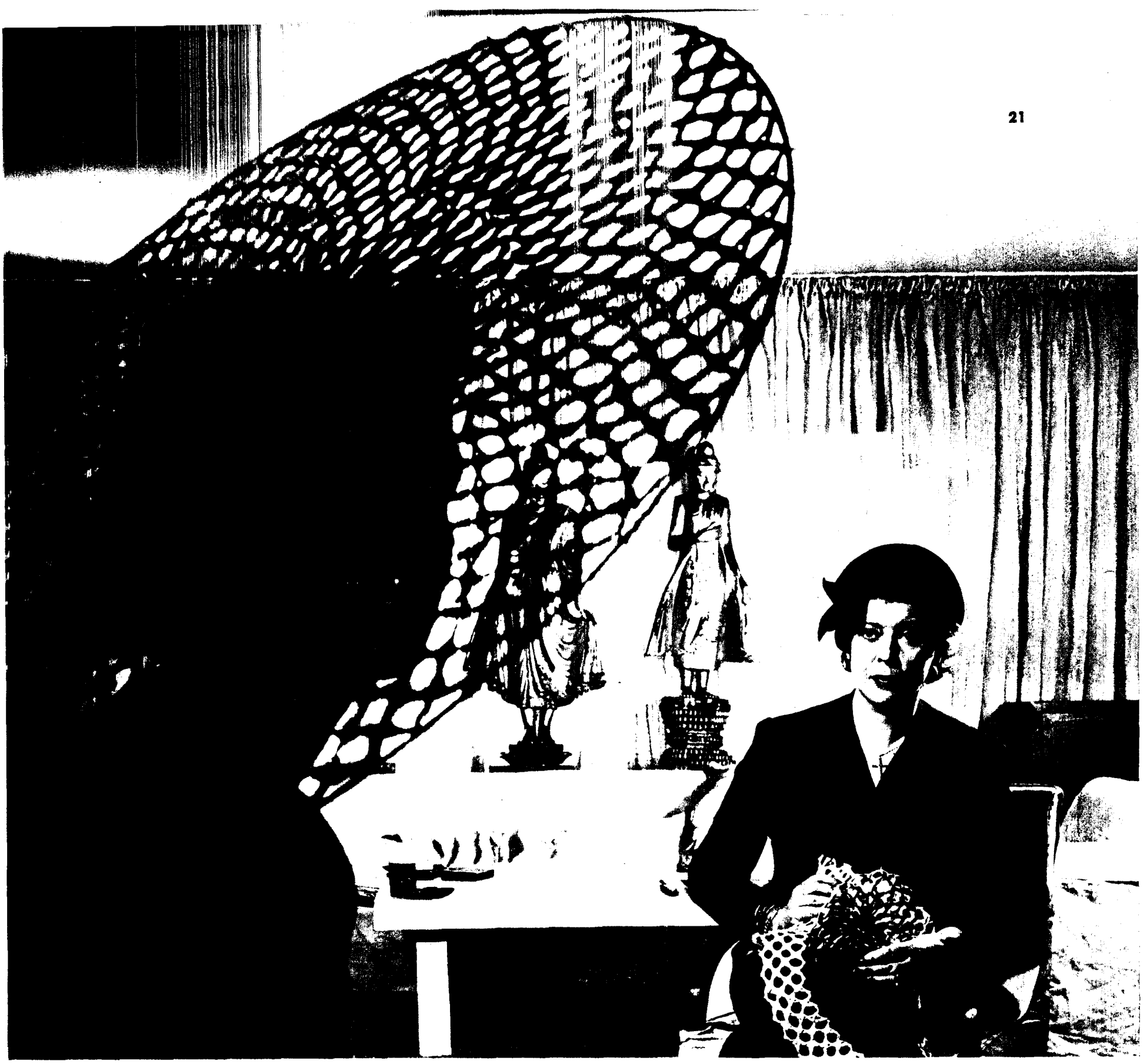
"Was saving my own, too, wasn't I?" the little man pointed out peevishly.

"But isn't there something you'll let us do for you?" The middle-aged man's voice was almost humble.

The little gray man pursed his lips thoughtfully. "Well," he conceded at last, "you can buy me a new hat."

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN OEHMEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In her shop on New York's fashionable East Side, petite Lilly Daché gives a bit of material the magical touch that transforms a hat into an exclusive creation

The Magic of Lilly Daché

Behind the beautiful hat you may be wearing lies this fantastic story of a clever woman and an idea

By HAMBLA BAUER

WHEN Madame Lilly Daché, looking down from a window of her nine-story building in New York, on a morning in 1941, perceived a group of pickets marching back and forth bearing signs, Please Do Not Patronize Lilly Daché, America's Foremost Milliner, she was both furious and flattered. To be described as America's foremost milliner by the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union, which controls 85 per cent of millinery workers in the United States, was, Daché admits in retrospect, "a very great compliment."

Somewhat more to her liking have been the gentle ribs of cartoonists who have spread her name to the most remote corners of the earth. During the war, Yank pictured two G.I.s in camouflage attire lying in the grass on a South Pacific atoll. One wore the usual leaf-covered helmet. Atop the other's head sat a fantasy of daisies. Said the traditionally camouflaged G.I. to his daisy-bedecked buddy, "Who *the hell* are you supposed to be—Lilly Dach-ay!"

Daché worked for 13 years to gain her position. She has worked and worried for 13 more trying to hold it. Today her label goes in about 20,000 hats a year. From their sale in 500 swank shops and department stores throughout the United States and in her New York salon she grosses more than half a million dollars a year.

According to Madame Daché her bonnets are either "terrific creations," or "moldedlike sculpture." In the terrific creation department are numbers that sell from $85 to about $150 each. These may be masses of flowers in spring and summer, stuffed birds or clumps of feathers in fall and winter, and for dressy wear, pillboxes or turbans covered with elaborate embroidery. The embroidery, Daché hastens to explain, is sometimes real gold or antique silver. There are also restaurant and evening jobs made of layers of maline or horsehair and veiling, which Daché doesn't try to explain.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HALSMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hangover House

By SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SECRET THAT COULDN'T BE SHARED

The Story: One night in London a young man named STORM KENNEDY, who conducts discreet private investigations, is paid an unexpected visit by LORD GLENGALE. He asks Kennedy to follow his daughter, LADY HILARY. Glengale is afraid she is being blackmailed and that she might do something rash. Kennedy has met Lady Hilary and been impressed by her beauty, and on that same foggy night he follows her to a country place in Surrey where a party is being given by JOAN and PETER FARAWAY. While there he loses sight of her. Looking for her again he sees Faraway discover a man's body on the terrace. The man has been stabbed in the chest with a small jeweled dagger. The telephone is out of order and Kennedy sends Faraway and a blond young man named LOVELACE to a call box at the main highway so he will have time to make his own examination. Kennedy then discovers two things—a woman's footprints around the body and a small lace handkerchief. Afraid that these clues might in some way point to Lady Hilary he obscures the footprints and pockets the handkerchief. He hurries back inside in time to tell an Egyptian called MOHAMMED and a beautiful brunette, MRS. MULLER, that they must not leave. Shortly after the police have arrived Peter Faraway tells Kennedy that a young lady named SIDONIA, the singer with the band that played at the party, has disappeared.

PART 2 OF A FIVE-PART SERIAL

MISS ELPHINSTOWE signed her brief statement at the desk where Superintendent Croker sat. Laying her pen down, she said, "Do you think, Superintendent, I could hope to go home, now?"

"There is only one more witness to see, Madam. Then you can go."

"Who's the witness?"

The superintendent glanced at some notes. "Someone called Sidonia. Do you know her?"

"I saw her, during the evening. She makes unpleasant noises into a microphone."

The superintendent's reply was interrupted. The phone bell rang. "According to evidence," he muttered, "this line is out of order."

"Service suspended, sir, no doubt," said the sergeant in attendance, respectfully. "Doesn't apply to incoming calls."

Superintendent Croker took up the receiver. "Yes? Superintendent Croker, Kings Riding, here." He listened attentively for some time. "I will make all arrangements. Quite clear. You may leave it to me."

He hung up. He glanced at the sergeant and then at Miss Elphinstowe. "Scotland Yard," he explained. "That was the assistant commissioner. I don't know who called the Yard. I didn't. But I'm instructed to hold all material witnesses and keep the body on the premises until the C.I.D. officers arrive—"

"Meaning that I can't go home?" Miss Elphinstowe said.

"My regrets, Madam. Yes."

Someone was descending the short stair which led up to an arched opening. Amid a hushed silence, the figure became visible; that of a tall, thin, parchment-faced old man, who peered through pince-nez, and who wore an untidy dressing gown over wrinkled pajamas. He paused on the last step, looking down from one to another.

"What the devil is this?" he demanded. He fixed an angry glare upon the superintendent. "Who the hell are you?"

"I am Police Superintendent Croker of Kings Riding. Are you Larkhall Pike, the owner of this house? If so, I must ask you where you have been all night."

"I have been asleep, sir, a fact it is possible to deduce from my attire. I was awakened by the telephone. I demand again—what is this?"

Before the superintendent could reply, there came a rap on the door, and Inspector Hawley entered.

"Ambulance from Lychgate is here, sir," he said. "But I have to report the disappearance of a witness."

"What name?" Croker snapped.

"The only name I have is Sidonia."

"Has she been searched for?"

"Men searching now, sir."

"Another question: Am I indebted to you for notifying Scotland Yard of this affair?"

"Yes, sir. The Honorable Peter Faraway is Lord Deem's son, and those are our instructions where—"

"Quite so!" The superintendent turned to Miss Elphinstowe. "I need not detain you, Madam."

As she went out the sergeant closed the door behind her. When she walked into the little white-paneled room where she had left Hilary, it was empty. But Hilary's bag and wrap lay on the worn leather sofa. The glazed door was half open, and the air of the room damp and misty. Miss Elphinstowe stepped outside.

"Hilary," she called, softly, "where are you?"

"Ssh! Pull the door to, Elfie! There's —something going on—"

Hilary stood just outside, on the corner of the terrace. Miss Elphinstowe heard subdued voices, and, somewhere below, saw moving lights. She joined Hilary, putting a protective arm around her shoulders.

"What is it, dear?"

"I don't know. I heard Mr. Kennedy's voice. Look! There's a flight of steps here and some sort of pond at the bottom. Police down there!"

THEY stole to the head of the steps, which neither had noted before. The breeze had begun to disperse the fog. It was possible to see a neglected and slimy lily pond below, surrounded by mossy paving. A number of men were moving about, and the scene was lent macabre lighting by their flashlights.

Storm Kennedy was bending over a dim shape which lay beside the pool.

"Oh, my God!" Hilary spoke in a tremulous whisper. "I believe someone else—has been killed!"

Lights were focused on the hitherto shadowy figure—a woman's body. It was that of Sidonia. . . .

"There has been a sort of formal garden down there," Storm Kennedy explained rapidly. "It's a wilderness, now, and the steps are dangerous. We found her lying under a lavender bush, which had grown into a young tree."

Superintendent Croker nodded, shortly. "Have you sent for the doctor?"

"No, sir." Inspector Hawley shook his head in gloomy resignation. "The lady—Miss Elphinstowe—tells me she had six years with the Red Cross and can manage very well herself."

"But, look here," Peter Faraway broke in, "I mean to—"

"One moment, Peter!" Kennedy said. "I want a word with you." Kennedy took Peter's arm and led him into the courtyard.

As they moved away, Inspector Hawley removed his depressing hat and scratched his close-cropped head. "That gentleman seems to have taken charge here," he remarked.

Miss Elphinstowe walked briskly into the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

"What I don't understand," Kennedy said, "is why you said you had never seen the murdered man before, when you knew him"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

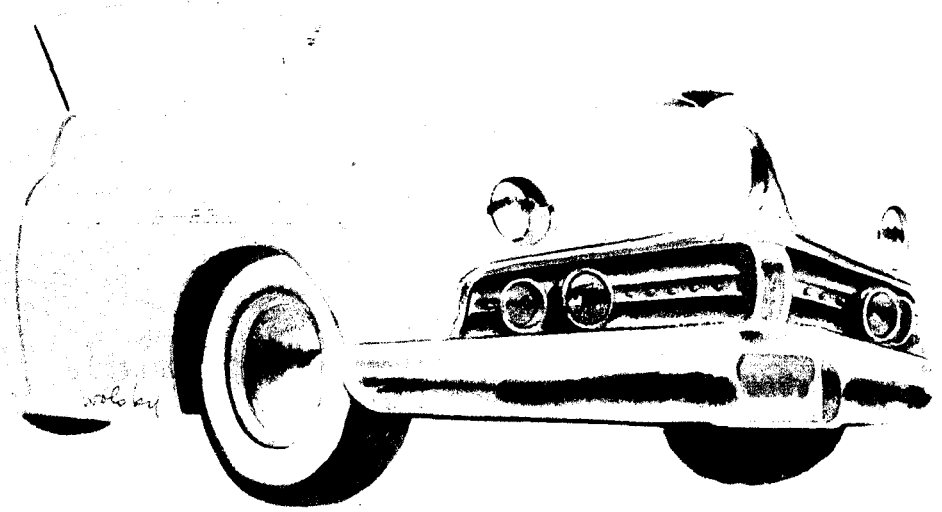
ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Place of Pity

By JACK SHER

He had hurt her in the past and now, coming to her for help, he could hurt her again. But her pity was too great and she could not deny him the thing he asked



From the window Grace saw Eddie's petulant face. Hate swept through her, but she could not sustain it

PANIC sat in her stomach like a cannon ball as she watched Eddie Linden step out of his blue convertible coupé into the hot, bright glare of the California sunlight. She stood shielded from view by the rich curtains in the spacious house on the Palisades overlooking the Pacific. She was a large-boned woman, tall, with regular, almost masculine features. Her hands were very attractive, long-fingered and somehow delicate. Her wide, gray eyes were sensitive and frightened.

She watched Eddie come up the long, flagstone walk with slow, deliberate steps. His young, good-looking face was both cruel and petulant, the way she had seen it many times. She knew he would drop that look before he reached the door and that his face would wear a mask of charm. He was hatless. He wore the outfit of his profession—a soft cashmere sport coat, tan slacks, moccasin-type shoes.

Her palms were moist, her breathing difficult, when the bell rang. She walked through the hall to the front door and opened it. At the sight of his face, a hate swept through her, but she could not sustain it when he smiled.

"Hello, Grace." His voice was sweet and humble, but his eyes were not.

"Hello, Eddie."

"Do I come in?" He smiled. "Or do I stay out here in left field?"

"Come in," she answered and her voice seemed small and cringing to her.

He followed her through the house to the terrace, where lunch was waiting. They began to eat and he was silent, his eyes avoiding hers, pretending a dreamy interest in the peaceful view of the ocean and the endless horizon.

"I hear they dropped your option, Eddie." She pushed the words toward him rapidly.

His eyes swung toward hers, careful, casual eyes. "Uh-huh," he answered. "The slash is on all over town, writers with fifteen and twenty screen credits doing nothing." He smiled. "So what? I'll lick the thing. I'll catch on somewhere."

These, she knew, were only words, having no relation to what he was thinking as he looked at her. She knew what he was thinking, almost the exact words that formed the thoughts, the script-conference reasoning and language that had become a habit with him for over a year now, ever since she had used her connections and got him the job.

Eddie, I know what you are thinking now. I know how your mind works. You're thinking of the spot you're in and you're getting panicky. All you've got is a car and a closet full of clothes. You know I can save you. You think you can make me do it.

"Why did you come back, Eddie?"

"You're still my wife, aren't you?" His voice was soft, soft as the gentle, ocean breeze moving across the terrace. "Grace—"

"I haven't been your wife for eight months, Eddie." Her words sounded like beaten things to her. "Since you walked out of here, you haven't known I existed."

"I guess you're my luck," he answered slowly. "Whenever I leave you, hon, my luck goes."

"And my luck," she said, resignedly, "was to fall in love with a heel . . ."

"If you're going to talk like that—" he said, getting up from his chair. But he did not move away from the table.

"You came back to ask me not to go through with the divorce, Eddie."

She waited, wondering what he would say this time.

Her look of quiet expectancy flushed the words out of him. His speech was boyish and persuasive. He moved around the table toward her, hopefully. She half heard the words. "We can make a going concern of our marriage again, Grace . . . darling . . . you've always been sweet . . . the terrible things I've done . . . darling . . . believe me . . . darling."

She remained motionless in the chair. He was close to her now and she began to tremble. She felt the pressure of his hand on her shoulder. From far off, she heard the sound of the telephone ringing. His face brushed against her cheek, gently.

"Don't, please don't," she said, "the telephone—"

"Let it ring."

She forced herself to rise and move away from him. She left the terrace and walked slowly through the living room into the hall. She picked up the receiver and spoke and then a voice was loud and harsh in her ear. It was Eddie's agent, Nat Dorfman.

"I can't find the guy," Nat's voice told her; "must be on a bat. Thought you might know where he is. Listen, I got a deal for him in radio. Seven-fifty per, the Jerry Brody show, a year's contract and after that, the sky's the limit. . . . I gotta find the guy. I thought you might know, Grace."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London's Mighty Crook Trap

By COLLIE SMALL

Behind its façade of storybook fame Scotland Yard stands ready to deal with anything "Dial 999" may bring—a cat burglar in Kensington or an unidentified corpse in the Outer Hebrides

SCOTLAND YARD, a musty, dungeon-like police fortress tucked away under the turrets of London's busy Whitehall, has waged a relentless and frequently inspired campaign against indictable crime for well over 100 years. It is unquestionably the best-known police organization in the world. Yet the illusion persists that Scotland Yard men are witless chuckleheads who could not deduce their way through an ordinary crossword puzzle.

That brilliant storybook eccentric, Sherlock Holmes, is largely to blame for endowing Scotland Yard with this reputation for indelible stupidity. On foggy nights, Holmes would emerge from the house on Baker Street, sniff the blood on the night air expectantly, and leisurely make his way to the scene of a baffling murder, where he would proceed methodically to make a fool of the poor Scotland Yard inspector assigned to the case.

"I think," Holmes would chuckle when it was all over, "this should mean a promotion for you, Lestrade."

"We shall see, sir," the inspector would say evenly, struggling to conceal his chagrin at being outwitted by the master detective.

Some mystery-story writers have tried to square things by introducing Scotland Yard men as normal human beings instead of blundering bumpkins, but the damage already done to the Yard's reputation by the amazing Holmes seems to be irreparable. More is the pity, because Scotland Yard in its time has produced operatives worthy of Holmes, Poirot and Vance put together.

The late Sir Bernard Spilsbury, for example, who sent an impressive number of criminals to the gallows with his scientific gleanings from a lock of hair, a speck of dust or a vagrant bruise, behaved precisely as Holmes would have behaved in similar circumstances.

Sir Bernard specialized in corpses, and his graphic lectures on the subject have actually been known to produce fainting among burly policemen. A senior inspector once described the scene at an exhumation conducted by Spilsbury.

"I walked into the room and there it was (the corpse) all laid out ready for examination. I was terribly afraid I should make a fool of myself,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

The grim, stalwart main entrance to London's powerful police center: world-renowned Scotland Yard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O'HARE'S WAY WITH BABES

By NORD RILEY

It is a regrettable fact, but bawling babies, diapers and such things are not conducive to Romance. See what happened to Superfort Pilot O'Hare when he had the temerity to undertake to run a didy laundry

WHEN the war with Japan ended, Major Barney O'Hare, a young man with amiable brown eyes and short fair hair, crossed a Guam airstrip to a B-29 named Oops! Sorry! He patted the old girl's riveted bottom. "You're a good clean kid," he said gently, "and we've been happy together, but I gotta tell you something! We're through. From now on, getting me into a flying machine is going to require armed force. So long, baby, keep your tail up."

Back in the United States, Barney became a teller in a Los Angeles bank at $180 a month. At the end of a year his wage had soared to $200 and he was starting to act funny. A drawerful of the long green depressed him unspeakably and he judged he was getting a warped mind from looking at people from the inside of a cage. His feet hurt. Worst of all, though, was the bus trip to and from his home in Hermosa Beach. Twice each day he passed the Los Angeles Municipal Airport and seeing the big crates made him feel terrible. So one day he quit the bank and went over to confer with his former copilot, Bill Quinn, personnel manager of Olympic Airlines. Olympic flew up and down the coast and surprised the industry by making a little money.

They shook hands, slapped each other upon the shoulder and, in the manner of old comrades-in-arms, hastened to a saloon for a glass of beer. After a decent interval Barney said he had called upon his old buddy in regard to a position with Olympic.

"You and everybody else from the outfit," Quinn said with slight bitterness. "What did you have in mind?"

"I want to fly. I gotta, I'm dragging my flaps." He took a gulp of brew and recounted the story of his melancholy civilian life. "Leave us be blunt, Lieutenant, I'm queer for airplanes."

Quinn meditated aloud. "You're a fine pilot and you've got multiengine hours to burn. You've got some prewar transport experience. You're my buddy. On the other hand we've got a stack of applications from here to Christmas, but even at that we might have an opening. There's just one hitch."

Barney said he was far from astounded.

"The boss, Clark Hungerford himself," Quinn explained, "sent me a memo recommending a pilot he knows personally. Fellow name of Parker. If this Parker measures up to you I'll have to give him the nod."

"A Hungerford pet, huh?"

Quinn shook his head. "Hungerford is fair. If this fellow isn't top-notch the boss wouldn't hire him if he were his twin brother. You'll get a fair rattle and roll, Barney." He quaffed his beer and rose. "The boss is in Seattle and I won't make a decision until he gets back in a week or so. Meanwhile, you fill out your application, get your licenses from CAA, take your physical and be set. Okay, Major?"

"Saloonkeeper," Barney said, "another beer for my little old lieutenant."

That evening Barney picked up his mother at her Baby Shop and Didy Laundry and together they drove home. Mrs. O'Hare, long a widow, was a slender, graying, urbane woman and a success in the business of collecting, washing and delivering diapers. Barney worried about telling her that he'd quit a steady job to return to aviation. When he told her she patted his hand and smiled. "What took you so long, son?" she asked.

"Don't mind, huh, Ma?" He overflowed with affection for this understanding woman. "Just had an idea, Mrs. O'Hare. I got a couple weeks with nothing to do. You haven't had a vacation in five years. Starting tomorrow you shove off for two weeks."

"And who will keep the city's babies' bottoms covered while I'm away?"

"Your loving male issue, Barney."

"If you'll pardon a gauche expression," Mrs. O'Hare said. "Oh, brother!"

"Sure. Lemme explain. Those three old creatures in the laundry can run that. You got Jimmy on the delivery truck. And certainly I am bright enough to peddle rubber pants to a baby."

She pondered the proposition with mounting enthusiasm. "This may set the diaper industry back on its pins, but I'll take the offer. And I thank you, son."

It required but a few days for Barney to learn that Mrs. O'Hare was a kind of mother emeritus for the community. Barney's heart, which held deep and sentimental admiration for motherhood, was warmed at the way young childbearers gathered in the store to talk shop.

Early one evening in the middle of the first week, while he was in the baby shop working on the books, the phone rang and a woman asked for Mrs. O'Hare.

"Mrs. O'Hare is away. This is Mr. O'Hare."

"That's a tough break, but maybe you'll do. You're probably to blame anyway. Our didies weren't delivered today and I want you to bring some out right away." The woman sounded harassed. "Harry is baying like a beagle."

"What seems to be eating Harry?"

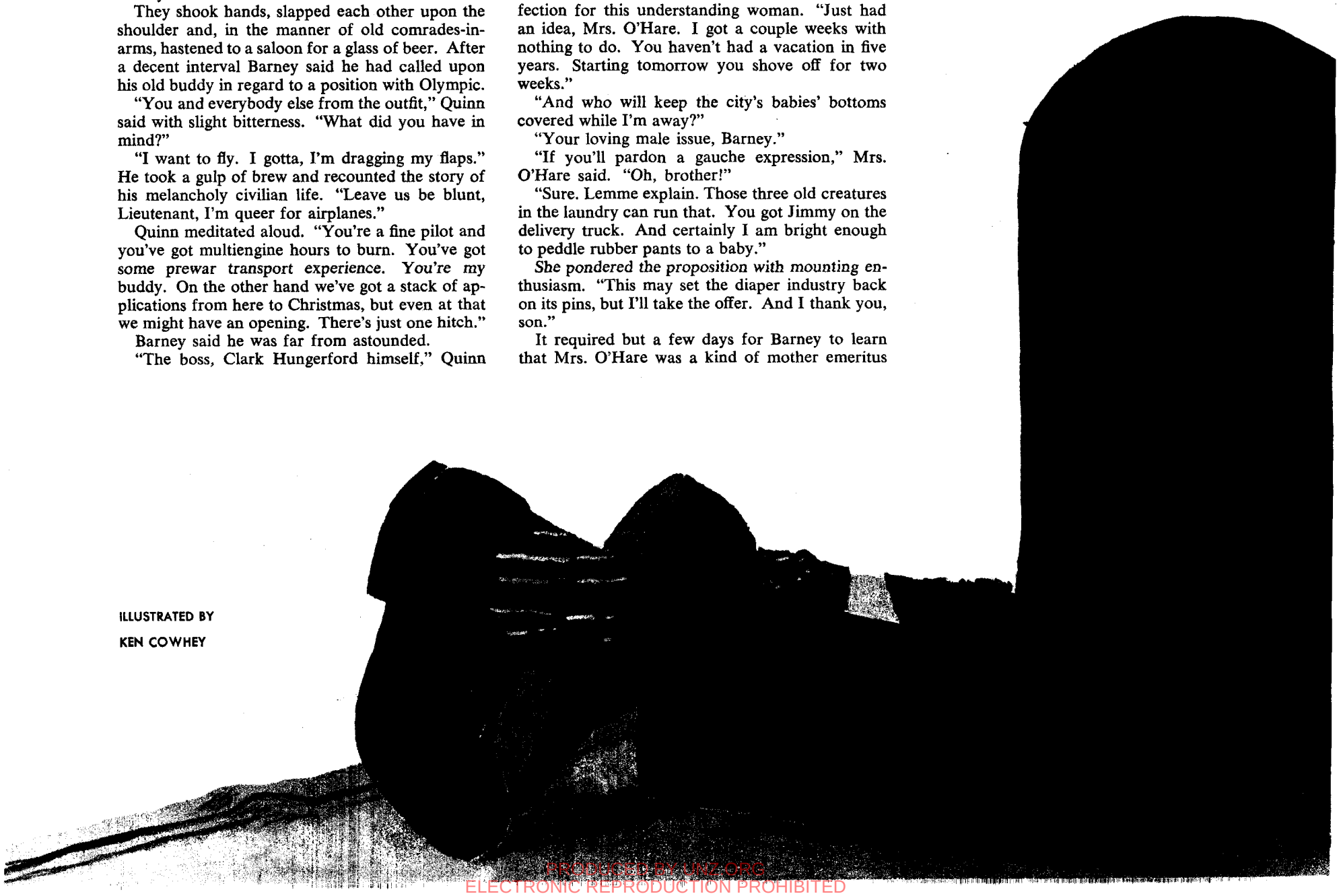
"What's eat—now, hold on, Mr. O'Hare, comedy is unnecessary. I've been told Mrs. O'Hare is very clever with babies and that she'd know what to do with Harry."

"Ah—yes," Barney said.

"I don't suppose you have any idea of what goes on in their soft little skulls?"

Backed with three days' experience and rankled

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)



ILLUSTRATED BY
KEN COWHEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Patty and Claude came in, Barney was looking for the cork. "Babies have to sleep," Patty cried. "Come along"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hell-Raisin' Beaver

By EDWIN WAY TEALE

The chisel-toothed beaver is engineering his way into the hair of farmers and construction crews the country over. Protected from harm by the laws of men, he is multiplying his numbers and his efforts in a strange modern world—and only getting shanghaied back into the wilderness for his pains

TWENTY miles north of Montpelier, in Vermont, railroad section men recently raced to clear the tracks. Beavers had felled trees across the right of way. In northern New Jersey, not far from the Picatinny Arsenal, a retired physician opened his cellar door and found his basement a swimming pool. Beavers had dammed up near-by Rockaway River and diverted the water his way. A stream-side apple orchard, in Michigan, was suddenly reduced by half a dozen trees—felled by beavers.

In the Northwest, ice at an outdoor skating rink sagged and cracked when the water beneath mysteriously ebbed away. Busy beavers again.

Across the country, highway crews are finding their culverts stopped up. Western farmers are discovering their irrigation ditches plugged. A New England miller has had his mill flooded more than once. The owner of a large cranberry bog spent weeks trying to outwit a pair of industrious beavers. When he tried to flood his bog in the fall, they dammed up the inlet; when he tried to drain it in the spring, they plugged the outlet.

Unless you, personally, have tried to discourage a beaver, you've a lot to learn about persistence. For two years now, a daily tug of war between man and beaver has been going on near Colliers Mill, in southern New Jersey. The beavers have set their hearts on plugging up a highway culvert near their home on a public shooting ground. Every morning a worker cleans out the culvert. Every night, the beavers plug it up again. As this marathon enters its third year, the beavers are still going strong.

Another struggle of this sort, in which the beavers met ingenuity with ingenuity and intelligence with instinctive resourcefulness, continued for years in the Colorado Rockies, near Estes Park.

It all began when a landowner named Abner Sprague decided to use a beaver dam as a roadway across a slough. To keep it dry, he tore a hole in the dam and lowered the water level. Across this opening, he installed a small bridge. The beavers promptly plugged the gap. Sprague tore it open again—and again and again—more than a hundred times in the course of several summers.

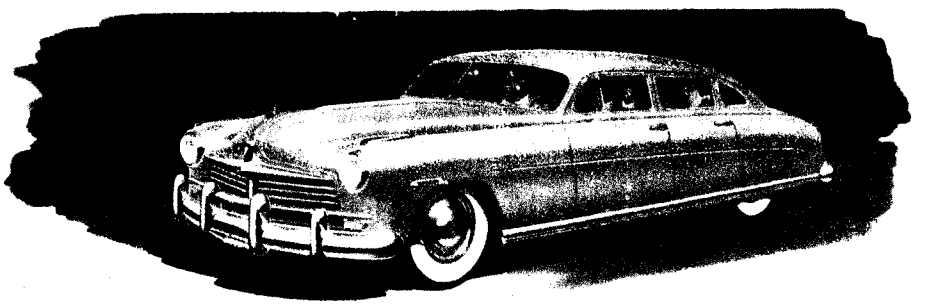
Finally the unhappy man made a fence of chicken wire, anchored with boulders, to keep the beavers from the gap. They immediately moved operations 50 feet downstream, constructed a second dam and backed the water up over the roadway. Their antagonist hired a crew of men and tore out this dam completely. The beavers promptly rebuilt it.

Then Sprague hauled a corrugated-iron pipe, 14 feet long and 16 inches in diameter, to the spot. When this was installed in the dam like a culvert,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)

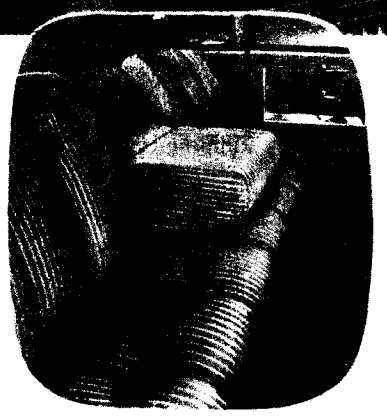
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

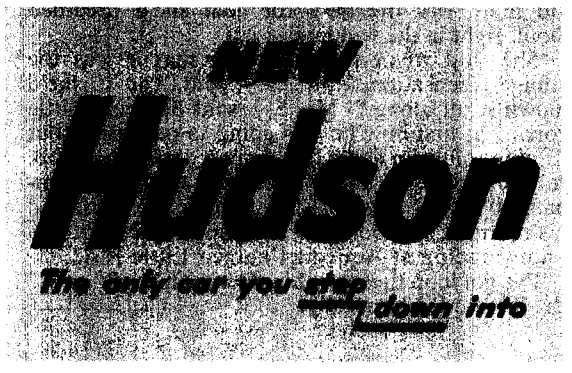
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Luxury... Unlimited!

Luxurious interior of Hudson Commodore Sedan. Inset view—generous "two-person" rear seat arm rest in down position, full sixteen inches wide. Photographed by Vogue. Gown and mink stole by Henri Bendel, New York.





Take an entirely new way to build motor cars —the "step-down" way—add beautiful tailoring and a dash or more of the jeweller's most exquisite art—there is your New Hudson Commodore interior —*the* modern design for '49!

And what an interior! Nothing quite like it in elegance and roominess has ever before come off an assembly line!

There is luxury all around you—deep, billowy, foam rubber cushions upholstered in rich broadcloth, doeskin-finish cloth for sides and top, blended carpeting, and a continuous 'round-the-car valance in an exciting two-tone combination of walnut and modern blond finish to set it all off gloriously!

Moreover, there is something entirely new—a beautiful recessed panel inside each door, where chrome door handles, window regulators, ash receivers, and generous arm rests are set in, out of the way, but easily available when needed.

But what really puts stars in your eyes is Hudson's fabulous roominess—*more* head room and *roomier* seats than in any mass-produced car built today—largely because of the "step-down" principle, perfected and used only by Hudson.*

You see, as designers have sought the ideal in low-built motor cars *without lowering interior floors*, they've had to keep top lines high to preserve inside head room, or reduce inside room to get top lines down—an unsatisfactory compromise either way.

There's no compromise in Hudson, however. This car has an exclusive, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame** which provides recessed floors—you step *down* when entering. This permits lounge-size seats to be lowered to harmonize with the new, lower top. That's why Hudson gives all this luxurious room in a car with a truly low silhouette!

Your nearest Hudson dealer invites you to drive this amazing car, to see how Hudson's roominess is matched with thrilling all-around performance, roadability and safety. Once you've done this, we believe you'll want to place your order for early delivery.

*Hudson's new "step-down" design is such an important story it is best told and illustrated in a booklet available at the nearest Hudson dealer's.

**Trade-mark and patents pending.

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Human Female

By COREY FORD

Women just know it's going to happen and it usually does—in one way or another

FEMALE intuition has been puzzling scientists for years. It has also been puzzling traffic policemen, plumbers, electricians, radio repairmen, garage mechanics, investment brokers and husbands. Pursuing our study of the Social Behavior of the Human Female, therefore, we recently asked a number of married males whether their wives ever had hunches. They said they did, and what's more the hunches were always right. The thing was positively uncanny, they all agreed.

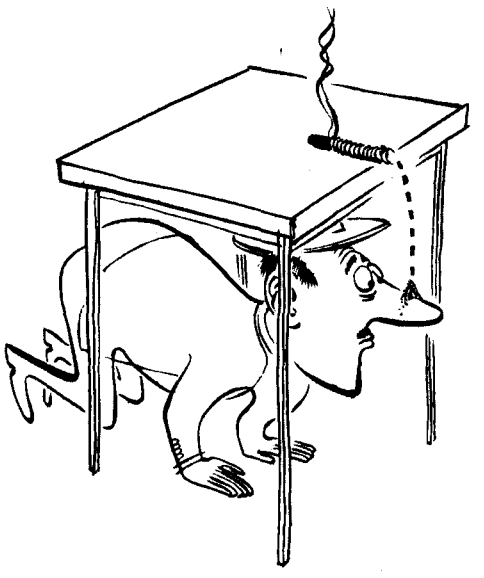
"No matter what happens, it always turns out later my wife knew all along that it would," reported a typical husband, Mr. Q— of Tallahassee, Florida. "Every time I lose some money in the market, for instance, my wife says she was sure right from the first that the stock was going down. If we miss the train, she tells me afterward she knew perfectly well we'd be late. She even had a hunch about Truman, she said the day after the election. It must be some sort of telepathy."

Another typical husband, Mr. L— of East Tewksbury, Vermont, told our investigator that *his* wife never started out on a trip without the feeling that she had left a cigarette burning somewhere. Every time they would have to turn around and go back, Mr. L— said, and every time he would search the house in vain. Well, finally it happened. While Mr. L— was searching the house for his wife's cigarette, he left his lighted cigar on the kitchen table.

Female intuition is very puzzling

Sometimes women get hunches in dreams. "Once my wife woke me up out of a sound sleep and asked me if I knew anybody named Wilgus," said Mr. J—, a typical husband of Patchogue, Long Island. "I said 'No, why?' and she said she dreamed she was at a funeral and it was a Mr. Fred Wilgus. Well, I thought nothing of it at the time, but three months later she picked up the paper and there was a Mr. Fred J. Wilkins. He wasn't dead, he was starting a furniture business, but it just goes to show you about women's hunches, though."

Even more baffling is the case cited by Typical Husband No. 273, a Mr. de P— of Needles, California. "My wife gets premonitions of a death in the family sometimes," Mr. de P— stated. "The other night, for instance, we were sitting in the living room and suddenly the clock stopped. She said it was a sign of something.

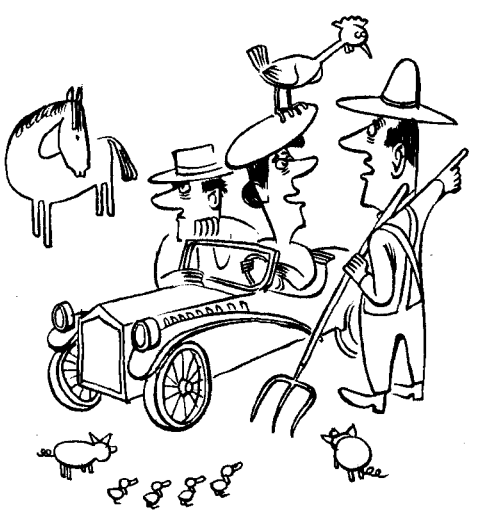


Well, finally it happened

"The next night we were in the living room and she held up her hand and said, 'Listen!' and I asked her what and she said 'Didn't you hear a dog howling? That's a sure sign.' Well, the next night at exactly the same time there were three distinct raps, one, two, three, and my wife said, 'It's Brother Elbert!' and I opened the door, and sure enough it was. What's more, he's still staying with us until he finds a job."

Women have an intuitive sense of direction and display a deep-seated distrust of all highway signs, road maps or husbands at the wheel. Mr. Y— of Saleratus, Maine, said that he and his wife were invited to dinner at the home of some people they'd met named Furtish. Mrs. Furtish wrote out complete directions how to find the place, and in addition marked it very carefully on a map, but Mrs. Y— knew a short cut that would save time. "I'm perfectly positive we turn off here," Mr. Y— quoted her as saying, "because I remember a filling station on the corner."

They went down a side road about ten miles, and then they took a dirt road which Mrs. Y— said she was sure must go somewhere. It ended in a barnyard, and Mr. Y— asked the farmer the way and he said to go back five or six miles to a crossroads and take a right turn. They found the crossroads but Mrs. Y— said she had a feeling they ought to turn left instead, and sure enough, three hours later, they wound up back at their own house again. Later Mrs. Y— phoned the Furtishes and apologized for the fact that her husband was driving.



Ended up in a barnyard

Equally hard to understand, most of the husbands we interviewed agreed, is the way a woman's hunch can solve the most involved mechanical problem.

"Last night our furnace quit," stated Mr. F— of Perkasie, Pennsylvania, in an awed tone. "I got a man over, and he worked about four hours. He changed the motor and cleaned out the firebox and put a new thermostat in, but he couldn't get it going. My wife was watching and she asked what this nail in the wall was for. I told her it was a nail I'd put there to hang up my coat and she pushed the nail and the furnace started. The furnace man couldn't explain it, either, but he said he ran into the same thing at home. He said the other night his wife got the toilet to flush by jumping up and down on the floor."

It was the strangest sensation

Perhaps the most amazing example of female intuition, however, was reported to our investigator by a Mr. S— of Bismarck, North Dakota. According to Mr. S—, his wife told him she had the funniest feeling that something nice was going to happen. Mr. S— didn't pay much attention, he said, but a week or so later his wife said she had a dream that she won a fur coat in a radio quiz show. Well, the next day they happened to be walking down the street and suddenly she stopped in front of a store and there was the very fur coat she'd dreamed about, right in the window.

"She said when she put it on that it was the strangest sensation," Mr. S— said, "as if she'd known it all along." Mr. S— said he was a little worried at first how he was going to pay for it, but his wife told him she had a hunch about that, too. Only yesterday she had a letter from a former roommate at Vassar named Elsie Freem, she said, and this morning she looked in the paper and there was a horse racing at Aqueduct named Little Elsie.

"I've got it on the nose this afternoon at 100 to 1," Mr. S— added hopefully.

DRAWINGS BY VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smart Men

buy PM

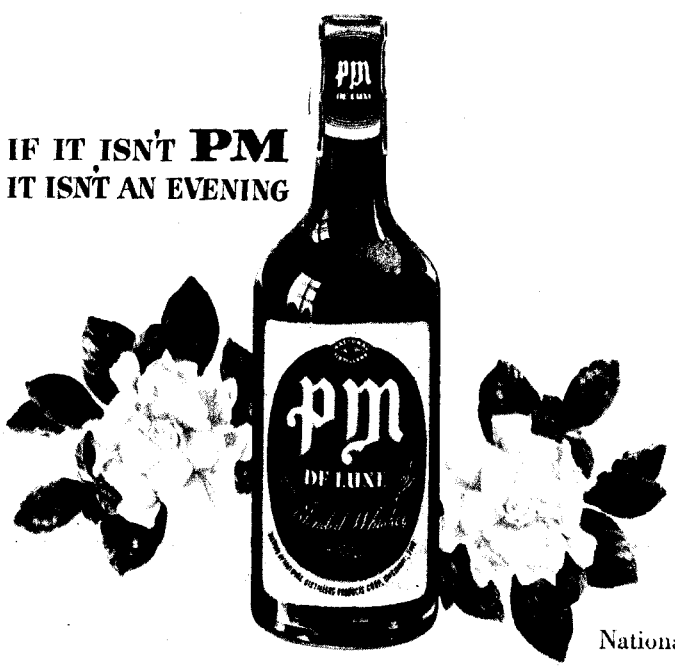
BLENDED WHISKEY

OVER...

and OVER...

and OVER

again!



IF IT ISN'T **PM**
IT ISN'T AN EVENING

They like the Taste!

They like the Price!

National Distillers Products Corp., N.Y., N.Y. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOW-DOWN COTTON

Continued from page 17

one-legged hypercrite, don't go praisin' de Lawd about dat thing till Giles gits a look at de cotton hit pulls."

But the hard-riding, hard-driving foreman neglected to look at the freshly picked cotton. He knew it would be leaf-stained and that stain would lower the grade and, consequently, the price. Whether low-grade machine-picked cotton when compared to high-grade hand-picked cotton was a good thing or a bad thing, was not one of his worries. All he knew or cared was that the picking machine had now become a part of cotton raising.

"Stiddy, Little Bit," he cautioned the driver. "If you run her too fast, you push de stalks forward and drag 'em down. And too slow pulls 'em back. Set yo' speed to hit de stalks standin' up."

GILES had seen many changes take place on the plantation. As a boy of ten, when cotton raising was a fine art instead of big business, he made his first crop. He had plowed from sunup until sundown six days a week during the cultivating season, while other members of the family had swung hoes in the field to keep the grass from between the stalks where a plow couldn't reach.

And when he was finished gathering, he had six big bales of cotton, and for each fifteen hundred pounds of seed cotton picked, five hundred pounds of lint was ginned. He had achieved the ideal for which all good cotton growers strove: better than a bale to the acre. The seed was dumped into the river as worthless, but the lint was sold at premium prices. It was as good as any man could do; it was better than most of them did.

The thing that really caused the talk among the neighbors was the way Giles handled that first picking. Getting at it at exactly the right time required skill, luck, and judgment. Cotton opened first near the ground, and this was the best. The bulk of the crop was in the middle stalk, and was standard grade.

If one troubled to pick the first cotton before rain whipped dust on it, and before too much of the middle cotton opened, the difference in price was worth the patience. Giles not only got his first cotton picked just at the right time, but he made everybody tote it from the field to his house where it was stored in a shed room for curing.

There was only one bale of the first picking, but when it was ginned, the staple was a full inch and a quarter, the tensile extra strong and the sheen was so glossy that the buyer paid three cents a pound premium.

The second—or middle—picking, yielded four good bales that sold for better than middling, and the final picking, after the October rains and November frosts, yielded still another bale. In this picking they went through the fields gathering everything that was white and some things which were not quite white. It was a low-grade and sold less than market price, but it meant Christmas money for the family.

The next year Giles was given a mule and double shovel, and became one of the regular share hands. By the time two-mule cultivators went into use, Giles had become foreman, and his work was cut out for him. Cotton raising teetered between being a fine art and a big business.

Later, when talk got around that a picking machine had been invented, Giles and the Bossman visited the Experiment Station to see one in action.

"Hit won't do," Giles decided. "Hit wastes de first pickin' for a premium, and hit breaks up de stalks agin a third pickin' for Christmas money. And for de second pickin' she grabs greenery along wid de cotton." . . .

During the next few years there came a war which was immediately followed by a growth of the migratory instinct among farm hands. Planters who had mechanized fared well for labor except for hoe hands. When they tried to hire cotton choppers, they found every other planter in the country trying to do the same thing.

Giles had his labor troubles, also. More and more families "left out for public works." Then, one fine day, the Bossman and Giles went to the Experiment Station again. Giles remained there a week to learn a new planting technique calculated to do away with a hand hoe in the cotton patch.

"Dis is hit," he finally told the Bossman. "You kin buy de tractors dis spring, and order de pickers for next fall. F'm now on, us don't need cotton choppers, nor likewise cotton pickers. A good tractor driver kin plow endways, crossways, slaunchways, and andy-godlin. And dat'll kill more grass den old man Johnson, hisself, kin sprout!" Mentally, Giles became completely mechanized.

But Giles was just one man who got mechanized. There were other men on the plantation. And women, too. There was Shully T and Mamie T and Mamie T's former husband, Buldickie Gailliard. And Buldickie's present wife, Shine. And Shine's baby brother, Bee Bee Dorcas.

COLLIER'S "Mind if I give you a little advice?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Did dey name you two times," Giles asked Bee Bee, "on account er you was so big one Bee wouldn't cover you? Or did dey name you two times on account er yo' head so thick I got to call you twice before you kin hear me?"

Bee Bee grinned. "Must be on account of I'm so big," he said. "My head ain't thick. I'm de onliest man on de place smart enough to come home from Uncle Sam's Army wid my ranks. All de yuther boys jest made Tech, and First Class, and stuff like dat. But me? I made Private Second Class. Hit says dat's my ranks on my papers."

"But you didn't learn how to do nothin' in Uncle Sam's Army," Giles accused. "You didn't learn how to drive no tractor and fix no engine?"

"Nawsuh," admitted Bee Bee. "I was fixin' to learn how to blindfold myself and take my gun apart. But about de time I learned how to tie my blindfold real good, de sergeant say hit was some potatoes to peel, and he set me to peelin' potatoes. Us Ninety-third boys ate a heap er potatoes."

"Did dey learn you how to peel potatoes?" Giles asked.

"I already knowed how," said Bee Bee. "So dey jest gimme de job, stiddy."

The next thing Bee Bee knew, he was walking behind a big team of mules in a low, swampy field that lay between Cuckleburr Lake and the Windmill Cut.

"I'll git yo' crop wage chopped for you, dis year," Giles promised. "But you marry you a woman to chop yo' cotton, if you want to live on de place, stiddy."

BEE BEE was still working on the project of marrying himself a wife to chop his cotton when picking time came. Shully T was his choice. She was big, fast talking, high stepping, and the only daughter of the best cotton chopper on the place. Bee Bee's heart went out for her. But being a deliberate, patient-minded man, he had only worked the romance up to the point where he would stand close to her in church or in crowds.

But when he saw that big machine dragging cotton from the stalks and pitching it into the truck, and when he felt the electrifying exuberance of everybody who watched the miracle, he threw his courtship into high gears. He proposed, right out there in the field.

"What you say, Shully T?" he asked.

"What you mean?" she countered.

"I and you," urged Bee Bee.

"I and you which?" she asked.

"Git married up," he explained.

Shully T shrugged. "Aw, go 'haid, Bee Bee," she told him, not without kindness, "you ain't nothin' but a field hand."

"What's wrong wid bein' a field hand?" he demanded. "I'm a good field hand. I'm got me a good crop, I'm got good credick—"

"You can't drive no tractor," Shully T reminded him. "Let alone plow and pick cotton wid one."

"Humph!" snorted Bee Bee. "I'd druther have a mule kick dust in my face all day long den to git my gizzard jiggled outn me, ridin' dat yonder thing."

"Hit gits a heap er cotton plowed," insisted Shully T. "And picked. And de man which drive 'em gits good wages for jest settin' down and drivin' 'em up and down de field."

"Any fool kin set," snorted Bee Bee.

"Hit takes a smart member to git wages for settin'," countered Shully T.

Bee Bee's slow-working mind was never given to logic or fast repartee. But his love was in high gears, and arguments couldn't stop it. "I got good wages for settin' down and peelin' potatoes in Uncle Sam's Army," he recalled. "But maybe a country gal like you ain't got enough potatoes to keep a big man like me busy, peelin' 'em."

The courtship was interrupted by Giles. "Ev-ybody done seed dis thing work," he announced. "Now git home and git yo' cotton sacks mended and ready. I want to meet you at dew-off in de mawnin', and I mean, ev-ybody big enough to drag a sack. We start in de little share—hand patches on New London and works twarge de Windmill Cut."

"Well, amen!" said the Widow Duck. "Wharfore you's speakin' wid de tongues er men, Giles. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

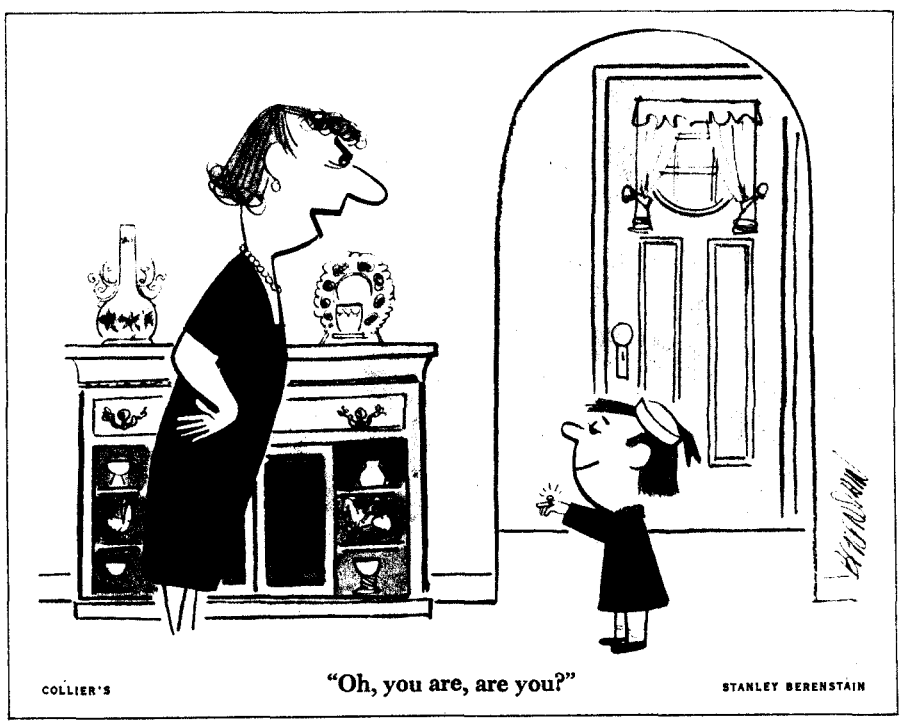
Giles rode close to the old woman. "What's yo' trouble, Widow Duck?"

"I said de cotton is beggin' to git picked," she beamed, "and f'm de way you was speakin', she sound like pickin' gonter start at dew-off in de mawnin'."

Giles grinned, his first real grin of the year. "Cotton pickin' done got started," he said. "Betwixt now and sundown, dis yonder machine gonter pick more cotton den ev'ybody on de place kin hand-pick f'm now to Ju-vember. We jest fixin' to hand-pick de little patches dot ain't big enough for the big picker."

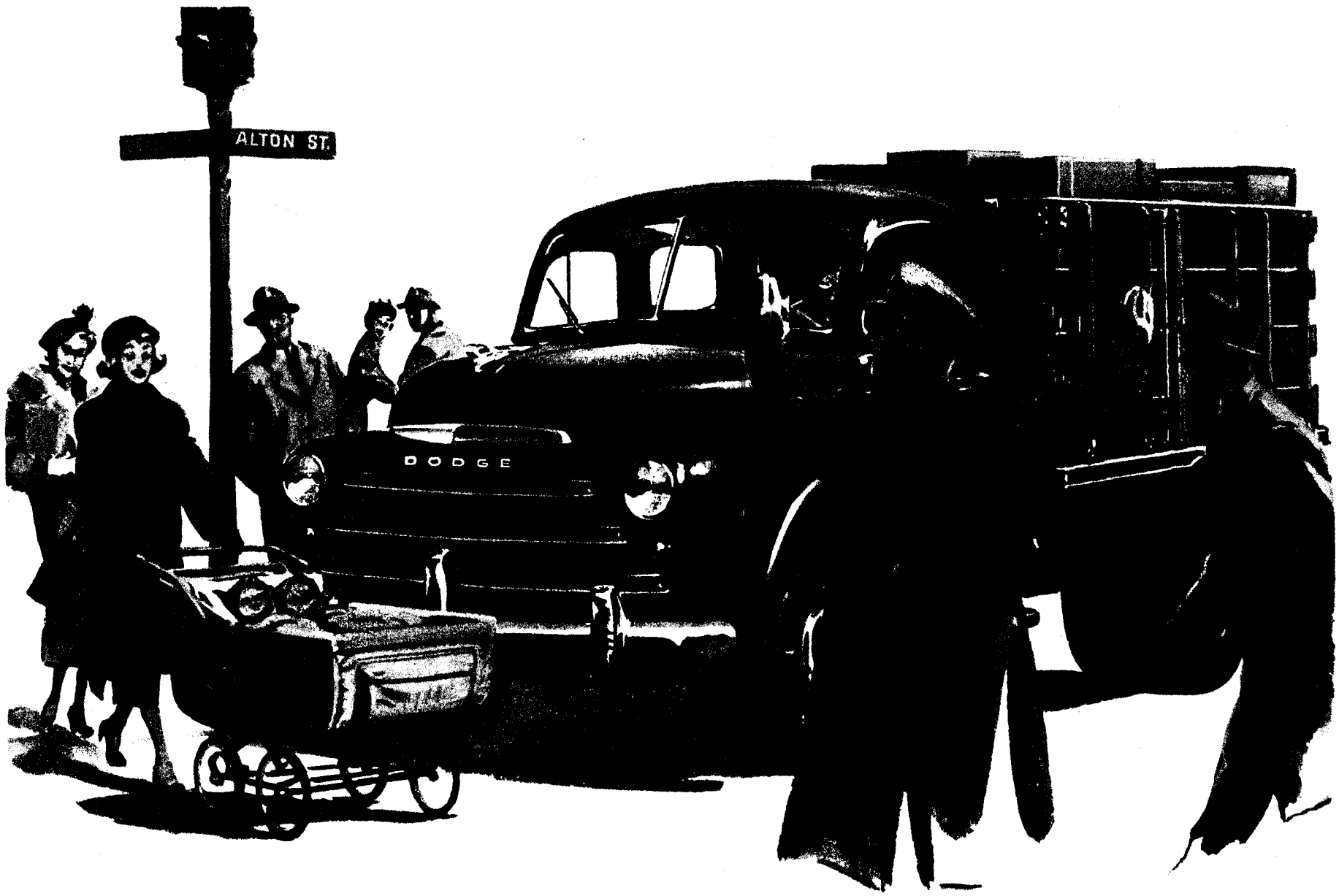
The Widow Duck looked tenderly at the foreman. "Giles," she said, "you's a low-down sinner, and you's too bull-headed to git redeemed. But you won't tell no lie in yo' heart. Now, speak wid yo' heart and not wid yo' tongue. Is cotton pickin' already got started"—she nodded meaningfully toward the mechanical picker—"or do cotton pickin' git started at dew-off in de mawnin'?"

Giles reached out and patted the old



COLLIER'S "Oh, you are, are you?" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just right for the job...

Does your present truck have the right combination of power, capacity, and load-moving units to meet the operating requirements of *your* job?

If not, your delivery expense is probably higher than it should be.

Your own experience, like that of many truck operators, has probably shown that if your truck does *not* have the right units throughout . . . it wastes gas and oil, won't stand up, runs up excessive maintenance costs.

It's different when you get a "*Job-Rated*" truck. Here's why:

Your Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck will have exactly the right one of 7 *different* truck engines. Further, that engine will be one that's engineered to deliver "top" horsepower and torque . . . with *real* economy.

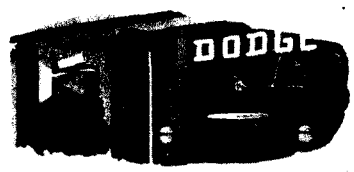
Your truck will also have exactly the right

The Right Units Throughout!

clutch, transmission, rear axle, gear ratio, frame, springs and tires.

Such a truck will stay on the job. It will give you better service. It will last *longer*. All of which means that you can amortize your investment over a much longer period of time. Your truck will save you money . . . every mile you drive it.

How can you get a truck "*Job-Rated*" to fit your job? See your Dodge dealer. Tell him your operating conditions and requirements. He will

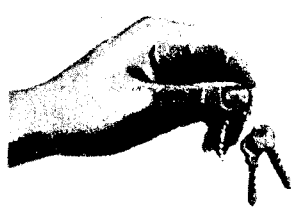


See Your Dodge Dealer!

then recommend the right truck for *you* from 248 different basic chassis models.

You know that the best way to *make* money is to *save* money. That's why we suggest that *you* . . . like an ever-increasing number of economy-minded truck buyers . . . *switch* to Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks!

For the good of your business...



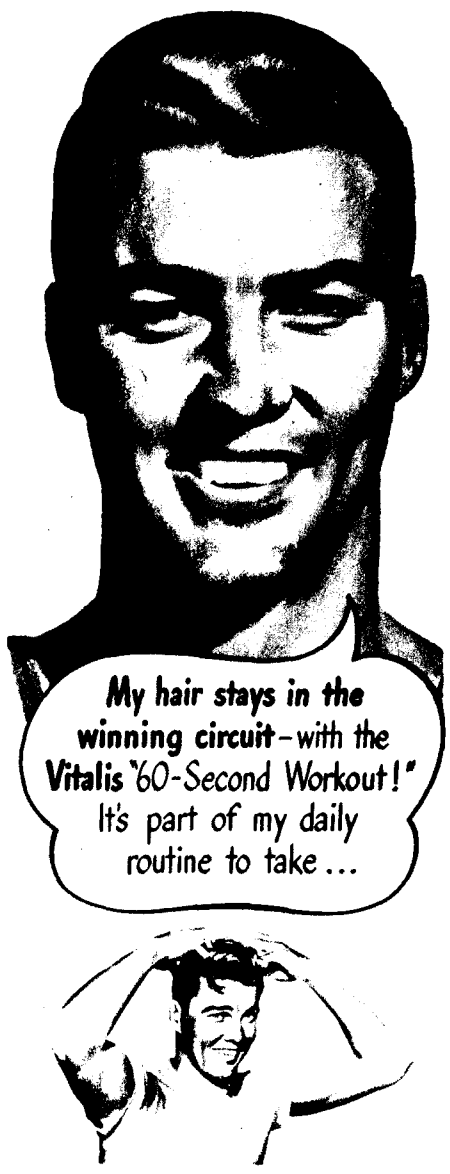
switch to DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

FOR THE LOCATION OF YOUR DODGE DEALER, CONSULT THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR PHONE BOOK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Working Out with Bud Palmer

N. Y. Knickerbockers' basketball star



"50 seconds to massage." Try the famous workout used by so many successful men in sports and business. Vitalis' special formula stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing does. And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

"10 seconds to comb." Now your hair looks *naturally* well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Just *pure vegetable oil* that prevents dryness, keeps hair in place. Get Vitalis today! At drug counters and barber shops.

Product of Bristol-Myers

the **Vitalis** "60-Second Workout" *for handsomer, healthier-looking hair*

woman's shoulder. "De cotton pickin' start at dew-off in de mawnin'," he said, and then added roughly: "And what I mean, I want dat cotton picked clean and careful." And he galloped off toward the tractor which by now was halfway across the big field.

While the tractor continued to give off foul smoke, and the machine rolled cotton into the truck, Little Bee Bend's population assembled on the New London cut to pick cotton by hand. Instead of four or five hundred pickers strung across the field, there were less than a hundred men, women and children in the crew. But everybody knew how to pick cotton. They paired off, usually a woman and a man, and each couple carried three rows—one for each of them with the center, or "grab row" in between. Bee Bee paired off with Shully T, even without thinking about it.

"Ef I draps off to sleep," Shully T warned, "jest wake me up."

"Hunh?" grunted Bee Bee.

"I said, I might drap off to sleep on account of I was up at de Hi-Way Club last night," Shully T elaborated. "Dancin' and goin' on wid Little Bit Boody."

If Bee Bee heard her, he did not show it.

"Little Bit," continued Shully T, "say he bet I got enough potatoes to keep him busy peelin' 'em." She doubled with laughter. "I swear! I'll say I ain't got enough potatoes for a big man like you! Bee Bee, you vexes me, all over!"

"Shut up," commanded Bee Bee. "Pick cotton. Don't talk."

When the final sackfuls were weighed that night, Shully T had picked a solid three hundred and twenty-five pounds, a big amount for a woman. Bee Bee's tab showed a natural four-fifty. He easily won the dollar prize for having picked more than any other man.

On the way home the Widow Duck managed to amble up to Bee Bee's side to congratulate him. "You and Shully T make a right nice couple," she observed. "If I was de champeen cotton picker like you and didn't had me no wife, I be dog if I don't believe I'd hem dat gal up and marry de devil outn her."

Bee Bee groaned.

"I wouldn't git proud jest because I picked four-fifty, ef I was you," warned the Widow Duck.

"Miss Duck," Bee Bee said, sadly, "I got such pure love for Shully T dat my heart mighty nigh jumps outn my bosom ev'y time I thinks about her. But she got her mind made up she don't want no less den a tractor hand for a husband, and I can't drive no tractor."

"Humph!" The Widow Duck's explosion dripped with contempt. "De onliest daughter er de best lady cotton chopper on de place!" she snorted. "Wantin' to git messed up with a stinkin' tractor!" She shook her head as if the news was simply beyond comprehension. "I'm gonter tell Mamie T," she added, "and I'll bet Mamie T gonter whup dat gal to she can't set down."

"Nawm," pleaded Bee Bee. "Don't do dat. She got her heart set on a tractor driver, and you can't beat in no gal's behime what she ain't got in her heart."

"Well, amen," agreed the Widow Duck. "Bee Bee, you ain't as big a fool as I figgered you was. But what you fixin' to do? Let her git away f'm you?"

"I ain't got hit figgered out, yit," announced Bee Bee. "But I been studyin' my mind, ever since yistiddy, when she told me."

"Keep figgerin'," urged the Widow Duck. "And prayin'. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

BY THE time he had finished his supper that evening, Bee Bee's mind had schemed up a scheme. It had been a long time in the borning, and perhaps was not a brilliant one. But a man with the mental capacity to achieve and retain the rank of Private Second Class all during a war, ought to be able to figure out some kind of an answer to Bee Bee's problem.

He sauntered up to the blacksmith shop where he knew Little Bit would be greasing and checking the tractor. The night was warm and clear. A full moon was rising out of the willows beyond the bayou. He decided it would operate better if he kept the thing on a soldier-to-soldier basis.

"What you say, Sarge?" he greeted Little Bit. He had learned that to call a returned soldier Sarge instead of by name was a good way to make friends.

"Same thing, Sarge," replied Little Bit. "And you?"

"Jest drapped by to wag de jawbone," said Bee Bee, sitting down.

"Let hit wag," encouraged Little Bit. "I'm got to change de oil and put some grease in de differential. And den, what you say we drap by de Hi-Way Club?"

"M'mm," grunted Bee Bee, noncommittally. He waited a few seconds. "You know, Little Bit," he said, presently, "when I was in de Ninety-third, I didn't do no gittin' about, like you done. I started out at a place name er Fort Waw-Choo-Kah, but hit wasn't nothin' there. And den us went on a train to a place name er Frisco, but I was busy dat day, peelin' some potatoes, and didn't git to look about, none. Den us got on a boat, and you know hit ain't nothin' to see on a boat. And when us got offn de boat at some place—I disremembers de name—us jest sot. Hit was some shootin' and goin' on, but I stayed inside, peelin' potatoes. I swear dat Ninety-third was a potato-eatin' outfit for de books!"

Little Bit grinned. "Dat's more gittin' about den I done," he admitted. "I didn't git overseas. Dey shipped me straight to de Alcan and th'owed me on a bulldozer."

"Tell me all about de Alcan," urged Bee Bee. Part of his scheme was to keep Little Bit from suspecting that he was working a scheme. "What be's hit?"

"Cold," declared Little Bit.

"What do hit look like?" Bee Bee pressed.

Little Bit shook his head as if a sad

Clancy

By John Ruge

COLLIER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE

..."finest beer served anywhere!"

THE REASON:
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Internationally Famous

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Pabst, Blue Ribbon, and the representation of a blue ribbon, are the registered trade-marks of Pabst Brewing Company. Copr. 1949, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Er—Gulp! Hrrrf . . . Ah—I Uh . . ."

BOSS: Out with it, Jones! Out with it! TIME IS MONEY, y'know.

JONES: You're so *right*, Sir! Er, I mean—I've been working here fifteen years, and—

BOSS: Speak up, man! IF IT'S WORTH SAYING, SAY IT OUT LOUD. I always thought you were a good man, Jones. But you should be more ah—aggressive. Reflect more *confidence*, y'know.

JONES: Oh, *yessir!* CONFIDENTIALLY—I mean, confidentially, sir, you yourself are the soul of confidence. I—I've always tried to model myself after you. Always wear Arrow White Shirts, for instance and—

BOSS: Good man, Jones! That shows excellent judgment. I might point out that many clients have expressed enthusiastic approval of your appearance. Wanted to know where *they* could get shirts with handsome collars like that. Like I've always said—APPEARANCE COUNTS!

JONES: Speaking of counting, sir. The other day I was counting my—

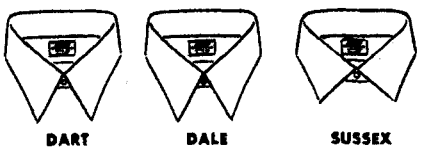
BOSS: Yes, siree—nothing like that Arrow man-shaped "Mitoga" design to build up your stock and your torso. Good business, those Arrows. As for maintenance, well, the buttons never pop off—and what's more important than the "Sanforized" trademark meaning "fabric-shrinkage less than 1%"?

JONES: Oh, yes sir. They're a boon to the budget, sir. Speaking of shrinkage, sir . . . The high cost of living. The shrunken dollar. Ah—wife and kids. I mean, my salary. Er—

BOSS: Jones, it suddenly occurs to me it's about time you got a raise—a *substantial* raise! First thing I want you to do is buy a year's worth of Arrow Shirts. FIRST THINGS FIRST, y'know.

JONES: *Thankyousirverymuch!* Just what I had in mind. And now, if you'll pardon me, sir, I'LL DO IT NOW!

Arrow-Mitoga-Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks



ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

$3.65 · $3.95 · $4.50 · $5.50 · $7.50

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

memory had been recalled. "Hit jest look like miles and miles of miles."

"Do?" asked Bee Bee. He was ready to make progress, now. "Hit wa'n't nothin' but coconut trees and water whar I was at. And," he added guilefully, "wid dem trees and de water and all, wid de boys shootin' and goin' on, I didn't get a chance to learn how to drive no tractor."

"I bet you didn't," agreed Little Bit. "When de shootin' started I'd 'a' stayed inside, too."

Bee Bee braced himself. "Is hit hard to learn how to drive a tractor?"

"Nothin' to hit," said Little Bit. "Anybody kin learn. About de onliest difference between a tractor and a otto is, you got a magneto instid of a battery, and you start on gas and run on one-forty fuel oil. All you got to do is open de gas line—"

"How you do dat?" asked Bee Bee.

"Jest flip dis," said Little Bit, demonstrating. "Den you spin dis wheel to she hits. Den you lets her idle to she warms up, and you turns on de fuel line and cut off de gas."

Bee Bee grinned. "Dat's all?" he asked.

"Naw, fool," explained Little Bit. "De engine jest runnin'. To make her roll you got to git her in gears."

"How you do dat?" asked Bee Bee, and Little Bit demonstrated.

WHILE Little Bit oiled and greased, Bee Bee sat on the tractor seat and practiced opening the throttle and working the pedal and clutch lever. "Ef de engine was turnin' on de one-fawty line," he asked, "and dis stuff was fixed like I got her fixed, would I be rollin'?"

Little Bit inspected. "Wid de throttle pulled out like dat," he grinned, "you'd be ballin' de jack on away f'm here."

When Little Bit completed his job, Bee Bee excused himself from the trip to the Hi-Way Club. "Hit's all right for you," he told Little Bit. "But I ain't been settin' down, ridin' all day. I been draggin' a cotton sack."

"I know how you feel," sympathized Little Bit. "But gittin' shook up all day in a tractor seat gits me woke up so's I can't hardly git to sleep at night till I gits a few sips er wine and hop around de dance floor wid some gal or yuther."

Little Bit went home to clean up for the Hi-Way Club. Bee Bee lingered at the shop for further practice on the tractor. And while this was taking place, other things were being done on Little Bee Bend.

Shully T was trying to decide whether to buy a love toby from the hoodoo woman, or to consult the Widow Duck on how to win the heart of big old Bee Bee who had outjoked her, and now was spurning her.

Giles, who had just completed a talk with the Bossman which left him in none too pleasant a mood, was on his way to get himself solaced up by a few kind words from the Widow Duck.

And the Widow Duck, having finished tidying up her kitchen after an elaborate supper, came to her front porch to catch a little fresh air and let her supper settle while she rocked in her split hickory chair. She had scarcely got her shoes off and her big body relaxed, when Giles arrived.

"Come in and set," she invited. "Tell me what's on yo' mind."

Giles sat down, leaned against a post, and sighed heavily. "I been speakin' wid de Bossman," he announced, wearily.

"Poor Bossman," said the Widow Duck. "He work so hard tryin' to keep de man at de bank satisfied."

"Ain't de bank man, dis time," Giles explained. "Leastways, not yit."

"Den hit's which?" she asked.

"I don't rightly know," confessed Giles. "I told him de pickin' machine was gonter drive de grade awful low on de cotton, and he feel mighty sad. But hit's de way things got to go, now. Make cotton cheap, pick hit cheap, and sell hit cheap."

"Hit's fixin' to be like dat f'm now on?" asked the Widow Duck.

Giles hung his head, and thought. "Widow Duck," he pleaded, "you know I'm a good cotton-raisin' man?"

"You de best," she told him, warmly. "I mind yo' first crop when you was still in knee pants. Better den a bale to de acre. And de first pickin' was a premium bale for de books!"

"Dat's de kind er cotton I likes to raise," said Giles. "But wid de hands leavin' out, us got to do what us can, to save labor. So de next thing comin' up in de cotton patch is, you ain't even gonter have to pick hit wid a pickin' machine nor nothin' else."

"Naw!" exclaimed the Widow Duck.

"A fact," related Giles. "Hit's gonter be so, next, dat you gonter gather de cotton, stalks and all, jest like hit was hay. Den dey gonter pile hit up and pour some what dey call chemi-ky acid on 'em. And dat gonter turn ev'ything into cotton juice. Den dey gonter put some more kinds er acid on de juice, and de cotton gonter drap out, ginned and baled. And de cotton seeds gonter turn into writin' paper."

"Lawd, how long," groaned the Widow Duck.

"Ev'y green leaf dat picker pulls," Giles went on, sadly, "is like a dose er quinine in my mouth. But I can stand dat, as long as I'm got a few good field hands mule-workin' de patches."

"Speakin' er field hands," cut in the Widow Duck, sharply, "I was aimin' to talk wid you about Bee Bee Dorcas. He's a might good boy."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dat's funny," said Giles. "I was aimin' to speak wid you about him. You speak first."

The Widow Duck related in detail how Bee Bee was pining away for Shully T, and getting nowhere because she had her mind set on a tractor driver. "You might trick up a scheme to make Bee Bee look big for Shully T."

"Bee Bee's a powerful stiddy hand," admitted Giles. "But he too slow to git Shully T, I reckon. What I had in my mind about Bee Bee was dat I want yo'all to quit pickin' cotton on New London, tomorrow, and git started in Bee Bee's field."

"Bee Bee's crop is in de swamps," recalled the Widow Duck. "Dat'll be de last cotton on de place to open up. Hit won't be ready to pick for two more weeks, yit."

"I rode by today," said Giles. "His field look like she got a couple of bales opened up. Down close to de ground."

"You mean, for a old-timey first pickin'?" she demanded.

Giles nodded. "And instid of puttin' hit in de wagons, I want dat stuff stored in Bee Bee's shed room so hit kin season and cure. I figgered a couple of bales of premium cotton would do me good."

At that moment, Shully T came into the Widow Duck's yard and announced she wanted advice in a matter of love. The Widow Duck recognized the opportunity to get in a few good words for Bee Bee.

"Us too busy talkin' about dat big old cotton-raisin' man name er Bee Bee," she explained, "to talk about love stuff. You jest set whilst I and Giles counts up what a fine crop dat boy done made hisself."

"Awnh," whined Shully T. "I bet dat's why Bee Bee won't pay me no mind. I jest stand around and chunks my heart at him, and he steps on hit like hit was a clod er dirt. All yistiddy and today, he pass me by like de evenin' breeze."

The Widow Duck was not certain she heard right. "You mean," she demanded, "you got love for Bee Bee?"

"I got de best," said Shully T. "But he say I ain't got enough potatoes to keep him busy peelin' and goin' on. I don't know what to do."

While the Widow Duck was adjusting her mind to this new information, the stillness of the night was split wide open by the roar of an engine. The sound came from the blacksmith shop, a hundred yards down the bayou.

"What kind er fool is messin' wid a tractor, dis time er night?" Giles demanded.

Before the question could be answered, the engine's roar was supplemented by a whickety-whackety sound of machinery in action, and this noise was supplemented by yells and shouts of human voices.

"Stop dat thing, fool," yelled the first voice. "You'll smash dat picker all to pieces."

"I don't know how to stop 'em," yelled the second voice. "You come and stop 'em, Little Bit."

In a minute, the tractor, with the cotton-picking machine attached and in gear, appeared on the bayou path. On the seat, steering wildly and yelling for help sat Bee Bee Dorcas. Close behind, but running a losing race, came Little Bit, not more than half dressed for the Hi-Way Club, yelling instructions.

Giles jumped to his feet. "You Bee Bee!" he roared.

Bee Bee instinctively steered the tractor toward the direction of the sound of Giles' voice. The tractor broke through the Widow Duck's paling fence and headed across her flower garden toward the house.

"Not at de house!" pleaded Little Bit. "Keep her in de open, you fool!"

Giles leaped to the ground, grabbed the gear lever from Bee Bee's fear-frozen hand, and stopped the onrushing machinery. Bee Bee was too panic-stricken to run for his life, although he knew of no reason to believe that Giles would not kill him off, the very next minute.

Little Bit raced up, panting, and slapped the throttle lever with the palm of his hand. "You had dat throttle wide open," he accused.

THE Widow Duck did not have a complete understanding of what was taking place, but she had a feeling that everything which was happening was for the best. She rocked in her chair, patted her feet on the floor, and said, "Amen, Lawd. Amen."

"Now," demanded Giles, "what's all dis humbug about?"

"I didn't mean no harm, Mist' Giles," stammered Bee Bee. "I was jest fixin' to ride de tractor down to Shully T's house."

"Dat sound like a fool thing to do," Giles declared.

"She claim she won't love me unless I kin drive a tractor," explained Bee Bee, "so—"

"So you was goin' courtin' on de tractor, wid de pickin' machine hooked up for good measure?"

"I didn't know she was hooked up," said Bee Bee.

"You was fixin' to court me like dat?" Shully T giggled from the porch. "Man, you's a dog! You kills me off, de way you go on!"

"I jest thought I'd drap by," explained Bee Bee.

"You ought to let me know when you's fixin' to court me," admonished Shully T. "Cause I might not be home. I might be out plantin' potatoes."

"Shut up dat foolery," snapped Giles. "Now, Little Bit, dis is yo' machinery. You git hit back to de shop."

"Mist' Giles," protested Little Bit, "I better wait to she gits daylight. I might bust dis thing up tryin' to drive hit on de bayou path at night."

"Bee Bee driv hit on de bayou path at night," Shully T said, airily.

"I ain't Bee Bee," said Little Bit.

"Den let hit set to daylight," ordered Giles.

The Widow Duck stood up. "And now," she said in a voice that had snap and authority to it, "I want to meet you yuther folks and ev'ybody else which ain't tractorin' at dew-off in Bee Bee's field. And I wants dat cotton picked clean and trash free. Amen, Giles?"

Giles chuckled. "You handle de cotton pickin', Widow Duck," he agreed. "Me and Little Bit will mess around wid dis thing until somethin' worse come along."

WHY I QUIT COLLEGE TEACHING

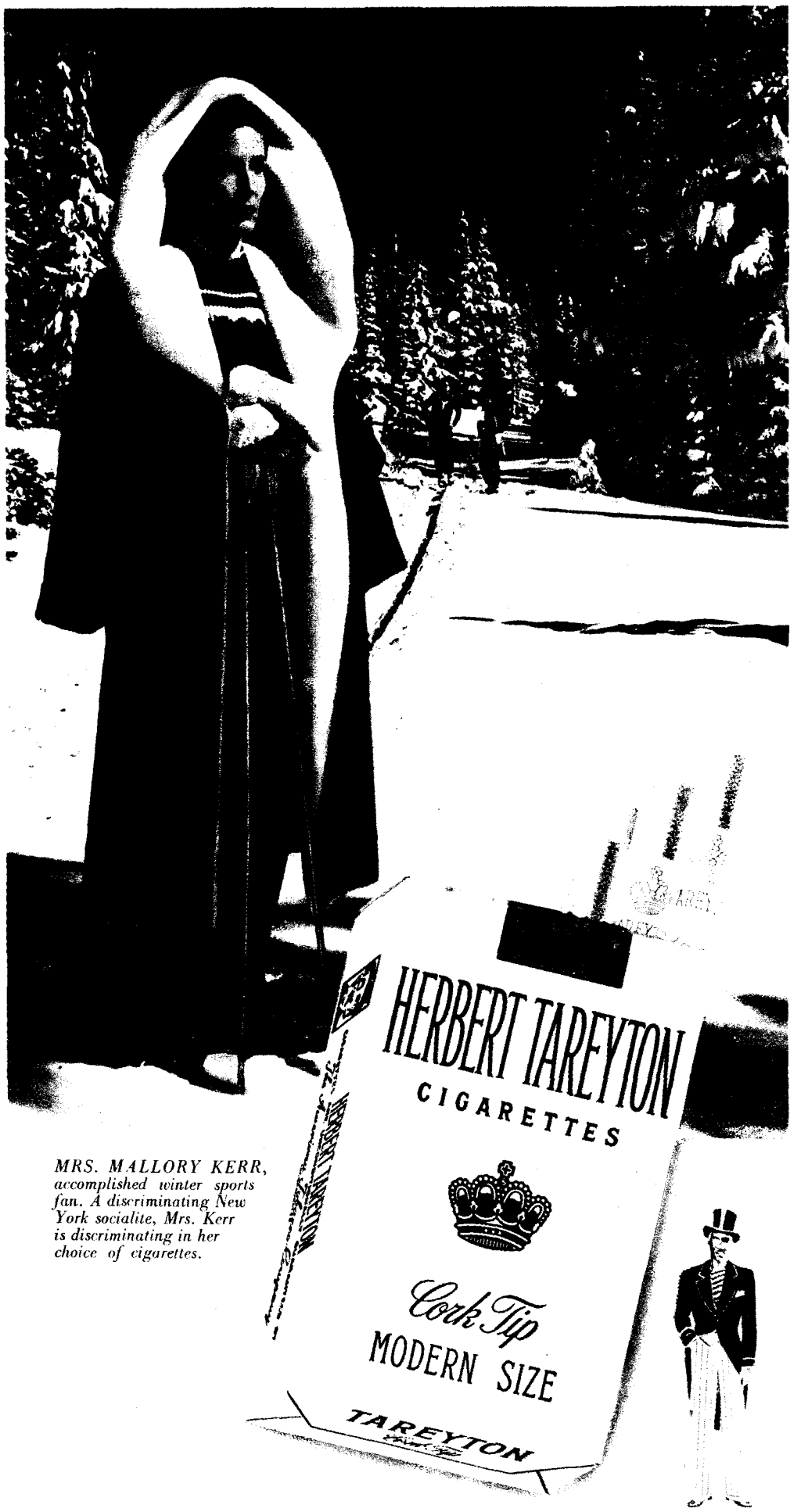
By ANONYMOUS, PH.D.

The appalling truth about our underpaid teachers. Half-starved, in debt, desperate, many are quitting—walking out on the schools and colleges they want to serve. It's shocking and un-American and you'll get the details

In Collier's *next week*

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. MALLORY KERR, accomplished winter sports fan. A discriminating New York socialite, Mrs. Kerr is discriminating in her choice of cigarettes.

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they appreciate the kind of smoking that only a cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTH BEND
SPLIT BAMBOO
FLY RODS

First Choice
OF FLY ROD
FISHERMEN!

There's no substitute for experience plus choice materials in building fly rods. That's why South Bend rods have smooth action for which they are famous. If you are one of those particular anglers, not satisfied with less than the best, you'll want a South Bend fly rod. Then you'll experience fly fishing at its finest.

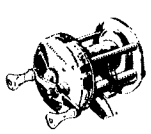
NO. 47 FLY ROD
3-piece construction of finest split bamboo. Extra tip section. "Comficient" grip. Bass or steelhead action. Length 8-1/2 or 9 feet. **$20.**

Excel-Oreno Line
Level fly line **$1.85** up, tapers **$9** up.

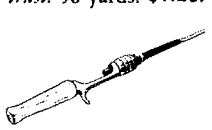
Oren-O-Matic Reel
Balanced automatic fly reel. **$10** and **$10.50.**

Trix-Orenos
"Trickiest" fly rod lures ever made. **65c.**

Black-Oreno Line
Casting *line you can trust.* 50 yards. **$1.20.**



Perfectoreno Reel
No thumbing — no backlashes. **$10** to **$16.**



#411 South Bender
Live-action bait casting rod. **$13.50.**

FREE! Book on Fishing
Every fisherman needs "Fishing — What Tackle and When." 76 pages of casting instructions, fishing hints, 33 new fish pictures in color, fish records, tackle. *Write for it now!*
SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
750 High St., South Bend 23, Indiana

SOUTH BEND *A Name Famous in Fishing*

WHAT YOU OWE YOUR COUNTRY

Continued from page 15

age. No longer is it the civic and social center of the community. Today it must compete with a score of diversions within range of our driving. The impermanence of transient family groups has denied to millions a family church in which they can take a share of responsibility in its activities and problems.

A friend only recently told me of the small congregation to which he belongs. During the depression, when the church was hard pressed by mortgage payments and too poor to keep a janitor, each member of the vestry devoted one Saturday each month to cleaning and scrubbing the building for the Sunday service. Because the church required sacrifice those who loved it best worked the hardest and loved it all the more.

Today that church is fully paid for, the mortgage burned, and a janitor paid to keep it clean. The congregation contributes far more liberally than it did before because now it can afford to. But the devotion of its members has faded with a waning of their obligations. Two dollars in the Sunday offering has replaced those Saturday afternoons. And another of the compelling obligations which produces a sense of responsibility in that community is gone.

Like many another speaker who is called upon too often, it is difficult for me to avoid occasional comment on education. When I recall the political illiteracy of our young troops at the start of the war, I am moved to charge education with gross dereliction in its responsibility to teach knowledge of the human values at issue in the world.

When the Army struggled through the summer of 1941 with rebellious and unhappy soldiers who muttered constantly of their raw deal, it became apparent that the fault lay not with the Army but with the failure of the American people to grasp the significance of the second World War.

Public Apathy Is to Blame

Unlike too many critics of education, however, I cannot lay the blame on the doorstep of education alone. Rather it must be shared with the people as a whole. Their shocking apathy to the condition of their schools and the sterility of their curricula is responsible even today for the political immaturity, the economic ignorance, the philosophical indifference and the spiritual insolvency of so many young men.

Throughout Europe, wherever our armies were stationed, the people were bewildered by Americans who appeared indifferent to the political and philosophical origins and nature of the most powerful and progressive nation in the world.

Unhappily, when driven into a corner intellectually, our soldiers were forced to fall back on our wage scales, our automobiles, our refrigerators—and eventually and triumphantly to the American bathroom—for their defense. Here is an indictment, not only of American education—but of the irresponsible indifference of citizens who have permitted this vacuum to remain.

Recently, when I charged education with these derelictions, my audience of first citizens nodded comfortably and agreed. I turned on them.

"How many of you," I asked, "are members of a school board?"

Of the more than 60 men in the room, not one raised his hand.

"How many of you," I continued, "know the name of your child's teacher?"

There was a showing of a scant half dozen hands.

"How many of you," I pressed, "have ever asked your child's teacher home to dinner to measure her worth for yourself?"

Not a single hand went up.

Here, then, was an audience of successful business and professional men, too busy each in his own daily affairs to determine for himself the character and quality of education furnished his sons and daughters.

Victims of the checkbook habit, each was quite content to let it go simply by paying the bills.

This is citizenship by the dollar sign; it cannot and will not work.

Under Psychologic Handicap

Until the American people shake themselves out of this appalling lethargy and make their schools—together with the selection, the welfare, and rewards of their teachers—a matter of their personal and intimate concern, we shall go forth to do battle psychologically with the aggressive legions of stateism woefully trained and poorly equipped, handicapped from the outset.

To those military-minded men who are militarists by instinct rather than profession and who say that our weaknesses result from a failure of discipline in our young men, I must reply with this vigorous denial.

Men cannot be impressed into good citizenship. If they are to cherish the freedoms that come to them under democratic self-government, they cannot be disciplined into devotion. Instead they must be taught to value the great spiritual possessions to which they are born, by assuming from childhood a share of responsibility for safeguarding those possessions. Good citizenship springs from an appreciation of the great values of our institutions and from active participation in them.

It is immoral for us to claim freedom of the ballot unless we are ready to share that freedom with every other American. It is ungodly for us to claim freedom of religion, unless we are prepared to be tolerant of all beliefs that differ from ours. It is hypocritical to insist upon freedom of opinion unless we grant equal freedom to those who oppose us. And it is fraudulent to insist upon freedom of the press if we deny that right to others.

Democratic institutions will continue to prosper and flourish only so long as they are fed on freedom for all, not on abridgment for some.

We are engaged in a contest today over the integrity of the individual versus the integrity of the state. It is a contest as startlingly dramatic as the air lift into Berlin, as obscurely insignificant as the attitudes of a single man. It is a contest in which ideas are as important as the atom bomb. It is a contest that can conceivably last to the end of our lifetime.

Theoretically the odds lie with us.

For where the state is an instrument of government employed by individuals for their common welfare, the progress of the state is propelled by the progress of the individual. And there can be no doubt in our minds that a free people—unfettered by fears, threats, and terror—will advance farther and faster in spiritual truths, social improvement, and material reward than any slave people, irrespective of the lash under which they labor.

When the State Is Supreme

The state is an invention of men. It has neither intellect, nor conscience, nor morals. It is an inanimate machine. And where the machine is master of the man it is simply fueled by his obedience, his fatigue and his terror. Its laws are the creature of dogma rather than the letters of justice. Its philosophy is spurious because it lives not on the spirit but on the oppression of its people.

A democracy such as ours cannot be defeated in this struggle; it can only lose by default.

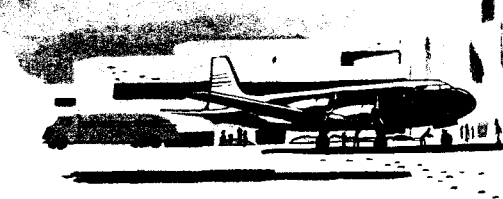
It can only lose if our people deny through indifference and neglect their personal responsibilities for its security and growth.

Our danger lies not so much in a fifth column whose enmity is avowed. It lies in a first column of well-meaning American citizens. A first column of unconscionable men who are one hundred per cent Americans in their daily protestations and ten per cent citizens in their daily routine of neglect.

COLLIER'S "I always tell the truth—unless it's something serious that I wouldn't want anyone to know about" DOROTHY MC KAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Simplified controls . . . Automatic Multi-Channel Station Selector makes tuning easier than ever



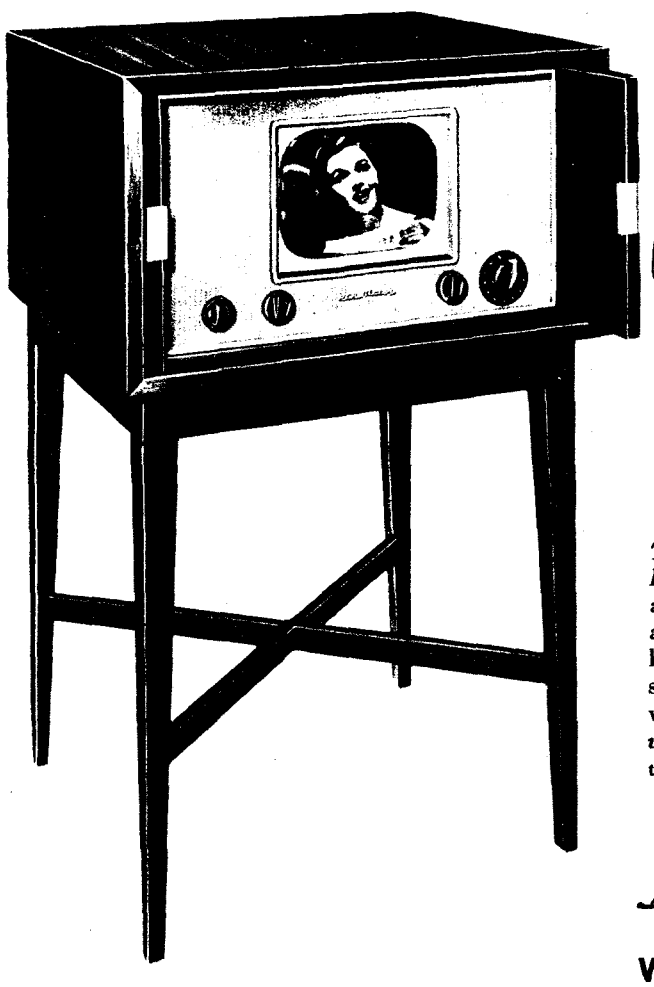
You follow every play! Pictures are locked in tune by the RCA Victor Eye Witness Picture Synchronizer

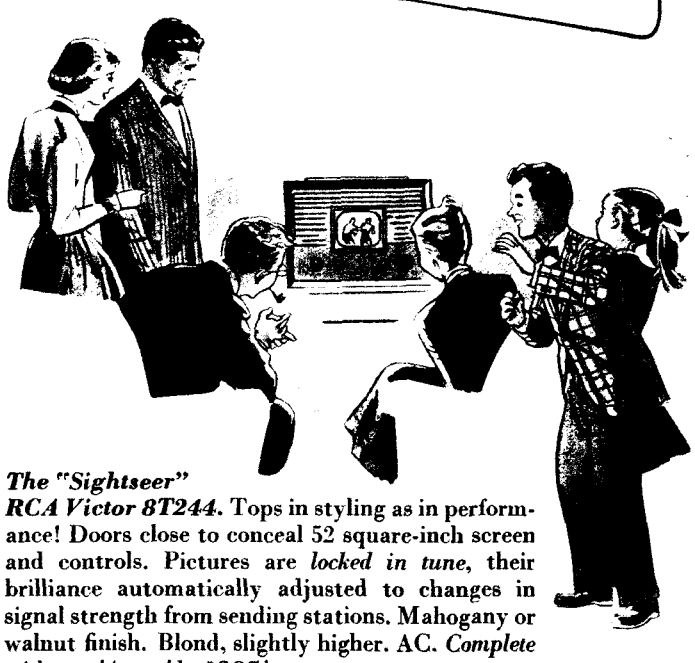
Television sound is static-free FM through the famous "Golden Throat" tone system

Powerful circuits open new areas to television reception

The "Onlooker" RCA Victor 8T243. Advanced engineering features keep RCA Victor sets way ahead in performance! The new sets are more powerful, simpler to use. The Eye Witness Picture Synchronizer, developed exclusively by RCA Victor, *locks pictures in tune* on the 52 square-inch screen. AC operation. Mahogany or walnut finish. Blond, slightly higher. **$349.50†** Installation extra* plus excise tax $1.59.

You're *right there* with RCA VICTOR EYE WITNESS TELEVISION





The "Sightseer" RCA Victor 8T244. Tops in styling as in performance! Doors close to conceal 52 square-inch screen and controls. Pictures are *locked in tune*, their brilliance automatically adjusted to changes in signal strength from sending stations. Mahogany or walnut finish. Blond, slightly higher. AC. *Complete with matching table.* **$395†** Installation extra* plus excise tax $1.63.

***Installation by experts** of RCA's own service organization, the RCA Service Company, is yours when you buy the RCA Victor Television Owner Contract. This optional Contract also covers all charges for antenna and it guarantees you a full year of Eye Witness performance. No other company offers such extensive television service facilities.

†All prices subject to change without notice. Zone 2 prices slightly higher.

SEE YOUR RCA VICTOR TELEVISION DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION AND FREE BOOKLET.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VIEW INSIDE THE LUXURIOUS NEW 1949 STUDEBAKER LAND CRUISER

A new vogue in interiors by Studebaker stylists

Announcing

the new 1949 Studebakers

A NEW STUDEBAKER style leader now swings on the scene! A dramatic new version of the new vision, the new ride, the flight-streamed new look that Studebaker originated is now ready!

A new Commander with new power! A new Champion with new glamor! A special extra-long-wheelbase new Land Cruiser—style-marked with a new distinction!

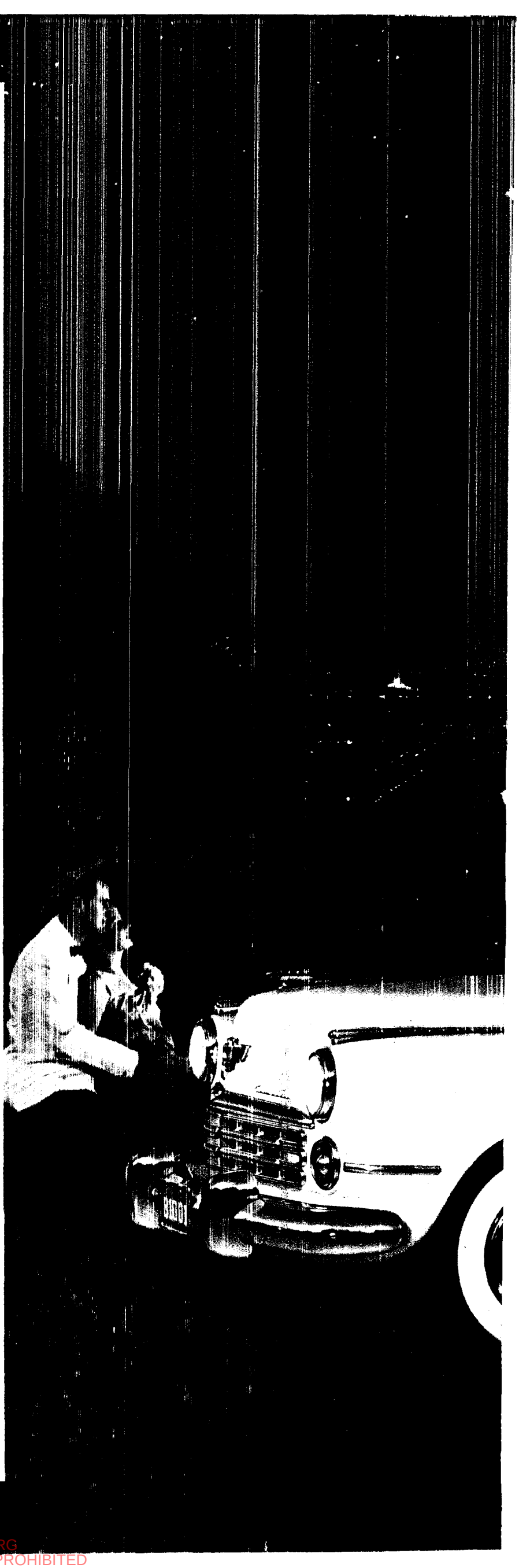
You open the doors on new beauty that makes you gasp—refreshingly different new decorator-fabric upholsteries of captivating tones and richness—superbly designed new instrument panels and appointments.

Body finishes in new colors that raid the spectrum! Dreamlined sedans, coupes and convertibles with smartly styled new grilles, massive new wrap-around bumpers—and the most attractive contours that ever graced a car!

Take a moment to take a look—you'll find you want to take an hour to admire all the new luxuries and advancements in these 1949 Studebakers.

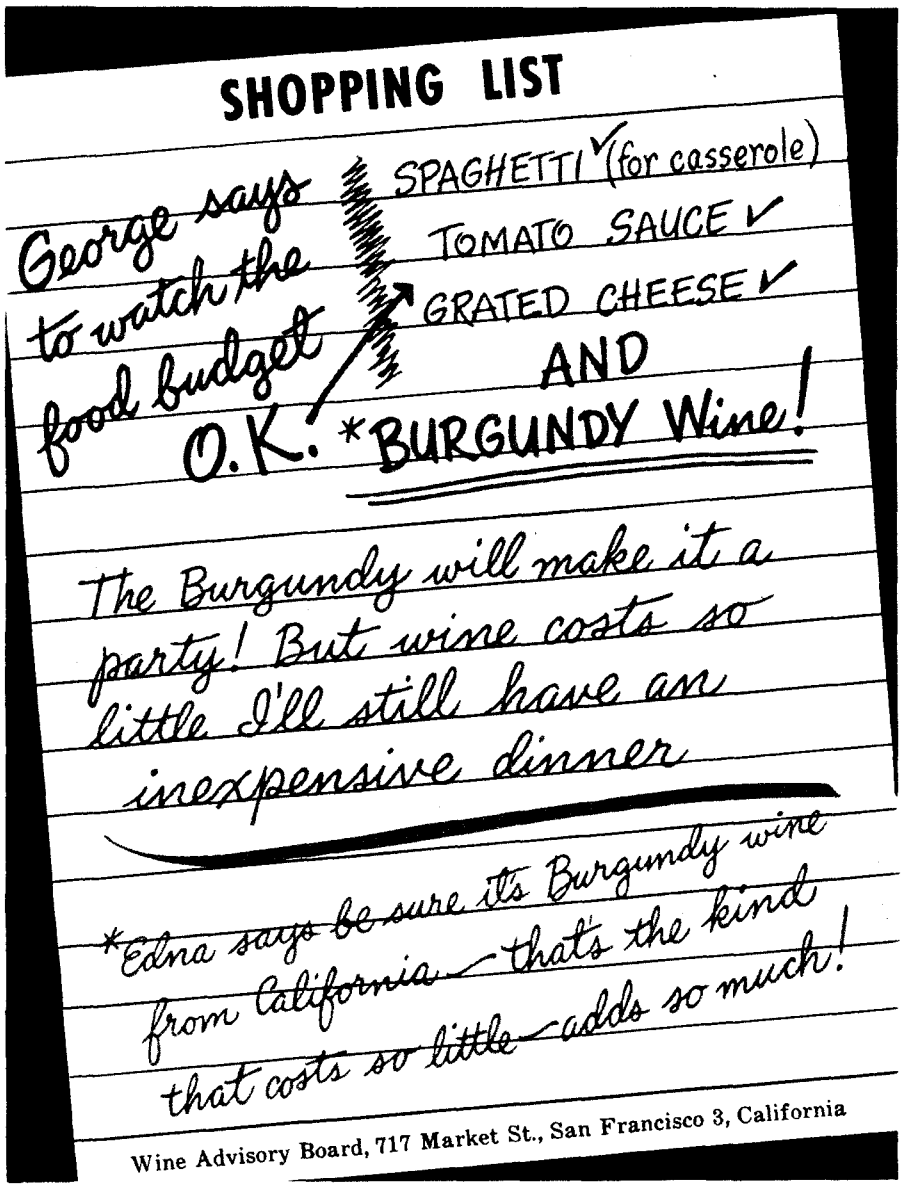
It's a Studebaker year again all over America!

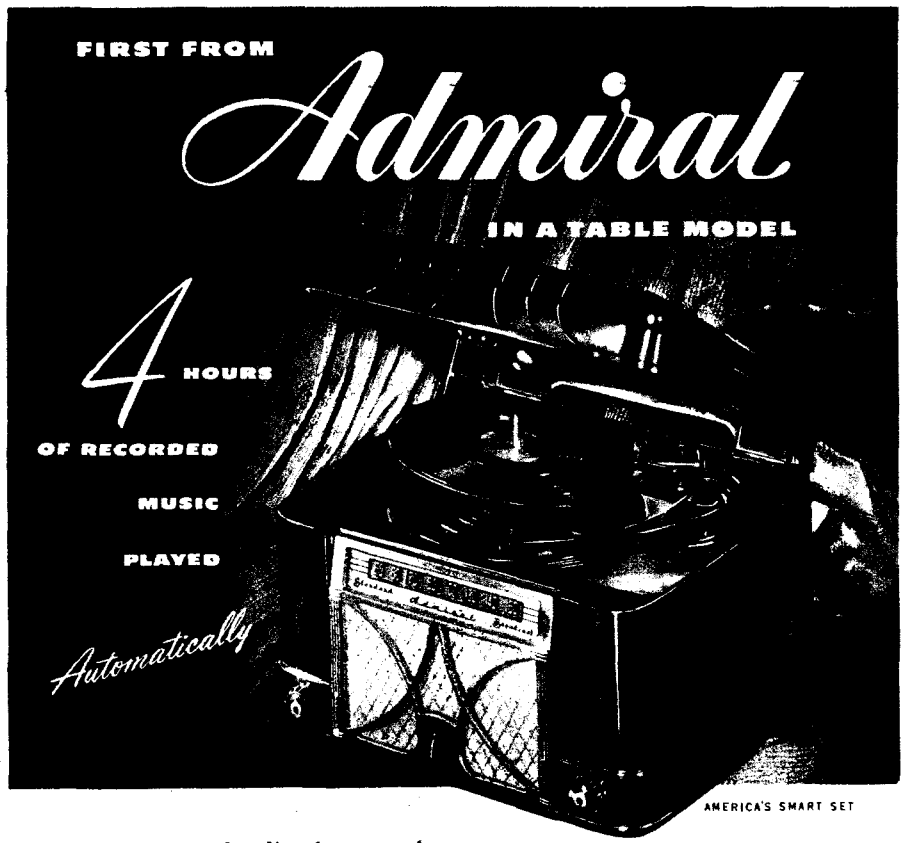
Car Shown—COMMANDER STARLIGHT COUPE



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


SHOPPING LIST
George says to watch the food budget
SPAGHETTI ✓ (for casserole)
TOMATO SAUCE ✓
GRATED CHEESE ✓
AND
O.K. *BURGUNDY Wine!
The Burgundy will make it a party! But wine costs so little I'll still have an inexpensive dinner
*Edna says be sure it's Burgundy wine from California — that's the kind that costs so little — adds so much!
Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California



NEW 2-speed radio-phonograph

Plays Standard or LP (Long Playing) Records *Automatically*

A stunning value! Never before in a table-model combination! **2-SPEED PHONOGRAPH** plays both standard and the *new* 7", 10" or 12" LP (Long Playing) records automatically. Thirty minutes of continuous music with standard records! **FOUR HOURS OF CONTINUOUS MUSIC** . . . a complete evening's entertainment . . . with LP records. Tone-arm pressure cut 75% . . . records last four times longer. The **RADIO** embodies latest features . . . brings in programs crystal clear and with glorious tone. Superbly styled cabinet with French gold grille. Ideal for the tiny apartment. The perfect extra set for larger homes. See it! Hear it! At your Admiral dealer's today! Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Illinois.

$69.95

Prices slightly higher in south and far west . . . Subject to change without notice.

SEE! HEAR! ON TELEVISION! ADMIRAL "BROADWAY REVUE" EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT 8 TO 9 P.M. EST

HANGOVER HOUSE

Continued from page 22

echoing, misty room. "I've pulled her round," she announced. "Anybody got a cigarette?"

The superintendent produced a silver case, and lighted a cigarette for her. "Can I interview her, Madam?"

"I'll tip you when she's ready."

"What is her explanation?"

"Well—different from mine. Mine's chiefly booze. She seems to have been down the garden with Peter Faraway and lost him, somehow. Coming back, she blundered onto the body—stepped right in the blood. Bit of a shock. Tottered along to the door of the powder room opening on the terrace and then came over faint. She stayed out there for some time, I gather, being sick and what not. Finally, she fainted in earnest—and fell down the steps. Crack on the napper."

"Is there any evidence to support this story?"

"Well"—Miss Elphinstowe fitted her cigarette into a holder and stuck it in her mouth so that it projected upward—"There's plenty of blood on her shoes."

STORM KENNEDY quietly opened the door of the small, white-paneled powder room and peeped in.

Sidonia, now slightly disheveled, lay on the sofa, a bandage round her head. She appeared to be asleep. He crossed the room on tiptoe and stepped out onto the corner of the terrace.

He had made next to no sound. But Hilary who was standing there, turned and faced him. She held a smoldering cigarette between her fingers.

"Did I alarm you?" He spoke in a low voice.

"No. I was expecting you. You are almost as obstinate as I am, and I knew you meant to talk to me alone."

Kennedy moved over to her side. "Does that mean you didn't want to talk to me, alone?"

"Not necessarily. But you don't really know a lot about me. Just supposing I were in a jam, why should *you* get mixed up in it?"

"Perhaps," he said, "I'm in it already."

She turned to him swiftly. "I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"When—Elfie—and I, came to look for you earlier tonight, and you ran out of that room, I could see that there was something wrong. When, only a few minutes later, Peter found a dead man outside, I argued like this: There's going to be a police inquiry. Unless the facts are plain, everybody is going to become a suspect. And Hilary has no alibi."

He glanced aside at his companion. But she was staring straight ahead into the mist. "I argued that you might have blundered onto the body and run on into the house. So, when I found the prints of a woman's shoe in his blood—"

"A woman's shoe?" Hilary's clear voice had become a strained whisper. "Sidonia?"

"Yes. But at the time, I didn't know that. And so—but this is not for the police—I defaced the footprints with my own. That's why I didn't mention meeting you coming out of the room. But"—his words became deliberate—"I don't know what you told the superintendent."

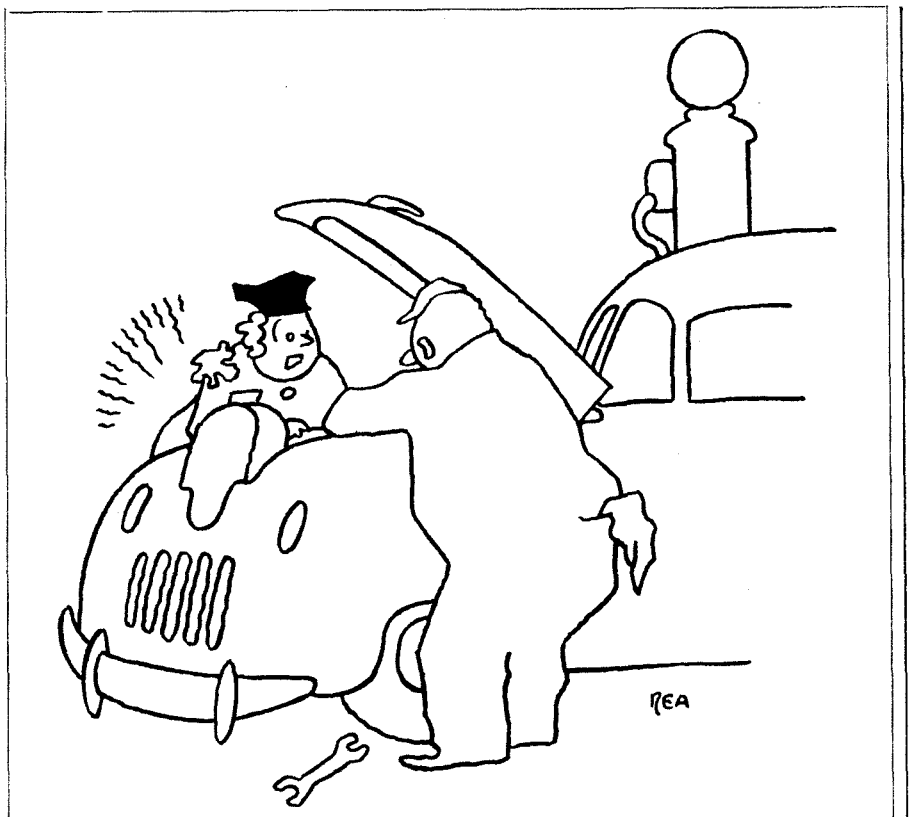
Then, Hilary turned to him again. She rested her hand for a moment on his arm. "Thank you," she said softly. "I thought chivalry was dead." She paused for a moment. "But I'm afraid I have undone all your good work. Supposing, foolishly, I took—certain liberties—in answering the superintendent's questions. Now, I'm told, we are being held here for somebody from Scotland Yard."

It was Storm Kennedy's turn to be silent. Hilary had accepted him as an ally, but had given him less than half her confidence. It was one thing to make a reticent statement to Superintendent Croker, but the somebody from Scotland Yard presented a proposition of a different color. He had learned from Hawley that Chief Detective Inspector McGraw of the Criminal Investigation Department, had been assigned to the case.

And Chief Detective Inspector McGraw was not only a highly competent investigator, he was also the officer who had handled the Mallory jewel robbery. It was McGraw who had been cheated of his triumph by Storm Kennedy's recovery of the missing heirlooms from the young scoundrel who had stolen them.

Hilary rested her hand on his arm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COLLIER'S "It just sounds good and mad to me!" GARDNER REA

again, and let it remain there. "Do you think we're in for a bad time?"

He turned to her. "Yes." . . .

Storm Kennedy had tried to talk again that night to Hilary, but she had retired with Miss Elphinstowe to the powder room, saying that they hoped to rest there. It was definitely a dismissal.

He found an old canvas chair in a shed adjoining the courtyard, carried it into the long hall and placed it near one of the draped windows. At this time he was the only person in the room. He dozed, and awakened to find that Miss Elphinstowe had set up camp on the other side, and was already sound asleep. He slept again.

When he awakened, next, it was a creaking door which disturbed him. He sprang up in a moment, peering into the dark corridor. A vaguely discernible figure was stealing out of the study!

By the time that he had found his flashlight and pressed the button, this figure had disappeared. He realized that he must have been clearly visible against the dim glow of one light left on in the paneled hall.

Miss Elphinstowe never stirred. And daylight was not far away when Kennedy dozed off again.

He was awakened once more by the sound of distant voices. He got up and parted the draperies of one of the long windows.

Points of light moved about the misty acres of Hangover House. Some hurricane lanterns had been pressed into service to reinforce the police lamps.

"I cannot imagine what they are looking for. Can you?"

He turned, to find Mrs. Muller beside him, swathed in mink. "No," he confessed. "I can't."

Mrs. Muller stifled a yawn, and turned it into a faint laugh. "I am almost asleep on my feet! I explored upstairs a while ago, in the hope of finding somewhere to lie down. But every door is locked."

"As far as I can make out, there's only one furnished bedroom in the place, and the superintendent had the bed stripped and the body put there."

"Yes." Mrs. Muller nodded. She paused, sighed, and then: "Oh, dear! Here comes Lovelace again."

"Oh, there you are!" the blond man exclaimed, coming forward. "I have been looking for you."

"Have you?"

"Yes—er—I wondered if I could get you anything."

"A cup of coffee would be a godsend."

"Yes. I'll see what I can do." He wandered off toward the corridor.

"I suppose he's one of Joan's discoveries," Kennedy said.

"He must be. He writes songs. The lucky ones were those who left early. Unfortunately for me, I ran into Joan quite recently, and she invited me to the party. I happened to find myself at a loose end, and—" She finished on an eloquent shrug.

Kennedy presently drifted into the courtyard. He could just see Hilary, curled up on the back seat of a sedan, her bright hair buried in a fleecy cloak. He stood there watching her for a long time.

That extra sense which warns us that we are observed, prompted him to turn suddenly. He met the placid gaze of the Egyptian who sat at the wheel of his sedan.

"The sun rises in the east, effendi."

Kennedy stared hard. "Yes, it does as a rule, I believe." He went in—and almost upset Mr. Lovelace, who was carrying a tumblerful of water.

"Er—pardon me," Lovelace said, "but have you seen Mrs. Muller?"

"Not recently. But she must be somewhere about."

SHORTLY after dawn, Miss Elphinstowe woke up and began to put her shoes on. She was engaged in doing so when a flying squad car was driven into the courtyard and a man got out stiffly and stretched his cramped limbs; a tall man, physically unsuited to long hours cooped in confined spaces. He removed a topcoat and threw it in onto the back seat as a second passenger alighted.

The second man, who wore a blue rainproof, took a leather portfolio from the uniformed driver, as Inspector Hawley, who had heard the Yard car approaching, went out to meet them.

"Chief Inspector McGraw?" Hawley asked.

"My name."

"Inspector Hawley of Lychgate."

McGraw extended his hand. "Got stuck on the hill. Murder?"

"A clear case, Chief Inspector."

"This is Detective Sergeant Sample. I'll begin with scene of murder." . . .

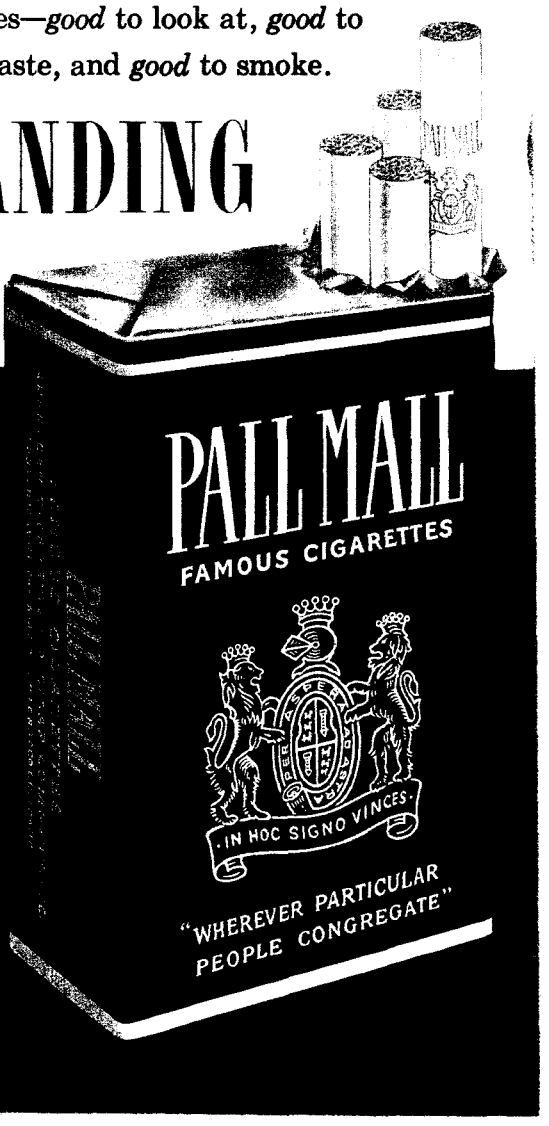
Three quarters of an hour had elapsed before Chief Inspector McGraw and Sergeant Sample entered Hangover House. When they passed through the long hall, McGraw merely glanced at that gray company wearing creased eve-

Filters the smoke and makes it mild

Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have changed to the *longer, finer* cigarette—PALL MALL. Its greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat—yes, filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a *smoothness, mildness* and *satisfaction* no other cigarette offers you. Enjoy the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes—*good* to look at, *good* to feel, *good* to taste, and *good* to smoke.

OUTSTANDING

—and they are mild!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORECASTING...

A feeling that's mutual

FROM ALLOWAY TO ALBUQUERQUE

Here in Alloway, Robbie Burns, Scotland's immortal poet, was born. Another famous Scottish native is Johnnie Walker... product of Scotland's misty climate and clear spring water that impart such distinctive bouquet and flavour to this superb Scotch.

West or east, discriminating tastes are quick to agree on their favourite drinking companion. It's Johnnie Walker, of course! Here's a Scotch of unchallenged superiority... smoothly perfect, perfectly mellow—and preferred *everywhere*.

ASK FOR AND GIVE SCOTLAND'S FAVOURITE SON—

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL • BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ning clothes. Inspector Hawley led the way to the relic-crowded study, rapped on the door and entered.

Storm Kennedy stood by an opened French window. A desk lamp was switched on. No one else was in the room.

McGraw stopped abruptly on the threshold. "Hullo!" he said. "*You* here?"

"Good morning, Chief Inspector. Glad to see you again, Sergeant Sample."

McGraw chewed thoughtfully. "This is homicide, not larceny. Who're you covering?"

Kennedy smiled, and came forward. He had planned to have as few witnesses as possible to his meeting with the C.I.D. men. He offered a slip of cardboard to McGraw. "I received this a week ago. Socially, I'm a gentleman at large. Don't give me away. I'm just one of the guests."

Chief Inspector McGraw glanced at Joan Faraway's invitation, and then returned it. "Oh," he said, "is that so?"

"I may add that if I can help in any way, I am entirely at your service."

"I'll bear it in mind." McGraw spoke over his shoulder to Hawley. "Where's the body?"

SEATED at the desk in Larkhall Pike's study, Chief Inspector McGraw gazed around. All the guests were present except Peter Faraway and Mohammed. Detective Sergeant Sample stood behind McGraw's chair. McGraw glanced at a number of papers neatly pinned together.

"I regret," he said drowsily, "inconvenience to those present, particularly the ladies. All know the serious nature of the case. Murder. I have examined the scene of the discovery, dead man, photographs, fingerprints. Have not yet established identity of victim. Here's a list of names of those present. Call out, Sergeant."

He detached a page from the pinned papers and handed it to Sample.

"Mr. Storm Kennedy."

"Here, Sergeant."

"Mohammed—Mohammed Ibn—La—"

"I am Mohammed Ibn Lahûn," said the Egyptian, who had just walked silently in.

"Mr. Allen Lovelace."

"Er—yes." Mr. Lovelace looked furtively around, tried to catch the glance of Mrs. Muller, failed, and then went out.

"Honorable Peter Faraway."

There was no reply.

"Honorable Peter Faraway."

Came a sound of hurried footsteps, and Peter appeared. He wore creased dress trousers and a silk vest and was mopping his wet hair with a handkerchief—"I say"—he glanced vaguely about him, "did I seem to hear my name?"

"Where have you been, sir?" Sergeant Sample asked, his voice conveying that he didn't care a hoot where he'd been.

"I've been asleep in a bath."

"Go ahead, Sergeant."

"Miss Elphinstowe."

"I am Amelia Elphinstowe."

"Mrs. Muller."

"Yes."

"Miss Julia Sidney, professionally known as Sidonia."

"I'm here."

"Miss Mary Bruton."

Storm Kennedy clenched his teeth, and stared hard at Hilary—then at Miss Elphinstowe. Both avoided his glance.

Hilary, flashing a swift look in Peter's direction, answered steadily: "Here."

"Mr. Larkhall Pike."

"What d'you say? Pike? Yes."

Inspector Hawley came in. He crossed to the desk. "I have sent for Dr. Smithy, Chief Inspector. The Post Office said they can't restore phone service until the subscriber has complied with demands."

McGraw raised his lids, partially. "Who does this house belong to?"

"Mr. Pike."

The man in the corner glanced up. "Not at all."

McGraw slowly turned in his direction. "If this is not your house, whose house is it?"

"My brother Benedict's."

"Can I interview your brother Benedict?"

"I presume so."

"Where?"

"Australia."

McGraw stood up, walked around the desk and then leaned back against it. "Inspector Hawley, I want this phone working. Go and tell 'em so."

Inspector Hawley departed.

McGraw surveyed all present, one by one. "In the first place, now that you have had time for reflection, does anyone here know the name of the murdered man?"

Mr. Lovelace entered, carrying with care a tumbler of water. He conveyed it to Mrs. Muller, who leaned against a bookcase. She took it, forced a grateful smile, and put it down. There was silence.

Storm Kennedy watched Hilary, who had joined Miss Elphinstowe. She had her back turned to him.

McGraw proceeded: "Now—after the murder had taken place, who first entered this room?"

"I did," Kennedy replied.

McGraw leaned farther back, but his half-closed eyes continued to study the faces of those in the room. "All wait outside. Needn't stay indoors. Avoid roped-off spaces. Going to try a little experiment. As I hear no one has had anything to eat, shall do my best to arrange for refreshments."

Elfie and Hilary left first, hurrying out into the corridor. Mr. Lovelace conducted Mrs. Muller onto the terrace. Sidonia took Peter's arm and led him through the doorway. Mohammed retired silently, followed by Storm Kennedy.

Chief Inspector McGraw turned to Mr. Pike. "Possibly didn't hear what I said. Want everyone out of this room."

Mr. Pike allowed his pince-nez to drop down onto his dressing gown, where the glasses swung on their black ribbon as he sprang to his feet. "Sir! This behavior is disgraceful! The *Times* shall have the full facts at once. First, some blundering policeman from King's Riding turns me out of my own bedroom. Now, you propose to turn me out of my study! Your methods, sir, are those of the Gestapo."

"Sorry. But there's been a murder."

"I wish sincerely every damn' fool who was here last night had been murdered! My only regret is that the assassin confined himself to one." He snatched up his book and stalked to the door. He paused. "May I hope to remain undisturbed in the kitchen?"

"You may."

Mr. Pike went out and banged the door.

Sergeant Sample stared at Chief Inspector McGraw. "You know, sir," he said, "he's another of 'em who has no alibi."

McGraw nodded. "Let's go upstairs again."

He led the way up the short stair, opened a massive door and entered a room not much larger than a monk's cell, sparsely furnished as a bedchamber. A body covered with a sheet lay on the bed, and on a small table beside it were a few articles found in the murdered man's possession. A wrist watch, silver cigarette case, lighter, a leather wallet which contained twenty-odd pounds, a bunch of keys, and a gold object resembling a fountain pen, the top attached to the base by a thin metal chain.

McGraw picked it up and fumbled with it for a while; then shook his head and replaced it on the table.

"Got us all whacked, sir," said Sample. "Inspector Hawley couldn't unscrew it, either. Some sort of trick fastener."

McGraw switched his attention to a number of garments set out on two chairs. "Shirt was bought in Paris," he muttered. "Laundry marks aren't English. Suit is good quality. Label says Simon Artz, but no address. Lightweight material; probably tropical wear. Looks as though he'd lived in a hot climate."

Finally, McGraw turned to a deep window ledge and considered what lay there. On a sheet of white paper was the blue-bladed, silver-hilted dagger, the hilt finely chased and inlaid with a design in amethysts. It had yielded no identifiable fingerprints. A shagreen sheath, evidently of great age, lay beside it. This had been discovered by Inspector Hawley at some distance below the terrace.

But there was one other exhibit—found by the same patient searcher not far from the sheath. It was an ancient Egyptian necklace representing a winged disk, fashioned in delicate enamel on gold. And the only fingerprints upon the shagreen and the necklace were those of the dead man.

McGraw pushed the leaded panes open and looked out. Mrs. Muller and Mr. Lovelace were walking along the terrace. No one else was in sight.

KENNEDY made a complete circuit of the rambling building. Part of it was of great age, but there were comparatively recent additions. Some of the walls he saw smothered in untended ivy. Windows were broken.

He came to a smaller courtyard, on the east side, surrounded by more outbuildings. A provocative smell drew his attention to an open window. He looked into a vast kitchen, dimly lighted, and saw Mr. Larkhall Pike brewing coffee.

"Good morning!" he called, cheerily.

Mr. Pike turned, his pince-nez swinging. "I don't know you, sir—and I labored under the delusion that this part of the house, at least, might be regarded as private."

"May I introduce myself? Storm Kennedy is the name. I don't want to intrude, but I think you have had rather a shabby deal, and I merely looked in to say so."

"My thanks, Mr. Kennedy." Mr. Pike turned again to his coffee making.

But Kennedy stayed—for he had found the man he was looking for. "I'm here by accident, myself. Wouldn't come to such a jamboree for choice, and I'm dead sick of being bullied by these blasted policemen."

"In that, sir, I agree with you."

"Had no sleep. Don't know if you had?"

Mr. Pike's coffee was ready. He turned. "I am amazed, sir, to learn that there is a sane man present—and one who knows how to behave himself. May I offer you a cup of coffee?"

"Well—are you sure there's enough?"

"Quite sure." He took down two cups from a cupboard designed to accommo-

SENATOR WALRUS:

on Rent Control

TONY PALAZZO

Realty rackets are vanishing fast;
(Merrily, merrily giggle).
Gouging is plainly a thing of the past;
(Merrily, merrily giggle).

Furthermore, owing to measures of mine,
Tenement owners are toeing the line,
Rents haven't risen, and service is fine;
(Merrily, merrily giggle).

—AL GRAHAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR NEW ARMY

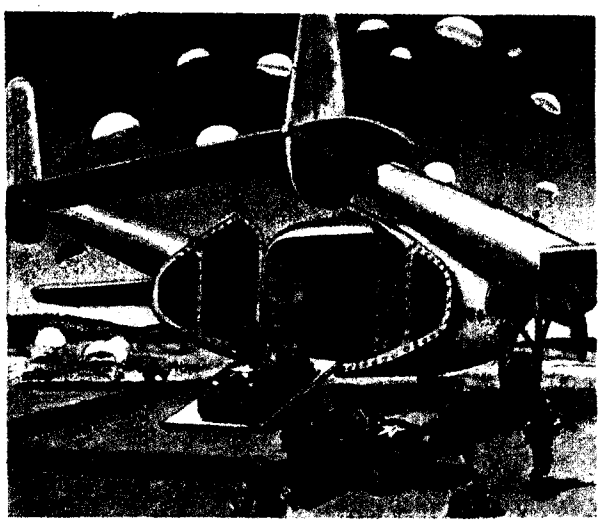
. . . the story of what the men of your Army do, of how they live. Their jobs are important . . . their skills many . . . their lives productive and interesting.

AFTER HOURS—Like you and the fellow next door, the soldier has time for recreation and relaxation. For example, these members of the First Infantry Division—now stationed in Germany to help guard the peace—have time after hours for taking part in sports, seeing the sights and visiting places of historical interest.

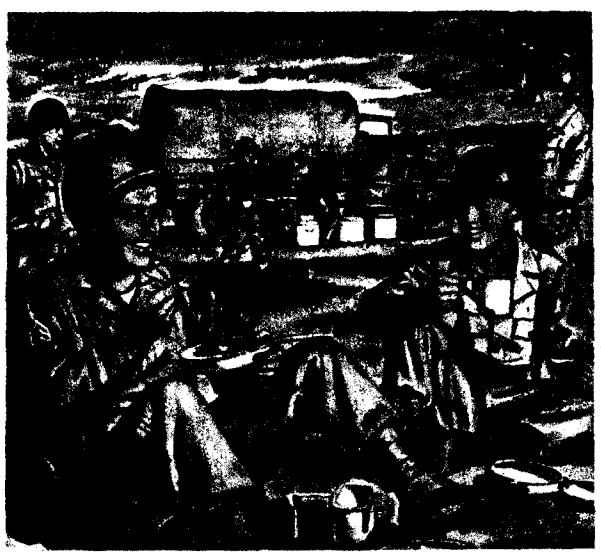
EXECUTIVE AT WORK! As in other businesses, Army men today have jobs of real responsibility — like this sergeant of the Eighth Infantry Division who is instructing in marksmanship. Today's non-commissioned and commissioned officers must have leadership ability, specialized knowledge, human understanding of men.

A BETTER LIFE for you tomorrow. A more efficient and economical Army today! These are the results of research work which modern soldiers—like these men of the Second Infantry Division—are doing. The work varies from studying the effects of intense cold on equipment to devising new communication techniques.

3300 VEHICLES of all sizes, shapes and descriptions — from small jeeps to tanks like these of the Second Armored Division—are used by a streamlined Armored Division. All must be kept at peak operating condition. That's why so many men benefit from the Army's technical school training—the finest in the world!



MANEUVERS — like those of the 82nd Airborne Division above—are vitally important in the life of today's soldier. Here all of the knowledge gained in technical schools and classrooms is put to practical use. Here new methods and procedures are evolved . . . leadership discovered . . . teamwork developed!



CHOW TIME! Today's soldier gets the best food in the world —the finest meat and vegetables grown! And your Regular Army keeps diets and menus varied and interesting. All Army men are well-fed no matter where they may be . . . even when on field maneuvers like these men of the Third Infantry Division.

DEMOCRACY AT WORK! Your Army helped win the peace . . . today its members are working to protect it. Wherever they are — in Germany, Korea or Japan—they spread the American way of life. These members of the First Cavalry Division, for instance, are your "on-the-spot" ambassadors of good will in Japan.

PEACE IS AMERICA'S MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS

THE NEW ARMY AND AIR FORCE OFFER...

★ WIDEST CHOICE OF CAREER JOBS
★ BEST OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT
★ UNUSUAL RETIREMENT BENEFITS

U.S. ARMY and U.S. AIR FORCE
RECRUITING SERVICE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

date two hundred. "Come in and sit down, Mr. Kennedy."

They sat on two unpainted chairs, and presently Mr. Pike unbent. He declined a cigarette.

"You asked me if I slept? How can a man be expected to sleep, sir, when he has been turned out of his bed to make way for a corpse? I tried to compose myself in the study. But on two separate occasions I was aroused by someone stealing into the room."

"Looking for somewhere to sleep, no doubt?"

"Stuff and nonsense, sir! Rot, sir! I had, naturally, extinguished the lights, and therefore was unable to see clearly. So that on both occasions the intruder escaped before I could reach the switch. But her objective—"

"*Her* objective?"

"I said *her* objective—the prowler was, unmistakably, a woman—seemed to be the stair leading to my bedroom."

"In which the dead man lay?"

"Unless he is a vampire, an unclean nocturnal, in which, as you say, yes, the dead man lay. My visitor was wrapped in a cloak or cape. So much I learned in one glimpse I had of her retreating to the corridor from which she had entered."

"Have you informed Chief Inspector McGraw?"

"If that man wants any information, sir, he must subpoena me as a witness and put me under oath."

"Have you any idea of the color or texture of the cloak this woman wore?"

"No idea whatever. She appeared as a dim silhouette."

"You didn't attempt to follow her."

"I did not."

STORM KENNEDY lighted another cigarette. He recognized the fact that he stood on dangerous ground. "You have traveled extensively in the East, sir, I gather?"

"Extensively, sir. I formerly held His Majesty's commission, Indian Army. After my retirement, I joined several expeditions—excavating in Egypt, Syria, and so on. Expensive hobby. Lost all my money since those days."

"The weapon employed in this mysterious affair," Kennedy ventured, "is of a type with which you may be familiar?"

"Quite familiar, even out there in lamplight. Damascus blade. Best period. Hilt of poor Baghdad workmanship. Decadent. Late Abbaside. Harem toy. Not a bad piece—though I have seen better."

Kennedy stood up. "It has been a pleasure to chat with you, sir. A very unsavory business. You have my sincere sympathy."

But Kennedy reserved a quota of sympathy for himself. His inquiries had been prompted by that curious occurrence which he had noted during the night. Now, according to Mr. Pike, the figure he had seen was that of a woman. And this woman could only have been one of four.

Storm Kennedy circled the northern elevation of Hangover House, plowing through thickets where green lawns had spread and stumbling over remains of former rock gardens. He was on a gravel path of sorts which led to a tumble-down rustic summerhouse, and Hilary was walking toward him.

She wore a fleecy wrap, and a morning breeze played with her bright hair. When they met she was smiling. "Good morning, fellow prisoner!"

"Good morning, Hilary. Did you sleep well?"

"Don't be too wildly absurd! How could anybody hope to sleep well cramped up on the seat of a car?"

Kennedy loved those smiling lips. "No, hardly. Well—this is at least a breathing space before the next ordeal. I dread it."

She flashed him a swift, searching look. "Why should *you* dread it?"

"For the good and sufficient reason that I don't know how the devil you are coming out of it."

"I'm afraid," she confessed. "I have acted like an incredible fool."

"Listen, my dear. I quite understand that you gave your name last night as Mary Bruton, because—"

"It *is* my name. I was christened Hilary Felice Mary."

"Very likely. But you hoped it would enable you to pass unnoticed. You thought, then, that you might be dismissed from the case and nobody be any the wiser. Isn't that true?"

"Yes."

"Of course, I realize that having done it, you have to stick to it. But, as things have turned out, well—it makes matters look so much worse. You see, unfortunately this was only one of many indiscretions."

Hilary didn't meet his eyes, but some of her color faded. "You seem to know almost too much about me."

"You have been behaving like a perfect lunatic, and I don't know how you are going to avoid the consequences. I have told you that I understand why you gave the police a wrong name. What

I don't understand is why you said you had never seen the murdered man before, when, in fact, you knew him well."

Hilary flushed hotly—and then grew alarmingly pale. "How do you know?" she whispered.

"How I know doesn't matter. What matters is that McGraw is certain to find out—and draw an inevitable conclusion. Hilary, help me!—or how can I hope to help *you?*"

Kennedy had his arm about her. He had not intended it to be there. The thing happened automatically, inevitably. And Hilary rested her fair head on his shoulder for an instant, then drew away, very gently.

"But you haven't answered my question," she said.

From his pocket he took out an old envelope—one he had found there; it was addressed to himself. And from the envelope he extracted a square of stained, embroidered cambric. In one corner the initials H.B. had been worked in silk.

"This handkerchief lay beside the dead man, Hilary. I committed a serious felony in removing it—it's yours, isn't it?"

"Yes—it is mine." Hilary's voice, low-pitched, was quite steady.

"No one else knows," he said, "but I think it would be better if I kept it." He replaced the handkerchief in the envelope and the envelope in his pocket.

"Are you going to ask me how it came to be—where you found it?"

"Not if you don't want to tell me."

"I can't tell you—because I don't know."

"Hilary," he spoke earnestly, "if I say that I am deeply concerned about you, won't you give me your confidence?"

"Why are you so concerned about me?"

"Because I like you very much."

Suddenly he found her hand in his, felt its firm clasp, and knew that his heart was beating too rapidly. He raised the clinging fingers to his lips but Hilary turned quickly away and hurried back toward the house.

MISS ELPHINSTOWE found Hilary prone on the worn leather couch in the powder room, her face buried in her hands, sobbing wildly. In a moment she was beside her. "My dear child! What is all this about?"

"It's about myself!" Hilary whispered. "I'm a rotten little outsider! I'm not fit for any decent man—to look at—"

Elfie held her tightly. "Shut up!" she said, gruffly.

"I won't. It's true. That devil—he's dead, now—"

"Be quiet, Hilary."

"Just when . . . someone turns up who—"

Elfie nodded, and her smile—invisible to Hilary—was an understanding smile.

Hilary began to dry her tears. She sat up. "How long have I known Bill Kennedy?"

"The first I ever heard of him was after a theater party last November, with the Elwingtons."

"Then we have known each other a long time."

"Depends how often you've seen him since."

"Only twice, until now—"

"Hilary!" Miss Elphinstowe interrupted. "I asked you to tell him the whole story, chance what he thought, and ask him to do all he knew how to—"

"How can I?"

"You'll have to, sooner or later." . . .

Storm Kennedy walked slowly back down the sloping, neglected garden. He reached that dilapidated summerhouse, which now lay half buried in undergrowth and smothered in creeping weeds. Walking to the doorway, he looked in—and there was the blond Sidonia, a grotesque figure in her evening frock, stockinged feet tucked up on the seat, a sable wrap beside her. She was busily adjusting her make-up.

"Good morning," he said.

She gave him a glance. "Hullo! Just fixing my face. I look as though I'd been dragged backwards through a jungle by a tiger who preferred ash blondes."

He went in and sat down facing her. "Cigarette? I still have a few left."

"No, thanks. I crave coffee."

"Do you feel any the worse for your rather horrible experience?"

"I feel out of this world! Why! I almost fell over him in the dark!"

She began to comb her hair, making the queerest grimaces into a little hand-mirror as she did so, and wincing once or twice.

"Head aching?"

"Somewhat. I fell on it."

Storm Kennedy excused himself and walked to the house. Making his way along the gravel path, he saw Mrs. Muller coming toward him. She was hurrying, but hesitated for a moment, glancing back over one shoulder, and then advanced as if to sanctuary. When they met:

"I wonder if you would do me a favor," she said. "Mr.—"

"Storm Kennedy."

"Of course. Forgive me. But I *must* escape, if only for five minutes from my cavalier."

"Lovelace?"

"Yes. Here he comes! Do you think, Mr. Kennedy—"

"Leave him to me," said Kennedy.

"A thousand thanks!" Mrs. Muller gave him a grateful smile and hurried on.

When Mr. Lovelace, his eyes distorted by the thick lenses of his spectacles, drew near enough, Kennedy clapped a hand on his shoulder. Lovelace started violently.

"The very man I'm looking for," Kennedy declared. "You and I must have a chat."

"Really! Er—that is, certainly."

Storm Kennedy took Lovelace's arm and turned him about. "We'll walk this way. You see, what I have in mind is rather important. It must be quite clear to you, and to the police, that you have no alibi. Had you thought of that?"

Lovelace pulled up suddenly. "Look here! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Have you told the police where you were between the time that I left you in the big room and the time that you appeared behind me on the steps? Don't misunderstand me. I'm not suggesting that you committed the murder. But, as a matter of interest, where did you go?"

"I—er—went to the gents' room."

"And where might that be?"

"In—er—a corner of the lobby."

Kennedy thought rapidly. This was quite possible. After he had met Amelia Elphinstowe in the lobby, he remembered that they had gone straight through to the powder room to look for Hilary. "I suppose you didn't notice the Egyptian gentleman about anywhere?"

"I didn't."

"You don't happen to know who or what he is, I suppose?"

"His name's Mohammed—something. I didn't quite catch it. He was telling fortunes."

"Oh, I see; one of the people supplied by the caterer?"

"No, oh, no! Nothing to do with Jarretts. Mohammed was one of the guests."

MC GRAW was saying, "Quite sure, Mr. Faraway, you never saw the dead man before?"

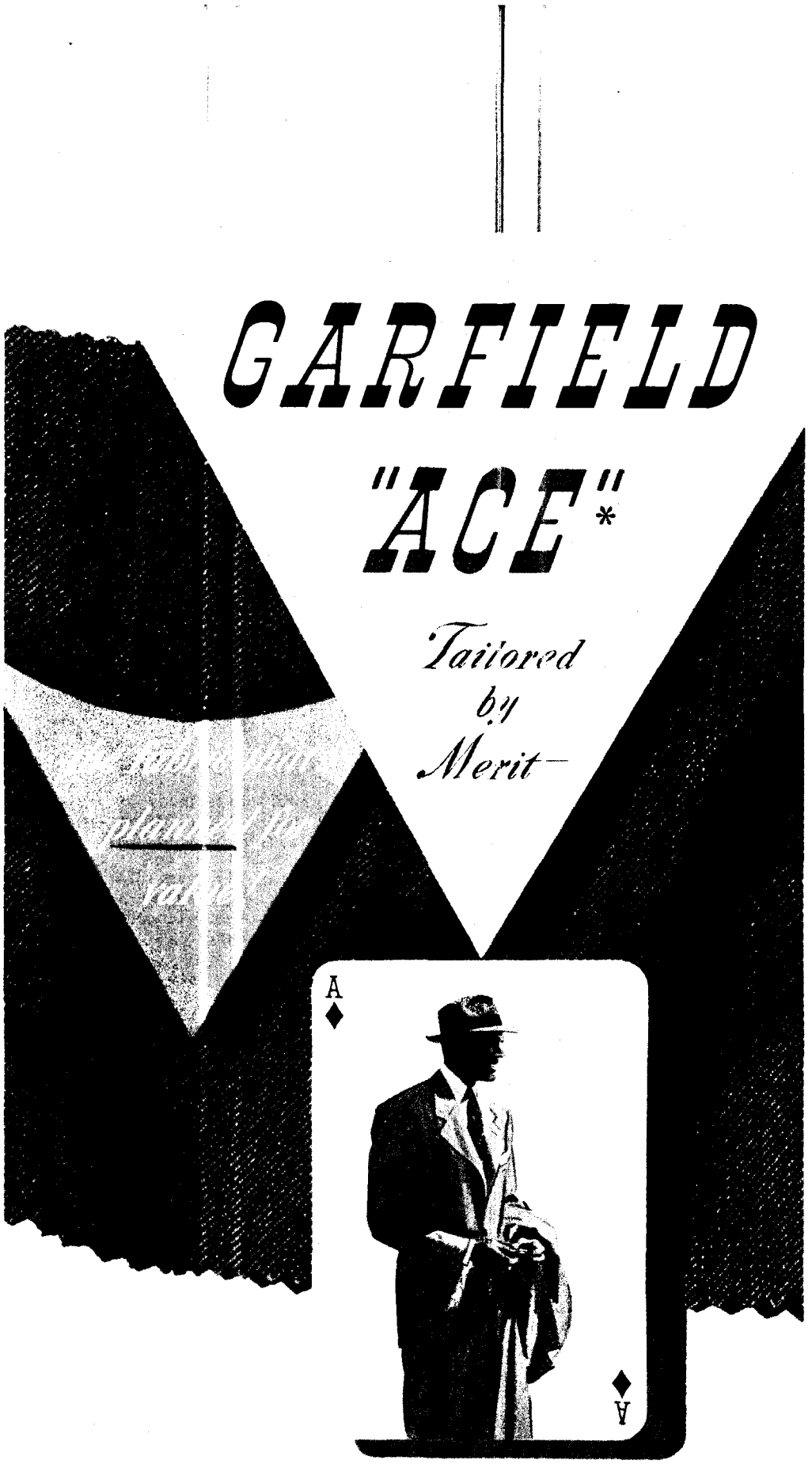
"Positive. Complete stranger."

"Want a complete list of guests invited last night. Got one?"

"Good Lord, no! It was Joan's party."

"Too bad." McGraw chewed a while in silence, then: "Not clear from your signed statement," he said, "where you were at the time the crime was committed. Where were you?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Living Costs High? Try the Clothing planned to beat the high cost of living—

Garfield looms the pure worsted fabric that goes into this magnificent clothing. Merit supplies the expert tailoring that assures you of handsome style, perfect fit. The result of this combination is a guarantee to you of standardized clothing with fabric and tailoring that you can depend on every time. Suits and Topcoats $49.75.

FABRIC BY GARFIELD · TAILORED BY MERIT

If you can't locate a dealer, write Merit Clothing Co., Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. and we will direct you. *TRADEMARK COPYRIGHT 1949 BY GARFIELD WORSTED CO.

"Let me see. I had a drink with what's-her-name—Sidonia. We were told the bar was closing, everybody buzzing off. We wandered away in the fog, and I got rather serious with her."

"Where did this occur?" McGraw drawled.

"I think it was a potting shed."

"After that?"

"I'm not sure—but I think she left first."

MC GRAW'S drooping eyelids flickered. "On that point, Mr. Faraway, we must have a clear statement. Did the lady leave you, or did you leave the lady?"

"Let me think! *She* went out first. I remember she made some remark. When I followed on, she had pushed off. I thought she might get lost in the fog, and so I let out several yells and waved a flash lamp I had with me. Just as I got to the steps—"

"Have you evidence on that point? May want you back, later."

Peter made for the door like a schoolboy.

Sample stared after the departing witness. "He's not overbright for his years, sir."

"Completed your list of cars?"

Sergeant Sample stood up. "Here on the desk. There's a hired car in a lane by a back entrance, from a garage in Hanover Square. But the local police can get no reply from the office. I've put a cross against another. Note the owner of the sedan."

McGraw walked round and sat in the chair. He glanced down and then whistled, softly. "Marquess of Glengale! Now—who came in *that* one?"

Storm Kennedy carried the old canvas deck-chair back to the shed in which he had found it. Here, with luck, he might hope to remain undisturbed for ten minutes. He was becoming bewildered and more and more worried about Hilary.

"Effendi!"

Kennedy opened his eyes, looked around and saw Mohammed standing in the doorway. "Hullo."

"Your spirit is troubled."

"Yes, it is, rather."

"You are surrounded, sir, by disturbing vibrations. It is as though one of the black efreets stood at your elbow. You speak Arabic?"

"I learned a little when I was in Egypt. Do you mind coming in? I shall have a stiff neck if I go on talking over my shoulder."

Mohammed bowed his head, and came into the hut. "I am of Egypt. My family owns much property in the Fayum."

"Indeed? What are you doing in England?"

"I follow my star, effendi. I am a seer."

"You mean a fortuneteller?"

"I am the Sherif Mohammed Ibn Lahûn. Ten times I have kissed the Kaaba. For many generations one of my family has escorted the mahmal to Mecca. On our estates have been reared many of those milk-white camels which bear the Holy Carpet."

Storm Kennedy's sense of bewilderment began to increase. Was this man a lunatic or just an impostor? "Sorry if I said the wrong thing."

"Where no offense is designed, let none be taken. This is a house of evil. And an evil man was slain here last night. Even in death, an aura of wickedness surrounds him."

Storm Kennedy was watching Mohammed, now, closely. "You appear to be uncommonly gifted."

"I am descended from the Prophet, may Allah be good to him; and the spirit of prophecy was born in me. It was written that this man should die as he did."

"Does the spirit of prophecy move you to point out the murderer?"

"It was not murder. It was the justice of God. La il aha il'a Allah!" Mohammed Ibn Lahûn walked out.

THE heavy draperies had been drawn in Larkhall Pike's study. A green-shaded lamp on the desk gave all there was of illumination, and the room lay cloaked in shadow.

McGraw sat behind the desk. Sample stood near the door.

"This one no good for the lights," drawled McGraw. "But she's a possible for the necklace."

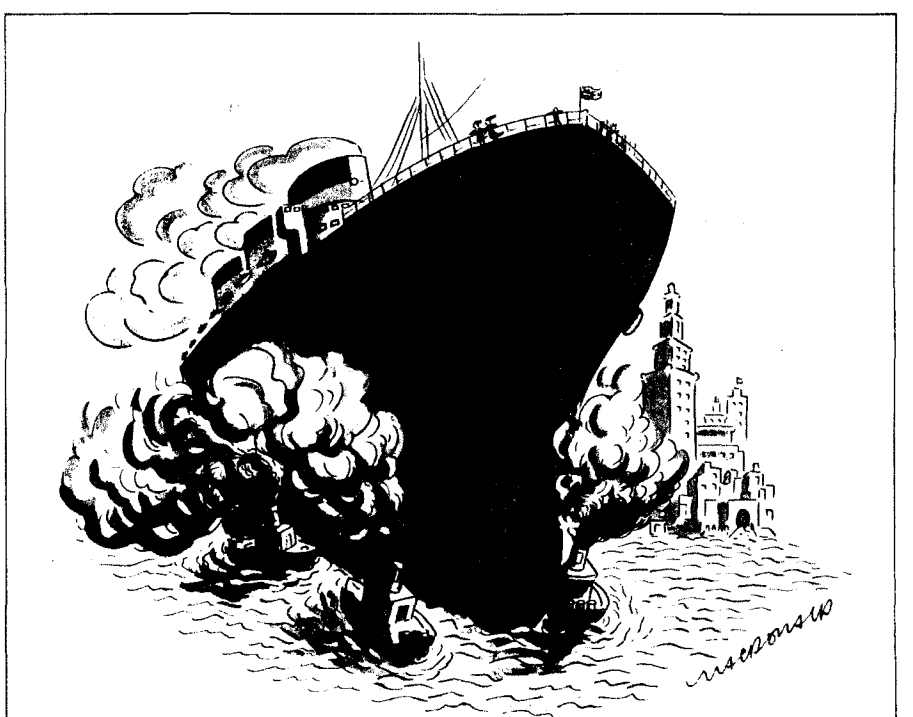
"That necklace," Sample announced, "is the biggest puzzle of the lot, to me. You know where Inspector Hawley found it—fifty yards down the garden. Well, anybody might have dropped it, except—"

"Except that the dead man's fingerprints are on it."

There was a rap on the door, and a police sergeant announced: "Mrs. Muller, sir."

Mrs. Muller came in, as the sergeant retired and closed the door. She had abandoned her mink coat.

"Ah, Mrs. Muller." McGraw smiled. "Find it dark in here?"



"Oh, look—isn't that cute? They think they're helping!"

COLLIER'S J. S. MACDONALD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLIER'S

"If you charge it, by the time you get the bill, you'll have a husband to pay for it"

IRVING ROIR

"It is, rather, coming in from sunshine."

"Perhaps I could trouble you to switch on the floor lamp as you come by?"

Mrs. Muller, crossing to the desk, stepped aside and tried to find a knob or chain attached to the lamp. She shrugged and glanced at McGraw. "There doesn't seem to *be* a switch, Inspector. But the present light is quite flattering."

"Suits me. Please sit down."

She sat in an armchair facing the desk.

"Now." McGraw held up a typed page. "Anything you want to add to the evidence you gave to Superintendent Croker?"

"I don't think so, Inspector."

McGraw nodded, and dropped the page. "See that you came alone in a hired car. This the car from Hanover Square?"

"No. Mine was from Auto-Hire."

"You're an old friend of Mrs. Faraway's?"

"Not really. I met her when we crossed together from New York years ago. But I hadn't seen much of her since her marriage, and had never met her husband."

"See her last night?"

"Unfortunately, no. She had already gone."

"Now, Mrs. Muller, only one more point. Have you missed any jewelry?"

She looked almost startled, then shook her head. "No. What I wore when I came I have now."

"Is that so? Tell me, then—did you see anyone last night who wore an Egyptian, enamel necklace—sort of rising sun? Think. It's important."

"No, Inspector. I can recall no one wearing the kind of necklace you describe."

"Thanks."

Mrs. Muller stood up. "Do you think I might be able to leave soon, Inspector, if my missing driver comes for me?"

"Hope so. But please wait, for the present."

Sample opened the door for her. "I believe sandwiches and coffee are available."

"Oh, thank you."

As she went out, Sample reclosed the door and turned to stare at the half-lighted figure of the Chief Inspector.

"Get the singing girl."

And a few moments later, with another rap on the door, the sergeant announced: "Miss Sidney, sir."

Sidonia came in, walking like a mannequin. She looked around through narrowed lids.

"Say—do I go blind, or does a fuse blow?"

"Sorry. Perhaps you'd just switch on the floor lamp as you pass."

Sidonia, scowling darkly, groped about under the wide lamp shade. "The darned thing's a prop," she said. "It don't light."

"Then leave it. Sit down, Miss Sidney. Perhaps you can help me. Did you come alone, last night?"

"I came with Sammy," she said, in a bored voice.

"Who's Sammy?"

"Sammy Sams. His band played here last night."

"Did you lose any jewelry?"

"Jewelry? I lost nothing, except my reputation."

"Then no doubt you can tell me this: Who was wearing an ancient Egyptian necklace, gold and enamel—very unusual?"

"That's an easy one. Nobody."

McGraw held up a typed page. "Anything to add to what you told the superintendent?"

Sidonia shook her head.

WHEN she had retired, trailing her sables behind her, Sample said, "That's a tough baby."

McGraw stood up, walked around the desk, and began to pace the carpet, chewing steadily. Sample, who knew McGraw didn't use gum, had often wondered what he chewed.

"Worried, Chief Inspector?"

McGraw nodded. "I'm accepting the evidence that nobody drove out after Storm Kennedy arrived. But there's no evidence to show that somebody didn't *walk* out."

"You think our man's slipped through our fingers?"

"Nothing against it, except that there's an undercurrent here. Somebody hiding something."

"Do you believe Kennedy came as a guest?"

"Came as a guest right enough. But he's got something up his sleeve. It's because *he's* here that I'm going easy."

"If you're right, he's playing a dangerous game."

"Yes," McGraw mused. "That's why I'm considering accepting his offer to help me."

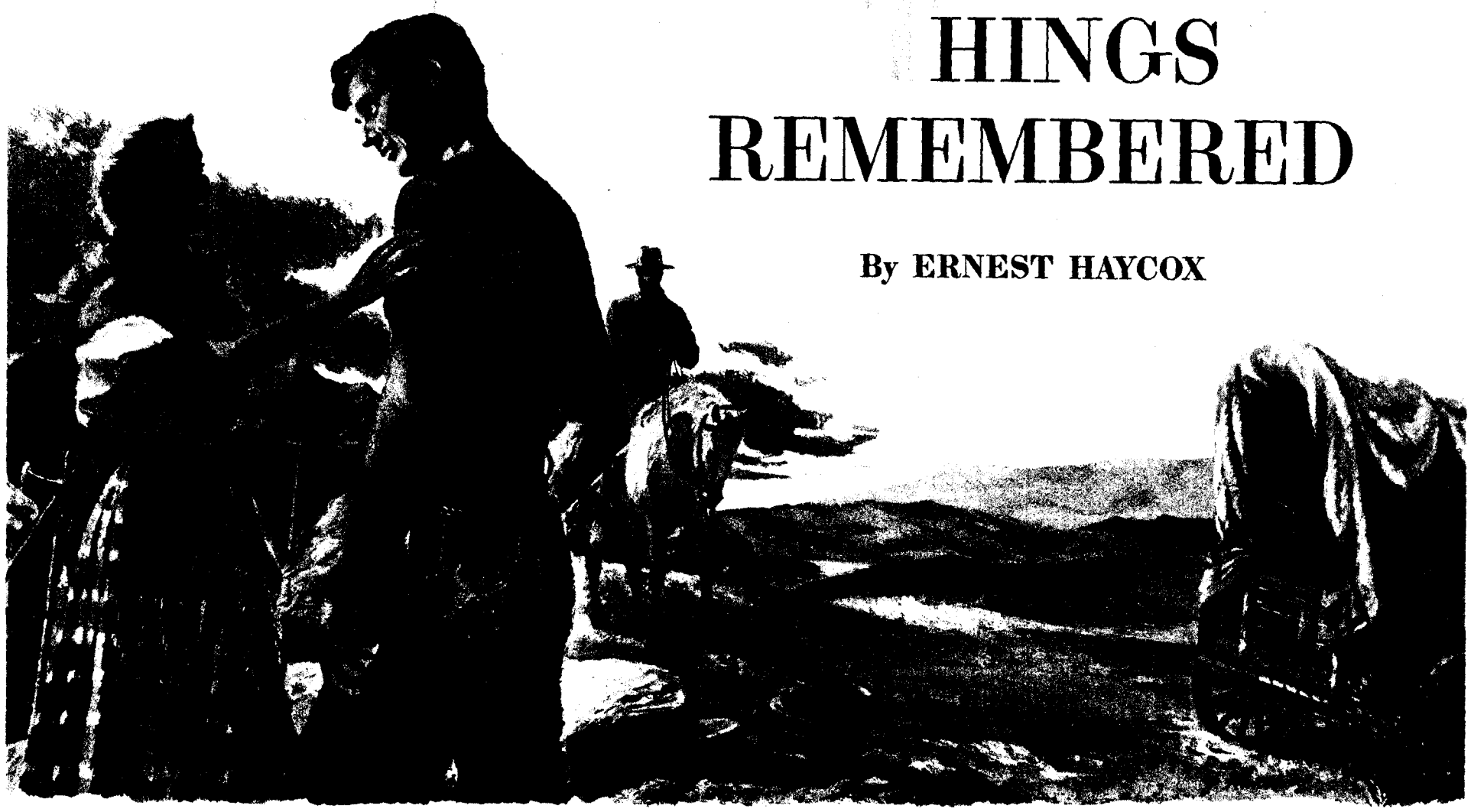
(To be continued next week)

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HINGS REMEMBERED

By ERNEST HAYCOX



His own impulse had brought him and she was pleased that some of that power remained with her. She said, "You'd better get dry before your shoulder stiffens"

Brett had left her once. Now he was back, and her mother had told her, "You're a nice girl till you think of him—then you're a she-devil"

THIS heavy column of wagons came down the steep rim road into town and paused for nooning on the camp grounds near the Kilrain house; here the freighters cooked their meal and afterward walked back to Pendexter's saloon, loitering over their beer until Audrey Brett, the wagon boss, rode his horse against the saloon's doorway and called through, "All right, you can quit fightin' the Indians." He had a rough crew but he was himself a rough man; in half an hour the freight string was again in ponderous motion.

Directly beyond the camp spot ran a creek spanned by a fifteen-foot bridge. The train carried heavy machinery from The Dalles to the Virtue mine westward in the barren agate-strewn hills; when the first wagon and its six horses came upon the bridge both stringers collapsed with small pistol-shot explosions and dropped to the creek ten feet below. The planks made ruffled, ripping sounds as they broke, the wagon rolled tail first into the water and the horses, falling below the surface, began to kick one another to pieces while they strangled.

The teamsters tumbled from their high seats, rushing forward. Audrey Brett rode into the creek and dismounted waist high. He whipped out his pocketknife and made quick passes at the harness to cut the animals free, taking the risk of having his ribs knocked in. Two of the teamsters at last got the heads of the lead horses out of the water and Bat Malarkey managed to unsnap the tugs of the wheelers. In a quarter hour they had four of the horses on dry ground; the other two were dead.

Audrey Brett waded from the creek and took time to fill his pipe and borrow a dry match. Then he made a little speech, complimenting the rotten stringers, the creek, the roads of Wasco County generally, and the county commissioners who were elected to ignore these roads. The words he used were violent but not ill-tempered; actually he was going through a performance his teamsters expected of him, meanwhile studying the damage, and when he was through swearing, he knew what was to be done and how he meant to do it.

"The tongue broke when she jackknifed. Load's got to be dumped, but that chunk of machinery weighs two thousand pounds. We'll team up two strings and snake it out. Get a sledge, Mike, and knock out those bridge planks. We'll use the good ones again when we find some new stringers. Save the spikes. Anybody know about a couple of right-sized pines around here we can use for stringers?"

"This is your part of the country," said Bird Tatum. "You ought to know."

Bat Malarkey said, "Ask him where the women are. He'd know that."

"Around here," said Audrey Brett, "it's trees that's scarce, not women." He was impatient. "All right. Bring up the horses. Billy, get a log chain." Then, cheerful again, he added, "If any of us had good sense, we wouldn't be in this business." . . .

From the front window of the Kilrain house Della witnessed the accident and recognized Aud Brett when he stepped away from the other men. She put a hand on the window frame and steadied herself, identifying the gestures he used and remembering them well. He was heavier. He was a workingman and no longer a boy; but he kept his crew busy, just as he had kept his crowd in town stirred up during earlier days. He hadn't changed much, except that he had found a useful outlet for his energy. She saw Grace Smith come along the walk and turn in.

"Do you know who's in town?" Grace asked.

"Yes."

Grace stared at her. "Did he come to see you, Della?"

"No."

"Well," said Grace, "he'll be here a day or two getting the wreck fixed up." She had been a slim, wild huntress who had caused more fights than any other girl in town; now she was twenty-five and had a husband and a baby. Placidness lived among the freckles of her face, but there was a lively expectation in her eyes. "You'll see him, won't you?"

"Yes."

Grace said, "What will Len think?" But she shrugged her shoulders and supplied her own answer. "It doesn't matter. He'll think what you want him to. That's Len." She paused, growing grave, thinking back. "Aud's not changed much. You've had two years to get over it, and you'd better think twice before seeing him again." Then she threw in her question, without pausing and without change of tone, as if to catch Della off guard. "Are you still in love with him?"

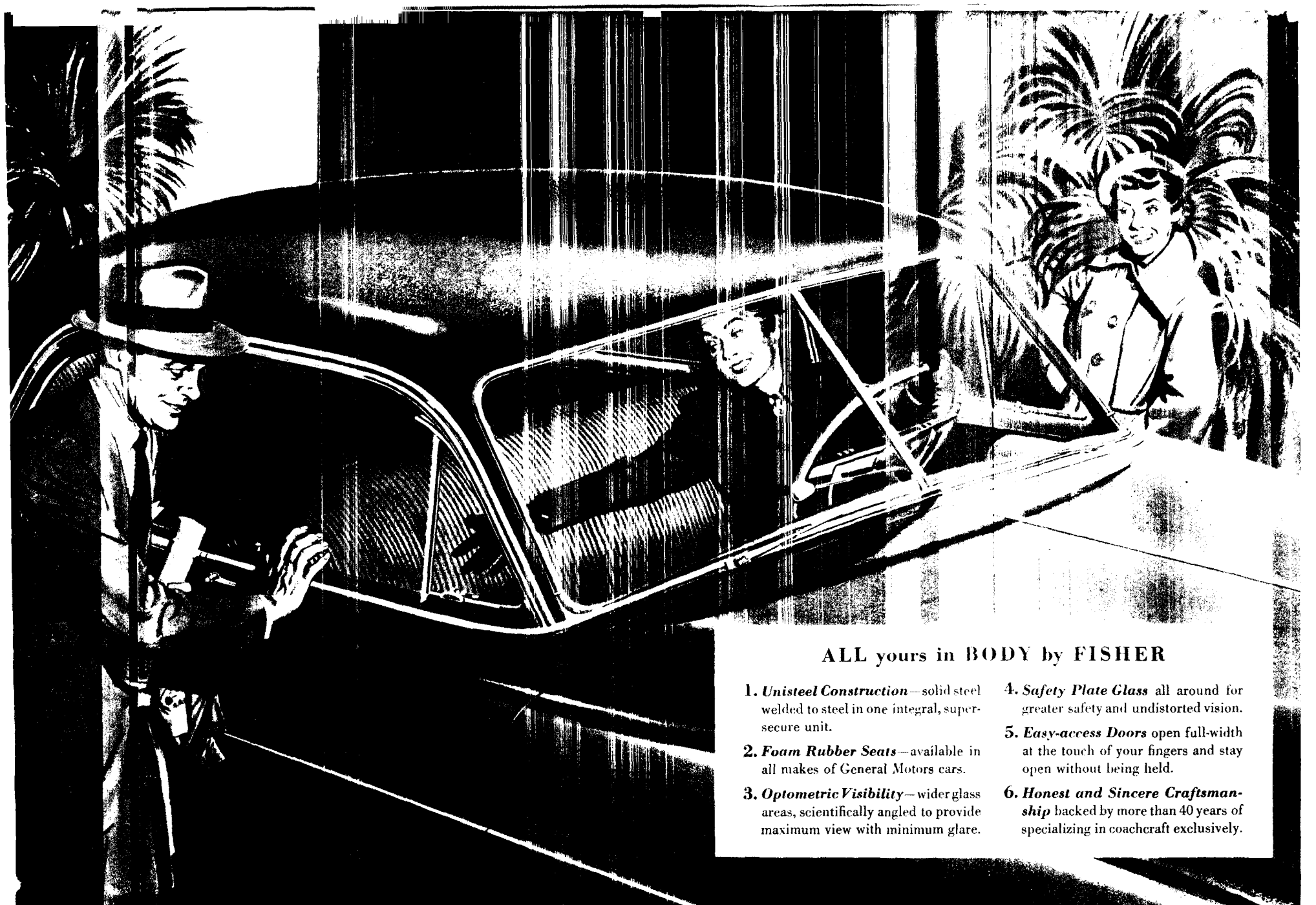
Della said gently, "That will be for him to find out, if he's interested."

"You've got a funny little heart. He wasted two years for you. If he causes trouble between you and Len, and Len quits waiting, what's left? Don't

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE KANELOUS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALL yours in BODY by FISHER

1. ***Unisteel Construction***—solid steel welded to steel in one integral, super-secure unit.
2. ***Foam Rubber Seats***—available in all makes of General Motors cars.
3. ***Optometric Visibility***—wider glass areas, scientifically angled to provide maximum view with minimum glare.
4. ***Safety Plate Glass*** all around for greater safety and undistorted vision.
5. ***Easy-access Doors*** open full-width at the touch of your fingers and stay open without being held.
6. ***Honest and Sincere Craftsmanship*** backed by more than 40 years of specializing in coachcraft exclusively.

Try it for SIGHT-for SIZE-for SOUND

Check the new Body by Fisher on all counts. You'll find it's <u>better built</u>—your best guide to better car value in 1949.

Sooner or later it had to end — the car buyer's postwar inclination to slide over the question of *who built the body.*

Today, you'll surely want to know — once you've checked the differences, the demonstrable differences in the new 1949 Body by Fisher.

What a difference to your *eyes!* Not only in the new Fisher Body's more smartly contoured road-hugging style, not only in its richer, more luxurious interiors — but in its greater vision, too. Your eyes can't miss the expanded view you get — thanks to visibility that's optometrically engineered by the placement as well as the size of its glass areas and corner posts.

What a difference in *comfort!* It's noticeable at once — not only in this Fisher Body's full-size interior dimensions, but also in the way its front and rear compartments are designed to make every inch of extra room assure each passenger maximum relaxation — with recessed footrests, and armrests positioned at just the right height and angle.

Most of all, what a difference in *construction!* You can actually hear it — in the solid sound the new Fisher Body's doors make, when you slam them home — in the reassuring thud that greets your ears. Yes, there's audible evidence of the extra security in Fisher postwar Unisteel construction — of the sincere, honest craftsmanship that goes into each body's building.

But don't take anybody's word for these differences. It's time to check them yourself, before you buy any 1949 car — time to learn firsthand why Body by Fisher is the high sign of sounder car value — a sign you'll find on every General Motors car, the only cars with Body by Fisher.

Narrow But Strong. Width of front corner pillars approaches the distance between a person's eyes — there is virtually no blind spot.

Heads Up—With Room To Spare. Even tall folks sit up comfortably straight in new high-ceilinged Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

Body by Fisher — BETTER THAN EVER !

On General Motors cars only: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE FIGURES TO SAVE YOU MILLIONS

Continued from page 19

Before this law was passed, a novelist could work on a book for several years, making no money whatsoever. Then, when the book was published and the royalties came in, he had to pay most of it to the government, if the royalties, movie sale, etc., put him in a high bracket, because it was listed as a single year's income.

One of Lasser's biggest crusades has been for simplification of the income tax forms, and against the government's use of unintelligible technical language. A few years ago a Treasury Department poll, conducted at his suggestion, showed that seven out of ten people do not know the meaning of words like spouse, accrual, debenture, deduction, exception.

Tax Language Too Obscure

The complexity of our tax language was brought home at a hearing before a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee. Two congressmen, Representative Karl Stefan and Representative George H. Mahon, listened to a group of lobbyists tell how they were allowed tax deductions for the entertainment of congressmen, just as the congressmen were allowed deductions for the entertainment of constituents. Both Representatives Stefan and Mahon were extremely shocked.

"I've read the tax law dozens of times," Stefan said, "and I never knew that. Why doesn't the Treasury write English?"

The two congressmen then forced the Treasury to put out an aid-to-taxpayers booklet—one devoid of technical many-syllable words.

When the governor of Vermont, Ernest W. Gibson, discovered that his state tax law was as tangled as a medieval philosophical tract, he called on Lasser.

Lasser helped a legislative committee reduce the tax law to a few basic fundamentals. Then he went to work on the tax form, reducing its formidable, closely printed four pages to one-quarter of a page containing just nine lines. If he so desires, the fortunate Vermont taxpayer only has to fill out two lines: the gross income on his federal income tax form, and the amount of his state tax computed for him in a table.

This innovation has caused such a stir in fiscal circles that it currently is being pushed for adoption in many other states by the Tax Institute. This is an organization of the nation's leading C.P.A.s, lawyers, tax administrators and university professors, who advise the federal and state governments on taxation matters.

Jacob Kay Lasser (no one ever calls him anything but J.K. or Yoc) was born in Newark, New Jersey, on October 7, 1896, into a strictly nonfinancial world. His father owned a small grocery store, which suffered from two basic problems: (a) Lasser senior never really had enough money to keep it operating more than a few steps ahead of the sheriff, and (b) Lasser junior had such an uncontrollable appetite that a large percentage of the grocery store's stock ended up in his stomach.

By the time young Lasser reached high school, he had attained the monumental proportions of 235 pounds packed into a 5-foot 5-inch frame. He still is remembered as "the slowest, most immovable guard in Central High School football history." According to old-time Newark sports writers, 135-pound scholastic halfbacks bounced off him like billiard balls hitting the side cushion.

When he reached 15, his father decided to take steps to curb this sideways expansion. First, he barred his son from the grocery store. Then he hired a pro boxer named Young Gradwell to melt off the excess poundage. This Mr. Gradwell proceeded to do, by the simple expedient of running the boy around Branch Brook Park until his tongue hung out.

Through Gradwell, Lasser met Newark sports writers and got himself a job as a copy boy in the sports department of the old Newark Star.

One day the youngster was sitting around idly adding a column of figures, when Bert Dodge, the paper's famous sports editor, came by.

"Happy birthday to you . . .
Happy birthday to you . . .
Happy birthday, dear Mother,
Happy birthday to you . . ."

COLLIER'S — JERRY MARCUS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, so you can add?" said Dodge.

"Why, yes," said the startled Lasser.

"That makes you the only guy on the paper who can," said Dodge. "From now on, you're the bowling editor."

A few months later, Dodge said to Lasser, "A kid with a head for figures like you should be an accountant or an engineer."

So Lasser began to study accounting at New York University at night and, later, entered the Industrial Engineering School at Penn State. When World War I interrupted his studies, he put in a hitch on a Navy sub chaser, and then as a petty officer, checking war contracts for the government. After the war he gravitated back to Penn State, and in 1920 got his B.S. degree in engineering.

Thus equipped, he moved into a job as an industrial engineer, picking up two more engineering degrees en route. Then, to his horror, he discovered that he didn't *like* engineering. The only thing that appealed to him in the whole field of factory management was taxation, which in those days was just beginning to be a major problem for Americans. The first regular federal income tax was not levied until just before World War I, and taxes did not become high until the early 1920s.

Lasser went back to New York University, passed his Certified Public Accountant examinations, learned by heart a single volume called Regulations 45, which was the entire U.S. tax law at that time, and got a job as an accountant with a big New York publishing firm. Then he let it be known that he was the country's foremost expert on publishers' taxation problems. In fact he was the country's *only* expert on publishers' taxation problems.

On January 1, 1924, he simultaneously married a beautiful blond department-store buyer he had met in New York, and opened the accounting firm of J. K. Lasser & Co., said firm then consisting of a single desk in a friend's office.

Growth of a One-Desk Firm

Today, Lasser's office has grown from the single desk to nearly an entire floor in the same New York skyscraper—with numerous partners, accountants, stenographers and adding machines jumbled merrily together. He has over 500 big business and small business clients. Similarly, the U.S. tax literature has grown from the single-volume Regulations 45 that Lasser memorized, to some 500 volumes, now occupying the shelves of a good-sized room in the Lasser tax emporium. Two Lasser men devote their time exclusively to gathering material for Your Income Tax, which became a Lasser perennial in 1936, when Leon Shimkin of Simon & Schuster noticed a Lasser report-to-publishers on his desk while he was casting wildly about for someone to do such a book that year.

This was only the beginning of Lasser's incredible list of extracurricular activities, which—to add a few more to those already mentioned—include his being elected president of the Tax Institute and vice-president of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants. He is chairman of dozens of committees and writes a monthly column called The Tax Clinic in The Journal of Accountancy; and a good handful of other books like Business Tax Guide, How Tax Laws Make Giving to Charity Easy, and a coauthor job with financial writer Sylvia Porter, How to Live Within Your Income.

Big companies are now buying How to Live Within Your Income to distribute to their employees, in a frantic effort to head off a fourth round of wage increases.

In order to keep up with this Paul Bunyan schedule, Lasser puts in a 17-hour day, often getting up to start writing at 5 A.M. and finishing at an after-dinner meeting somewhere around 10 P.M.

He lives with the attractive, willowy Mrs. Lasser in their home in South Orange, New Jersey, or in a hotel apartment in New York. He spends his summer vacations in the Adirondacks, splitting his days between playing golf and writing that year's edition of Your Income Tax.

But most of Lasser's time is spent in working on his pet projects.

Pet Project number one is his battle against inequities in the income tax laws. The laws, he claims, are not the fault of the Treasury but are the direct result of pressure (on Congress) by lobbies—a luxury the Little Taxpayer never has been able to afford.

A Contrast in Decisions

He cites, for example, the case of Hollywood actor Lee Tracy and John C. Bruton, a New York lawyer.

A tax court allowed Tracy to deduct tips to studio employees "to enhance his prestige as a motion-picture actor through better co-operation of studio employees with whom he was engaged."

Bruton, on the other hand, was paralyzed by a brain operation in 1941, could only get to his law office to make a living by being transported back and forth from his uptown apartment in a taxi every day. Yet the court refused to allow him this deduction because "the regulation excludes specifically commuters' fares."

In his lectures and writings, Lasser continually points out that while a businessman can deduct many items as business expenses, the salaried worker is stymied at nearly every turn. If a man has to work late for his boss, he cannot deduct the cost of his extra evening meal. The boss, however, can take someone out and deduct *his* meal as entertainment or as necessary business expense.

If a widow goes to work to support her family and hires someone to take care of the children, she cannot deduct the cost of the servant. If, on the other hand, *she* stays home to mind the children and she hires someone to run a business for her, the employee's salary then is deductible. An employee cannot deduct the cost of education necessary to prepare him for a job, nor the cost of commuting, even though he is ordered by his employers to an area where he can't find a home closer than 25 miles from the job.

Lasser feels that dependency regulations are unjust, too. In 1939 actress Madeleine Carroll adopted 52 French orphans and took them from bomb-threatened Paris to her home outside the city. She paid for their food, lodging and clothing, and the U.S. government allowed her a deduction of $6,800 for the children, listing them as dependents.

According to Lasser, if Miss Carroll were to rescue war orphans today, she would be out of luck, for the Treasury now recognizes only blood relatives and in-laws as dependents—and then only if the taxpayer has contributed more than 50 per cent of the cost of the dependents' upkeep during the year.

Lasser's Pet Project number two is to try to educate people to pay the government no more than it is entitled to. To help the taxpayer in this respect is a partial Lasser check list reproduced with this article.

Pet Project number three is unrealistic but interesting. Every year, when Lasser writes his income tax book, a retired Indiana University English professor named John M. Clapp stands over him, beating him with verbal whips every time he uses a technical word that might not be understood by the ordinary man. "My fondest hope," says Lasser, "is to recruit a battalion of John Clapps and turn them loose in Washington around tax law time."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Grand Junction, Tennessee, is the hunter's mecca this week as the nation's finest bird dogs scour the spreading fields of historic Ames Plantation in the annual National Field Trial competition

There is probably no event in the sporting world that can match the Field Trials for sheer excitement, beauty and color

IT TAKES a good bird dog to find quail; it takes a champion bird dog to find speckle-breasted red quail in the brown sedge grass of historic Ames Plantation near Grand Junction, Tennessee. Looking for quail in brown sedge is like looking for a yellow needle in a haystack.

This week, the nation's finest bird dogs are working Ames' 30,000 acres in quest of quail and the National Field Trial championship. Sentimental favorites are Paladin, Westerner and Pandemonium, the three liver-and-white pointers owned by A. G. C. Sage of New York.

The 51st Grand Junction probably will be the last for Mr. Sage. He recently sold his Alabama plantation, Sedgefields, and plans to retire his kennels from competition.

A victory for Paladin, Westerner or Pandemonium would be Mr. Sage's eighth national championship. But no matter who wins, the spectators can't lose. When the dogs break across the sedgefields of Ames on a frosty February morning, it's the loveliest sports picture of them all.

HEART WHERE IT COUNTS

The most thoughtful act of the past football season never made the headlines. Before the Bears and Cardinals battled in Chicago for the western division title of the National League, the Philadelphia Eagles (already eastern division champions) met to allot shares for players in the title game.

"Just in case the Bears win and the Cards don't make the play-off," halfback Steve Van Buren said, "we better add one Cardinal share to our list—for Stan Mauldin's widow."

(Two months earlier, Mauldin, the Cardinals' all-league tackle, had collapsed while playing against the Eagles. Mauldin died in the dressing room—victim of a heart attack traceable to war wounds.)

But the Cards beat the Bears and voted to Stan's family the full share earmarked by the Eagles.

KNEES LIKE CASTANETS

Kevin O'Shea's knees knock like castanets. During the 1946-7 season, O'Shea's capricious cartilages popped out of place 15 times while he was popping 210 points for Notre Dame's basketball team. Last year, the trick knees buckled eight times.

This season, thanks to two operations and miles of adhesive tape, Kevin's joints have behaved perfectly. So has Kevin. Middle West fans insist he's the finest playmaker and ball handler the Irish have produced since Johnny Moir (1935).

One thing is certain. Kevin is the most Irish. His father, Christopher O'Shea, was born in Doneraile (near County Cork) and his mother was Catherine Regan from Kinsdale.

Trick knees are almost standard equipment on the O'Sheas of basketball—the normal-sized kids who have to lunge and scramble to make a shot against the six-sixish goons. Lou Boudreau pounded out a pair of basketball knees at Illinois before switching to baseball (which explains why Lou's among the slowest of American League base runners).

Most prominent knee casualty of the season is the Rev. Jackie Robinson, pastor of the Ninth Avenue Baptist church in Waco, Texas. Jackie passed Baylor into the N.C.A.A. finals last March and made the Olympic team. His right knee finally collapsed during a practice game in London.

Baylor misses the Reverend's deft passes conversational and otherwise. When the King of England formally welcomed the American Olympic team, Jackie stood behind swimmer Ann Curtis.

The conversation lagged. Finally, the king asked Miss Curtis, "Where is your home in the States?"

"California, Your Majesty."

"California—that's where they have the biggest and best of everything, isn't it?"

"No, sir," the Reverend Robinson interpolated, stepping in front of California's Curtis, "you must mean Texas. That's where I come from."

OF PONZI, PRIDE AND POOL

Bumptious Andrew Ponzi was eight points from victory in a challenge match with Willie Mosconi when, turning from the table, he declared confidently: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are watching the new champion of the world shoot pool."

Such exalted statements are not uncommon in the life of Ponzi, but on one occasion the remarkable Andrew, thrice world titleholder, was thoroughly deflated. It was during an exhibition at Fort Dix—Ponzi's opponent announced with becoming deference, "Men, you are about to watch one of the all-time greats. Mr. Ponzi not only holds the world title, he also holds the match-game high-run record of 153. I know, because he made it against me."

There was applause. Ponzi bowed.

"My name," the opponent revealed, "is Erwin Rudolph. I will try to give Mr. Ponzi a game."

More applause. More Ponzi bows.

Finally, Ponzi opened the match with a safety shot, but miscalculated slightly, leaving Rudolph, a former champion, a minute scoring opportunity. Rudolph made the hairline shot, and ran off 99 more. The 100-point match was over—and the soldiers at Fort Dix are still waiting to watch Ponzi The Great shoot a game of pool.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOMER HILL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to make *today's* gas a performin' fuel!

As every motorist knows—new, finer-than-ever grades of gasoline are coming . . . sometime in the *future.*

Meanwhile, Packard has glorified the gallon you get *today* at your corner gas station!

"Free-breathing" engine design—born of Packard's wartime experience powering all the PT boats, and America's fastest planes—makes today's gas give up its power more smoothly, more responsively . . . and with almost unbelievable new thrift!

Just look at the actual figures below.

Report on 130-HP Packard Eight, with overdrive*

ROAD MILES PER GALLON	PERCENTAGE OF OWNERS REPORTING EACH FIGURE
under 16	5.9%
16	9.6%
17	15.8%
18	24%
19	13.6%
20	18.5%
21 and over	12.2%

Gas-mileage report—based on a national survey among new Packard owners. Variations are caused by differences in speed, terrain, temperature, and individual driver habits. *Optional equipment, at moderate extra cost.

"Safety-sprint" reserve power steps you ahead of other cars, ahead of fast trucks and busses . . . into the clear. And you'll get an extra thrill from the soothing *smoothness* of Packard precision-built power.

Quality note: Packard precision-built quality is at an all-time high—proved by the fact that service needs of the new Packard Eights are the lowest in Packard's 49 years of fine car manufacturing.

130-HP EIGHT • 145-HP SUPER EIGHT • 160-HP CUSTOM EIGHT

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California Calls The Doctor

AL GABRIELE

Fighting the threat of socialized medicine, California doctors have come up with a prepaid medical plan that is so successful it's spreading over the entire country. Here is a description of the medical service you may be getting in the very near future

By GEORGE CREEL

A SINGLE PROBLEM WITH TWO DIVERGENT SOLUTIONS

The best available medical care for the greatest number of persons. That was the challenge met by the California Medical Association. In England, the same challenge has been met, but in an entirely different way—with socialized medicine. In next week's Collier's read Lester Velie's firsthand report on how the English plan is working.

ON DECEMBER 1, 1946, a fairly young and seemingly husky workingman walked into the San Francisco office of the California Physicians' Service, an organization of doctors formed to provide people in the lower-income brackets with cheaper and more adequate medical care. He paid the girl at the desk $7.90, and agreed to pay a similar amount each month in return for a guarantee that he and his wife and four children would be given complete health protection.

Fearful that it might turn out to be another fake insurance scheme, he was not overly enthusiastic, but that was not for long. Within a month he developed a brain tumor. The X rays, laboratory work, operation and home visits cost the CPS $509.50. His hospital bill was paid in full for 21 days at $9.50 a day, after which the CPS stood 50 per cent of the expense for 76 days. A total of $1,298.25 for that man alone was paid out by the CPS.

In September, 1947, his wife became pregnant and when the baby was born, a Caesarean had to be performed. The operation, hospitalization and necessary care came to $260. Meanwhile the four children had an unhappy succession of troubles of their own.

Eventually this family cost the CPS exactly $3,565.75. The dues for the period were $150.10.

Fortunately for the CPS, not all of its 750,000 dues-paying members suffer the hard luck of this family. Nevertheless, the cost of service in any one case is not a consideration. Once a man has signed up for himself and his dependents, he is entitled to the best in medical and surgical care and hospitalization, regardless of the total expense to the organization.

It all started back in the late months of 1938, when the California Medical Association called a special meeting to consider a measure for compulsory health insurance then being pushed by a liberal governor. Discussion on the floor revealed overwhelming sentiment for some sort of positive program, and out of the conference came the California Physicians' Service. It was a voluntary plan, and under private control, but it was frankly committed to immediate reforms in medical and surgical practice.

The CMA authorized a loan of $37,000 to take care of initial expenses, but for a long while failure threatened. Many doctors did not like the idea of fee fixing. They were afraid it meant regimentation and reduced incomes. And wage earners were inclined to regard it as some new kind of "gyp."

But today, after ten years of struggle and experimentation, the CPS has a panel of 9,500 physicians ready to minister to the ailments and injuries of over 750,000 dues-paying members. This figure does not include the 10,000 to 12,000 ex-servicemen handled each month through an arrangement with the Veterans Administration. The CPS confidently expects to have 1,000,000 members by the end of this year, a goal that would seem to be justified by the plan's steady increase in popularity.

Far from being a grab bag, the panel includes every top-flight surgeon, specialist and general practitioner in California, and their services are on call at a cost ranging from $37.80 a year for individuals to $94.80 for families of three or more. These might seem to be comparatively small amounts, yet the CPS makes an annual disbursement of $12,000,000 to its physician members, and an additional $3,500,000 to doctors and laboratories through its contract with the V.A.

The plan, to be sure, does not take in the state's population as a whole, for it is not concerned either with the well-to-do or the indigent. At the outset the trustees picked as their particular field the large group of workingmen and workingwomen whose incomes do not exceed $3,000 a year and who therefore are neither sufficiently hard up to receive free treatment nor rich enough to meet sizable doctors' bills.

In an effort to fit charges to lean purses, the plan started off with dues as low as $1.70 a month for individuals. This was a blunder that nearly wrecked the venture. Physician members very naturally voiced their dissatisfaction when they found themselves getting as little as 50 per cent of their fees. The dues were upped in 1944, but it was not until 1946 that actuaries worked out the following rates as essential to a firm financial basis for the venture:

Single male	$3.15 per month
Single female	3.90 per month
Two-person family	6.15 per month
Three or more	7.90 per month

For their dues, members are guaranteed the last word in medical and surgical practice. A full surgical team is on hand for all operations, and hospitalization includes laboratory tests, complete X-ray examination, radium, cardiographic equipment, nurses and medical supplies.

The California Physicians' Service pays all expenses for 21 days in a room of three or more beds, and if a longer stay proves necessary, it stands 50 per cent of the cost for a full year.

Limitations of the Service

There are, of course, certain exclusions. The CPS, for example, does not provide dental services, and will not take workmen's compensation cases or cover quarantinable diseases and congenital malformations. Chronic ailments and recurrent conditions are not rejected, but treatment is limited to 90 days, after which the patient must make his own arrangement with the doctor.

Bitter experience has resulted in adoption of certain other restrictive rules. Operations for hernia, hemorrhoids and varicose veins are performed only after dues have been paid for twelve months because many persons waited until they were ready for surgery before joining up. For much the same reason, maternity care is provided only after ten months of continuous membership.

The CPS is not a charitable organization. While the fees paid doctor members are far below what would be asked of the well-to-do, they are close to what the average physician has been in the habit of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How a Plow Kept the Village Fed

. . . with a hand from an "Unseen Friend"

It was a real, old-fashioned blizzard.

Gone were the highways. Cars were snowed under like igloos. Food trucks were stalled on the highways. Even young Gary Weaver found it "tough sledding" to the village store.

* *

Then, far down at the turn of the road, a geyser of white shoots in the air. It's the county's giant new "snow eater". . . gobbling in the snow . . . and blowing it out again . . . over onto the empty fields.

And close behind . . . on the magic carpet of road unrolling from the "plow". . . come the trucks . . . carrying *food... milk... mail.*

* *

As one of the local officials said a few days later ..."That snow plow sure was a friend in need."

And Nickel is the *"Unseen* Friend" that helped keep the plow on the job. For Nickel alloys plus good design make gears and shafts and other important parts extra strong... tough...corrosion-resistant.

This assures husky construction, yet keeps over-all weight down. It means you can count on this equipment to plow through the deepest drifts, and not to break down in emergencies.

Of course, you don't actually *see* the Nickel because it's combined with other metals . . . just as there is *unseen* Nickel in Monel water heater tanks, Stainless Steel trains, and scores of other things that serve folks every day.

That's why Nickel is called *"Your Unseen Friend."*

Write for Free Booklet:
"The Romance of Nickel"

The interesting story of Nickel, from ancient discovery to modern-day use, is told in this illustrated 60-page booklet. For your FREE copy, address Dept. 9 y.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
New York 5, N. Y.

EMBLEM OF SERVICE
INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**

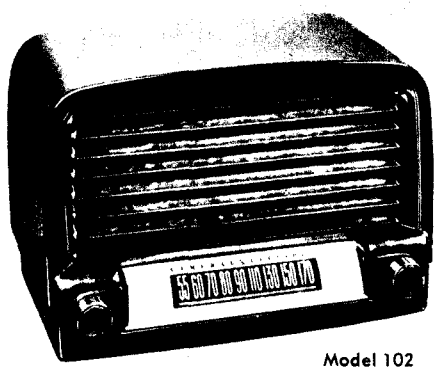
©1949, T. I. N. Co.

...Your Unseen Friend

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With General Electric radio prices so low,

Why not one for Everyone!



Model 102

To each his own, and no more depending on just *one* radio to satisfy the whole family—not when General Electric radios cost so little! G-E table radios, regardless of price, are performance-engineered at Electronics Park to bring you *quality* features . . . G-E **natural color tone**, built-in aerials, G-E Dynapower speakers, full-size cabinets. Model 102, above, in a rich rosewood plastic cabinet, is only $22.95*

Other G-E radios from $19.95*

Every General Electric radio is performance-engineered at Electronics Park for tone, power, value!

*Prices slightly higher West and South—subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—
GENERAL ELECTRIC

O'HARE'S WAY WITH BABES

Continued from page 26

by the woman's callousness, Barney said, "I know a little, yes."

"Good. When you bring out the didies I'll let you take a whirl at Harry. I'm close to jumping my trolley and if his howling doesn't stop soon I figure on heading for the cliffs, so I'd appreciate it if you'd start hauling your freight."

Tight-lipped, his sensibilities lacerated, Barney took down the address, told the woman he'd start right away, and grabbed two dozen diapers.

The house was an elegant residence set high in the hills of Palos Verdes. As Barney arrived the front door opened and a man appeared, waiting.

"I'm O'Hare," Barney said.

The man was about Barney's age, dark-haired, and clothed in the livery of southern California: sport jacket, slacks and a vivid open-necked shirt. "Ah, yes, the diaperman." He smiled. "I don't think I ever saw one before."

"Don't let it throw you," Barney said.

The man motioned him to the stairs. "Just follow the roar, diaperman."

Barney gave him a stern look and went upstairs. At the door of a large, cheery nursery a girl of about twenty-four years met him. She was of medium stature and her eyes were gray. Spectacles gave her a faintly intellectual look. She wore a sweater and a plaid skirt and seemed almost excessively healthy.

"Mr. O'Hare?" she asked above the racket. "I'm Patricia Walcott. Frankly, I expected a riper gentleman. Have you any children?"

"Children? None, ma'am. I'm not wed." He smiled at her and walked to the crib. "Little Harry, I presume?"

"That's him. He's been whooping it up for two hours."

Barney handed her the diapers. "Maybe if you—if he slipped into dry pants he'd feel more cheerful."

"He's freshly upholstered. Just used the last one."

"Could he be sick?"

She shook her head.

Barney bent over the crib and inspected the clamoring infant at close range. To his astonishment Harry broke off in mid-cry and gawked at him, entranced. "Have you picked him up?" Barney asked.

"Not since I fed him."

"What a cruel mother you are!"

"Now, let's get this straight. I'm not Harry's mother."

"You're not?"

"I'm his aunt. Harry is Clark Hungerford's first born. Mrs. Hungerford is my sister. She and her husband are away for a few days and I'm looking after Harry. Way up here in the hills it's hard to keep servants, but a woman is here during the day."

A GLEAM of low cunning rose in Barney's eyes. The woman was a hard-hearted wench, probably addicted to mistreating infants, but she was the sister-in-law of the man who could get him out of diapers and into airplanes.

"May I ask who the colorful gentleman downstairs is?" Barney said.

"Claude Parker. He's a pilot. We're old friends and when Harry lets up long enough to give him a chance, Claude woos me."

"I see," Barney said.

He shouldered Harry and nervously patted him. In a few minutes Harry ceased yelling and began slobbering peaceably on Barney's coat.

The effect on Barney was remarkable. The small human felt warm and cuddlesome; he smelled sweet. Over Barney swept a wave of root-deep paternalism. He gave Harry a resounding kiss and murmured endearments.

Patty watched him return the baby to the crib. "There's no need to be fulsome, Mr. O'Hare," she said. "What's more, nothing distributes bacteria like kissing." She noted the offended look on his face and healed it with a smile. "But I'd like you to know that I'm beholden to you for quieting Harry."

Barney took her by the arm and led her out of the nursery. "He ought to sleep now," he said. "Call me any time. Would tomorrow be too soon?"

"It would and you can let go my arm now." He did and she studied him. "Now don't get sore, but let me ask you something: What are you doing peddling diapers for a living?"

Barney gave the inquiry his craftiest consideration. He explained that he was an ex-B-29 pilot and was now with a Los Angeles bank. He was simply pinch-hitting for his mother while she vacationed. Patty appeared relieved at the explanation and they walked downstairs together, where they met Claude. He held a highball in one hand; the other he circled about Patty's waist.

"You finally silenced the critter, eh, diaperman?" Claude said. He stopped and rubbed his cheek against Patty's. "Now, honey, we can get down to some serious drinking."

"Miss Walcott has had a trying evening," Barney said austerely. "In view of Harry's severe—ah—pneumatic pains I think she'd better take some hot milk and hit the sack."

"Pull up your didies and blow, O'Hare," Claude said.

In some haste Patty took Barney by the arm and guided him to the door. "Much as I detest hot milk I'll consider your proposition, Mr. O'Hare."

"Let me drop in tomorrow night and help with Harry," Barney said. "I'll bring along a couple quarts of beer."

"Slow down, Mr. O'Hare, you're boiling your radiator," she said. She stepped outside with him, removed her spectacles and stood in the half-light looking gorgeous. "I'm not the kind of a girl that gives in to a man the first time he asks her." She smiled at him and Barney had the sensation that his rudder was stuck. "You'll have to ask me again."

He did and she said, "In accepting I better warn you about Claude. He's a hot-blooded brave and he courts me seven days a week. That means a three-way split on your beer."

"Tell him to stay home, he's making Harry unhappy." He took her hand and squeezed it. "Good night, Patricia."

"Good night, Barney. Keep folding and don't get caught in a wringer."

ALL next day Barney was heckled by strange emotions. He knew that if he played his cards charmingly enough he could win over Patty, shut off Claude's water, and land the pilot's job he wanted. There was something fetching about Harry's aunt Patty all right, but her curiously offhand, even callous, manner with a baby nettled him.

When his thoughts switched to Harry he felt better. His face softened into a

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS

TONY VENTI

Baked Oysters Schuler Style from Schuler's in Marshall, Mich.

ANYWHERE within a hundred miles of small-town Marshall, Michigan, you will hear devotees rave about eating at Schuler's, an old-timey hotel which serves more than 1,000 meals a day—more than the average big-city restaurant. The secret of all this is the Schuler family which started the business with a tiny *Bierstube*.

Today, the hotel has three dining rooms. There's a bar, too, but most of the business is done in food. A complete dinner ranges from $1.75 (scallops) to $3.25 (sirloin steak). Here is a Schuler specialty you can make at home. *Baked Oysters Schuler Style:* 6 large Cotuit oysters; 2 Tbsp. butter; 1 Tbsp. onion; 1 tsp. green pepper; 1 Tbsp. parsley and 1 strip cooked bacon, all finely chopped; ¼ tsp. garlic powder; salt; grated Italian cheese. Open oysters and lay on half shell in pan of hot rock salt. Mix all ingredients but cheese and place a teaspoonful on each oyster. Sprinkle with cheese and place under a low flame for about five minutes, and then under high flame until good and brown. Serves four.

If you wish to receive the Baked Oysters Schuler Style recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 5, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fatherly smile remembering how the wee fellow had dribbled on his shoulder.

In the evening, clothed in a blue suit, white shirt and yellow tie, he bought some beer, then stopped off at the baby shop and picked up a couple of toys for Harry.

Claude Parker let him in, noted the bottled goods and observed: "O'Hare, you bore me. Are you planning to horn in?"

"Yes." Barney thrust the beer into Claude's hands. "Pour me a beaker, Claudey boy. I'm going up to see Patty and Harry."

In the nursery Barney greeted Patty warmly, though briefly, then hurried to the crib where Harry sat fooling with his foot. "Hiya, Harry. What's new?"

Patty came over to his side and took off her glasses. "How are you, Barney?"

"Me? Great." He tugged at one of Harry's fat legs. "That's my boy. My, aren't we a nice baby though?"

"O'Hare," Patty said, grimacing, "stop drooling baby talk on that infant. Come on downstairs and let him sleep."

"You go ahead, Patty," Barney said. "I've got something to show Harry here."

Lines tightened about Patty's lovely mouth. Downstairs she threw Claude a cold look and flopped down in a chair, gritting her teeth. In the nursery Barney presented Harry with a popgun and a plastic duck, and both parties chortled with delight. Barney fired the gun a few times to give Harry the hang of it, and Harry, gumming the duck's head, flew into ecstasies. In fifteen minutes Harry had become trigger-happy and Barney had been plugged twice with a cork. Barney was happy as a baby. When Patty and Claude came in he was looking under the day bed for the cork.

"Oh, now let's not run the thing down, O'Hare," Patty cried. "Babies have to sleep. We've been waiting for you."

In the Hungerford living room for the next two hours the atmosphere was chill and strained. Barney and Patty danced a couple of frames while Claude morosely drank beer. Twice Barney bedchecked Harry to be sure he was safely battened down and his hatches dry. At ten he said he thought he and Claude ought to shove so Patty, being a substitute mama, could get some sleep. Claude merely laughed in a sardonic manner and poured more beer. Obviously agitated, Patty accompanied Barney to his car.

"Thanks for the beer," she said, "and a delightful evening with Claude."

"That Harry is a card," Barney said.

"What am I upset about?" Patty asked nervously. "Who gives a whoop that you spend our whole date playing soldier with an infant?"

He put his hands on her shoulders and felt her tremble. He kissed her forehead.

"Oh, you hound!" Patty cried distractedly and closed in.

"Here go the bacteria!" Barney said, and kissed her lips.

For a few joyous moments they held each other, then Patty whispered: "How about tomorrow night? Shall I scuttle Claude?"

"That'll be wonderful. Just you and me and Harry."

The lissome body in his arms stiffened as if stung, but she said nothing.

WHEN he met her the following evening she was clad in a strapless, colorful peasant costume. Her coiffeur was new; the spectacles were grounded. She gave him a warm, myopic look. "Hello, O'Hare, baby!"

"Won't you catch cold in that?" Barney asked. "Would you care to borrow my suspenders?" He bussed the end of her nose. He started to pat her back and hastily reconsidered. A tap seemed likely to undress Patty. "How's little old Harry?"

"Fine, fine."

"I brought him a little dingus. I'll just run up and see if he goes for it."

Patty scowled. "I'll be hanged if you're going to wake that bleater up now."

With the air of a man enduring massive injustice, Barney poured out two glasses of beer. He handed one to her and they sat opposite each other in brooding silence. Presently Barney switched from beer to rye and almost immediately felt better. On the second hooker he was getting what is known as the long view or the whole picture.

He felt marvelously clever. He saw that what was fouling up the deal were his feelings for a baby and its cynical aunt. After all, what he wanted was to get back into an airplane, and Patty was the woman who could do it for him. He went over and sat down beside Patty, grinning. He took her hand.

"Darling, I'm sorry for blowing off like I did. You're absolutely right about Harry. I've been pampering him, but it's really you I'm crazy for, sugar. Seeing you with Claude drove me to the crib." His arm went about her shoulders. "Leave us smooch and come to terms."

BEFORE dickering, Patty put on her glasses for a clear scrutiny of Barney's expression, which appeared contrite, though glazed. She recalled that when endeavoring to be affectionate he was given to corny rhetoric. She took off her glasses and met him halfway.

For a while they talked softly. They danced. Finally, he fox-trotted her out into the patio to gaze at the silvered Pacific. At odd moments they necked. Barney knew he was cutting a lot of ice, but twice when he peered into Patty's warm earnest face he felt funny.

They were snuggled on the chaise longue in the patio when Barney mentioned that he was getting a little fed up with his banking position and was seriously thinking of returning to his old love, aviation. Patty held his hand and said that if he wanted to fly again maybe she could help him; after all, her brother-in-law, Clark Hungerford, was president of Olympic Airlines.

"He is?" Barney said, astonished.

"He'll be home in a few days," she said, "and I'll invite you over."

Barney said no, he didn't like getting a job through pull. Patty told him not to be silly.

In the morning Claude phoned Patty. He had some news he had just picked up in the personnel office of Olympic Airlines. This Barney O'Hare wasn't the laundryman he made out. The bald truth was that O'Hare, cleverly disguised in diapers, was actually bucking for a pilot's job at Olympic, the very job he, Claude, had practically been promised. It was plain that O'Hare was using her to wolf his way into Olympic.

Patty cried that it was a darned lie. "And now that you brought it up, Claude," she went on, "let me remind you of that adage about bums who live in glass houses shouldn't throw rocks."

Patty found that her heart was thumping loudly. She assured herself that Claude was being jealous and spiteful, but she called Quinn in personnel anyway. Quinn told her that Barney O'Hare's application for a pilot's job had been on file for more than a week. Then Patty asked if Barney knew who Clark Hungerford was and Quinn replied of course, he'd talked with Barney about the boss.

Burning hotly about the cheeks Patty forced herself to review Barney's recent tactics. She recalled his simpering affection, his honeyed blandishments, his snakelike caresses, his wily kisses. She took off her spectacles and bawled a little. When she dried out she settled into a murderous rage. She could hardly wait for the toady to show up so she could drag him out from behind his diapers and bare the plot.

In the cramped office of the O'Hare

How to choose a good hat

Pick up a Mallory Hat. *Feel* it. Your own fingertips will tell you that its felt is as soft and lively as a kitten. That combination of softness and liveliness is the sure sign of a truly good hat.

Feel the difference in a MALLORY

the Edgemont

is smartly styled for spring, and its mellow felt combines softness and liveliness for *lasting* good looks. At your Mallory Dealer's today. Cravenetted to ward off spring showers, $10. Other smart Mallory Hats, $8.50 to $20.

MALLORY hats

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MATTHEW S. KACPRZAK, Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert because he prefers a taste and its price.

PA[illegible], New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it's tops for smoo[illegible] tails.

BEST BUYER, Los Angeles, Calif., switched to Calvert when so many of his friends praised it.

RA[illegible]A, New Yo[illegible] switched to Calve[illegible] it tastes better, [illegible] value.

[illegible] F. JOB, All[illegible] J., switched to C[illegible] because it makes a [illegible]ghter highball.

FRANK L. KRUZESKI, St. Paul, Minn., switched to Calvert because Calvert drinks are always mellower.

THEODORE ZIMOWSKI Cicero, Ill., switched to Calvert because it really does taste smoother.

WILEY ESCUE, San Francisco, Calif., switched to Calvert because it makes a favorite drink much better.

LAWRENCE J. DAVIS, Aurora, Colo., switched to Calvert because of its popular price and taste.

BERNARD RITE, Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert because no other brand equals it for value.

MAX [illegible]PER, San Francisco, Calif., switched to Calvert because Calvert does right by mixed drinks.

TOM [illegible]ARRY, Burlington, N[illegible] switched to Calvert because Calvert means quality every time.

C. B. HEVENS, New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because Manhattans made with Calvert excel.

H. W. McCRACKEN, Salt Lake City, Utah, switched to Calvert for smoothness that can't be topped.

CHESTER KUCINSKI, Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert for its smoother, more pleasant taste.

JULIAN LEWIS, New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because he likes its smoother lightness.

NINO ELLINGER, New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because Calvert is a name to rely on always.

FRANK ODDO, Buffalo, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it better suits his moderate taste.

JOHN J. PA[illegible] Newark, N. J., s[illegible] Calvert because [illegible]ste says b[illegible]

GEORGE ASTOR, Haverhill, Mass., switched to Calvert because it makes more delectable cocktails.

...and still more ar[illegible]

GENE RUBIN, [illegible]er City, Calif., switche[illegible] alvert because Calve[illegible] he smoothest blen[illegible]

[illegible]WEISENSEL, [illegible] switched to [illegible] Calvert is [illegible]tter tasting.

JACK BROOKS, Jacksonville, Fla., switched to Calvert because Calvert is milder in any drink.

JOE CLARK, Buffalo, N. Y., switched to Calvert because he and his friends prefer its taste.

GUY A. DAB[illegible] E. St. Louis, Ill., sw[illegible] Calvert because a much smoother

AL STOOPS, St. Louis, Mo., switched to Calvert for its pleasant bouquet and finer flavor.

[illegible]HAREBURN, [illegible] N. Y., switched [illegible] for better ta[illegible] [illegible]manhattans.

HARRY [illegible] [illegible] to Ca[illegible] [illegible] taste.

[illegible]LEY, [illegible] to quite a bit sold [illegible]

Newa[illegible] [illegible]tched to Calver[illegible] Calvert's flavo[illegible] perfectly.

[illegible]SON, Little [illegible] switched to C[illegible]e Calvert taste[illegible] better.

CLINTON [illegible] Middletown, [illegible] to Calvert because [illegible] smoother, [illegible]der d[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] its [illegible]aste.

FRA[illegible]NCATO, Jamaica, [illegible]witched to Calvert [illegible]e it's the smoother [illegible]lest blend.

[illegible] [illegible] Pa[illegible] to [illegible] its [illegible]aste.

EDWA[illegible] Chicago, [illegible] to Calvert [illegible] the smartest [illegible]oy e[illegible] time.

...because Calvert Reserve i[illegible]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Switching to Calvert

HARRY V. HILL,
St. Louis, Mo., switched to Calvert because it offers most quality for the money.

ARTHUR REDA,
Cicero, Ill., switched to Calvert because he likes his whiskey light

WILLIAM V. HENDRIX,
St. Louis, Mo., switched to better tasting Calvert, and switched for keeps

VIC N. BOWEN,
San Francisco, Calif., switched to Calvert because it makes any drink more palatable

FLORIAN ZA BACH,
Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert because there's no better blend than Calvert's

ARTHUR J. BRENNAN,
Beaverton, Ore., switched to Calvert because it's an all-around better whiskey

MOE SCHEER,
Oakland, Calif., switched to Calvert after one taste ... and has stayed switched!

W. S. SILV
Chicago, Ill., swi... Calvert because ... fresh taste is alwa...

HARRY BROWN,
New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it's always smoother, lighter, milder

W. E. WHITE,
Kansas City, Mo., switched because the Calvert name spells q-u-a-l-i-t-y.

JOHN F. JOYCE,
Springfield, Ill., switched to Calvert because it's even smoother than costly whiskey

B. D. McCARTHY,
Merrick, N. Y., switched to Calvert because Calvert has the best name in the business.

BARON HUGO,
Milton, Mass., switched to Calvert because of its finer, prewar quality

HAROLD LACEY,
Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert for its smoothness in cocktails or "neat"

LEWIS F. SCHAFFER,
Baltimore, Md., switched to Calvert because he knows he can count on the Calvert name.

FRED WEATHERLY,
New York, N. Y., switched to Calvert because it's by far the best of the blends.

BERNIE FLYNN,
Spokane, Wash., switched to Calvert because it's the smoothest blend ever made.

THOMAS W. MUTCH,
Boston, Mass., switched to Calvert for its smoothness and is pleased he did!

MORRIS FRIEDMAN,
Beverly Hills, Calif., switched to Calvert because Calvert is uniformly high quality.

ELMER P. HILL,
St. Louis, Mo., switched to Calvert for its better taste, and is glad he did.

ARTH...
Millburn, N... switched to Calvert ... nothing ever chang... quality.

WILLIS HERMAN,
Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert when he found it always smoother, milder.

AL LIBOWITZ,
Baltimore, Md., switched to Calvert because it makes a much finer Old Fashioned.

ALBERT E...
Cranford, N... to Calvert ... today's finest w...

JOSEPH ...Y,
Philadelphia, ... to Calvert ... makes milder, ta... drinks.

...HNSON,
James ... Y., switched to Cal... use no other price... can top it.

ERT N. TAYLOR,
...gton, Del., switched ...lvert because it's so ...ther and smoother.

GEO. H. DIFFENDORFER,
Spokane, Wash., switched to Calvert because it's always the same balanced blend.

THOMAS L. WHITE,
Chicago, Ill., switched to Calvert because he's found it makes milder drinks.

NICHOLAS ABAT...
Baltimore, Md., switche... Calvert because he ... it for smoother dr...

AARON ...
Pittsburgh, Pe... ched to Calvert fo... ower, smoother, ... aste.

...Y R. BOSTON,
...d, C... ...t be... in o...

E. de SOLM...
New Orleans, L... ...d to Calvert beca... ...rt has never change... ...y.

...G,
...d to
...oved
...tter.

Smoother...Mellower...Tastes Better

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

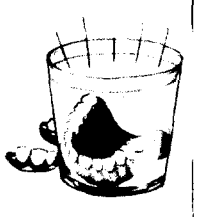
*"A Polident bath always leaves my dental plates clean and fresh tasting. I never worry about Denture Breath. It's wonderful!"

Mr. J. G. W., Kohoka, Mo.

When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

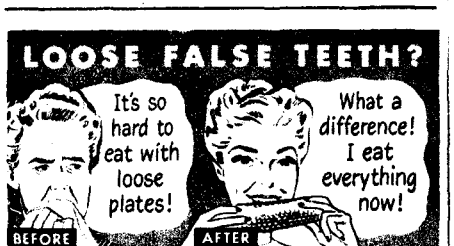
NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.



POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER



Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back POLI-GRIP

Made and guaranteed by **POLIDENT**

Baby Shop and Didy Laundry, Barney was, in his small way, fighting his own temptation in the wilderness. In the bright hard light of day, without liquor or music, with the sound of a thousand diapers whirling in the machines in the next room, he took a good look at his actions and cringed. His ethics were repugnant; his character was crummy.

When he tried figuring out why he felt so bad about it he discovered that he was nuts about the girl. Wallowing in his remorse he asked himself what he was thinking of anyway, courting Patty. She was wealthy and accustomed to elegance and luxuries; he was unemployed, had $847 in the bank and a blighted future in diapers.

When he phoned the Hungerford residence that evening Claude answered.

"You'll do," Barney said. "I want you to tell Patty that I can't make it tonight."

"That's real tough, diaperman."

Too despondent for resentment, Barney said, "Claude, I want to wish you and Patricia every happiness."

After a silence Claude asked: "You drunk?"

"Not any more," Barney said and hung up.

He felt a little better for having done the right thing but not much. He'd just given up the finest female he'd ever known.

In the morning he called Quinn, thanked him kindly for his efforts and withdrew his application. For the next few days a smog of gloom hung over the baby shop and laundry.

ON THE afternoon of the fifth day after Barney's renunciation and purge, two mothers, Mrs. Olson and Mrs. Bell, frequent patrons, were gathered in the baby shop batting the breeze and comparing produce. Barney listened with glum detachment. The door opened and a young woman wearing glasses and toting a baby entered. Upon descrying Barney she exclaimed: "Oh! *There* you are!"

"Patty!" Barney cried. "Harry!"

"So, we've finally run you down," Patty said with evident emotion. "Why did you abandon me and little Harry?"

"Abandon you? Why—"

"You poor kid," Mrs. Olson said. "This man deserted you and the baby?"

"He sure did," Patty said. "High-tailed it out and never came back." She looked from one to the other of the women with the eyes of a sorrowing spaniel. "We thought he loved us."

"Skunk!" said Mrs. Olson to Barney.

"Hey!" Barney said loudly. "Patty, you're giving people the wrong impression. Of course, I loved you, but—"

"Didn't you have the rat trailed?" Mrs. Olson asked.

Patty clutched Harry to her bosom. "He wouldn't marry us," she said.

"One of those hit-and-run guys!" Mrs. Bell said with strong feeling.

"You keep out of this!" Barney yelled and seemed to be looking for exit. "Leave me alone! I hardly know the girl!"

Patty had been studying him, now she approached him. "You just said you loved us, Barney. Is that true?"

"Honest." He stared at her with all the misery of a man in love.

"Swear? You're not just saying that to throw me off?"

"I swear," Barney said. "Why—"

Harry started bawling and Patty dumped him into Barney's arms. "Here, you quiet him." She faced the women. "Thank you for your support. You've been a great help. If you'll excuse us now I'll talk to him alone. Maybe I can persuade him to do the right thing."

The baby in his arms, Barney cried excitedly, "It's a trap! Don't believe her! I'm childless! Please, mothers!"

He was still yelling as Patty backed him into the little office behind the baby shop. She leaned against the door, smiling. "Daddykins!" she said.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

By HOWARD WHITMAN

A million girls, suffering from delusions of glamor, are trying to be a Lana Turner or a Betty Grable, but they don't realize that they are wonderful the way they are, in their own home towns; that beauty is only skin deep, and that attaining the celluloid hall of fame is not necessarily the key to happiness. Mr. Whitman tells about the film capital

In Collier's *next week*

Barney sat down in a swivel chair with Harry. "You'll never get away with it! I'll fight you clear up to the top court!"

"Barney, why did you abandon us?"

Still shaken, Barney said, "What a horrible thing to do to a man!"

"I think I know why you didn't come back and if I'm right I'm proud of you. If I'm wrong you're still the bum I thought you were when I found out you were after a job with Olympic."

Barney shuddered. "You knew that?"

"You made love to me to get it. It was good stuff too. Had me fooled."

"I didn't know until it was too late that my heart was in it," Barney said.

"I could have strangled you in your own didies," Patty said, "but then you didn't come back and didn't come back, so finally I called Mr. Quinn and he said you'd withdrawn your application. I could guess what was going on in your thick handsome head."

Absently stroking Harry's scalp in his agitation, Barney explained, "There's more to it than that, Patty. I couldn't go on using you for my repulsive designs, preying on your sweet, lovely nature—"

Flinching, Patty held up a restraining hand. "Can't you say what you mean without being so corny? You sound like a soap opera when you get wound up." She smiled at him. "I certainly do like you though and I want you to be mine. Try to give me a straightforward answer in one word."

"I was insane in the first place," Barney said and began scratching Harry behind the ears, "to think of mar—of taking you out. I'm just a diaper drummer. No dough, no job, nothing. While you're up to your bustle in gold, used to fine things, furs—"

PATTY said, "There you go again. Is what's holding you back the idea that you haven't any money and I have? Answer me—yes or no?"

"Well, yes."

"I'm going to tell you something, O'Hare. My old man runs a hardware store in Topeka. Until a few months ago I worked in it. Then my sister invited me out here for the summer. She just happened to marry a man who's become a success. That make you feel better?" She came closer. "Now, I'll thank you to park that infant somewhere and let a lady sit down."

Barney put Harry in the invoice basket and Patty sat on his lap.

"Let me continue," Patty said. "Clark Hungerford got home yesterday and I told him about you and he called Quinn and Quinn recommended you highly and told him a lot of fine things. They compared your multiengine hours and all that with Claude's, and Clark said to hire you if you still wanted the job. So now you're a copilot and ought to have enough money for three."

"Three?"

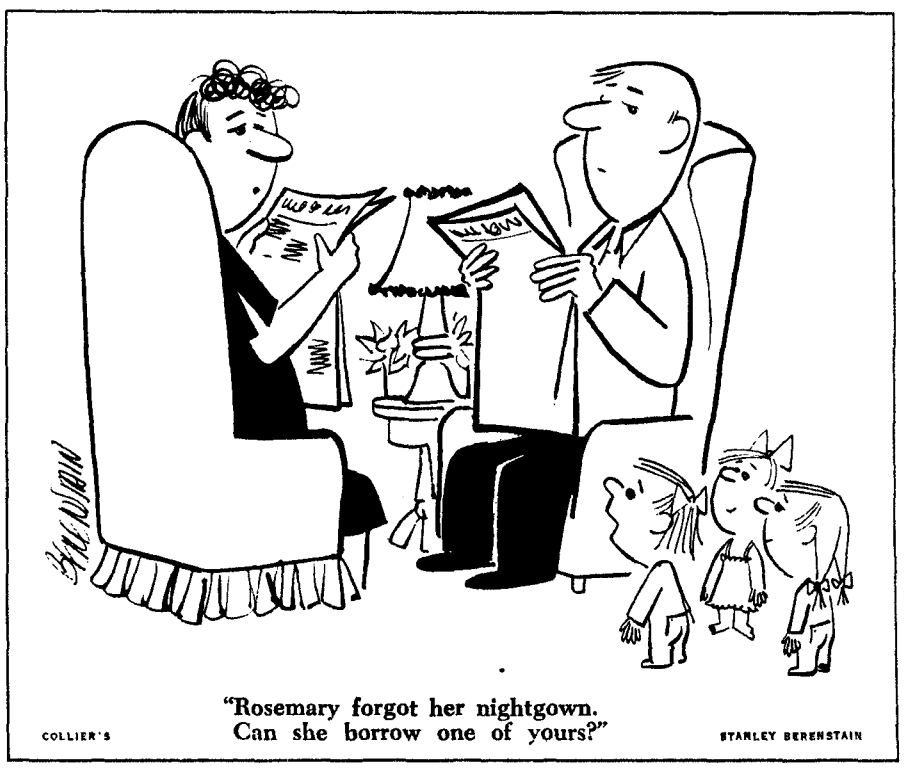
"We got to have a replacement for Harry, don't we? He brought us together, bless his heart."

"I had the idea that you didn't care much for him," Barney said carefully. "Not that I mind."

"In many ways, Barney dear, education stopped at your ears and never went in. Of course, I love Harry, but he's not my baby and if you had spent as much time with him as I did, changing him, feeding him, listening to him howl, you'd be a little more realistic about him. Can't you understand that yet?"

Barney turned his head and looked at Harry. The child was enrapturedly tearing up invoices. Barney just smiled. "I'm beginning to see what you mean," he said.

"Well," Patty said, "now that everything is fixed up do you want me to take off my glasses?"



"Rosemary forgot her nightgown. Can she borrow one of yours?"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CALIFORNIA CALLS THE DOCTOR

Continued from page 56

charging people in the $3,000-a-year income group. The large majority run from $5 to $100, but as much as $200 is allowed for some 22 major operations, such as those for spinal fusion with bone graft, laryngectomies, kidney incisions and other difficult procedures that call for top-flight skill and experience.

But physicians may not collect the full amounts set down in the fee schedule. Because the Californians had the advantage of being able to study the fate of similar plans in other states, they have learned what *not* to do. Having noted that many of these plans went broke by guaranteeing doctors a fixed sum, the CPS *limits its obligations to current funds.*

At the end of each month all receipts are divided into two parts: one to take care of administrative expenses and the other for service rendered. If the total of the latter is not sufficient to meet medical and surgical charges, the doctors get only their pro rata share of the money on hand.

This policy gives the CPS its firm financial foundation.

In the ten years of the organization's existence its doctor members have collectively taken losses in reduced fees amounting to $3,000,000. At first there was a good deal of complaint, but now the doctors have come to realize that they are actually ahead of the game when everything is considered. The plan does away with collection costs, and in general practice 25 per cent of patients' bills are never paid anyhow.

The CPS is blessed by a lack of red tape. Neither a physical examination nor a health statement is required for membership, and there are no complicated forms and claim blanks to be filled out. When ill or injured, a member simply goes to a doctor and presents his identification card. At the end of the month the physicians and hospitals send in their bills.

As the method of recruiting members and collecting dues that would be quickest and require the least bookkeeping, the CPS started out with the requirement that any group of employees wishing to join had to be composed of a minimum of five persons.

Now that a sufficient enrollment has been reached, the plan is experimenting with individual contracts, with certain restrictions. If this idea proves practical a drive will be made for every Californian in the $3,000 income bracket.

Labor Hostility Overcome

Meanwhile, a force of 72 trained salesmen travel the length and breadth of the state, not overlooking small shops and stores but concentrating on large-scale employers. Organized labor, hostile at the outset, has been won over through the work of a Labor Relations Division headed by a former high union official, who goes from local to local, explaining and exhorting.

Industries and metropolitan areas, however, are not the sole concern of the CPS. Even in early years the trustees gave thought to the rural districts, but it was not until 1945 that they felt able to approach the California Grange with an offer of health protection for its farmers and their families, representing a total of 75,000 persons. Today, adequate medical care is available to the most remote mountain ranch.

Signing up the powerful farm organization was a long forward step, but the biggest boost for the plan has been its contractual arrangement with the Veterans Administration. This came about as the result of a situation that had been burdening the V.A. with heavy and seemingly unnecessary expense, and working a hardship on every ailing veteran. As the law made no adequate provision for home-town treatment, even in cases of minor illness, ex-servicemen were compelled to journey to a veterans' hospital. Since there are only eight in huge California, the travel distance was often as much as 250 miles.

Eager to remedy this, Dr. Paul R. Hawley, then the able chief medical director of the V.A., decided to take a look at the California Physicians' Service, and after thorough study was sufficiently satisfied to draw up a contract.

Under its terms the CPS handles all cases not requiring surgery or hospitalization, so that veterans are now treated in their own home towns, and by their own physicians.

Unfair Tax Ruling Defeated

What makes the growth of the CPS the more remarkable is the rocky road that it has had to travel. As if birth pains were not enough, in the very first year antagonistic state officials ruled that the plan was just another insurance scheme, and therefore subject to a tax of 2.6 per cent on total income. The legal battle raged until 1946, when the Supreme Court of California held that the service was truly a nonprofit medical and hospital plan, and *not* taxable.

From the moment that its success was assured, the CPS turned its attention to the national medical service problem and the Wagner-Murray-Dingle bill. CPS trustees realized that socialized medicine would remain a constant threat unless the medical profession, as a whole, put itself behind a countermovement that would work for necessary reforms. In the early months of 1946, therefore, California, together with eight other states that had well-established plans, went before the American Medical Association with a plea for aggressive action.

The AMA decided, in a resultant resolution, "to proceed as promptly as possible with the development of a specific national health program with emphasis on the nation-wide organization of locally administered prepayment plans sponsored by medical societies." The sum of $25,000 was advanced as a promotional fund, whereupon the nine states formed the Blue Shield plan and set about selling the idea from coast to coast.

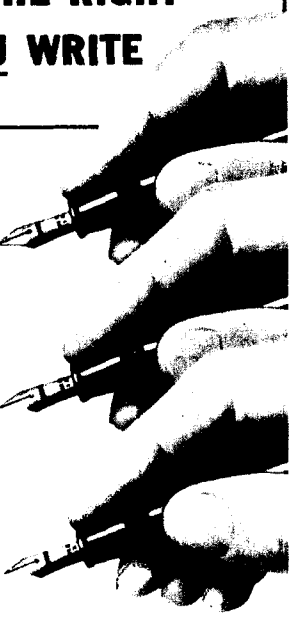
Today 42 states have prepaid medical service plans that provide for treatment, surgery and hospitalization on a strictly voluntary basis at a cost well within the means of the average wage earner, and it is only a question of time before the other six states will fit themselves for membership.

Already the Blue Shield is compiling statistical data on actuarial experience, and standardizing contract provisions, enrollment regulations, rate structures and other details of operation. When the goals of uniformity and reciprocity have been reached, large-scale employers with branches in every state will be able to purchase prepaid medical care for their employees without being forced to reconcile varying procedures, and membership in one plan will entitle the wage earner to the benefits of all.

Whatever the outcome, from now on the proponents of socialized medicine are in for a battle up and down the line. With a voluntary plan in operation in every state, the medical profession will meet the issue with a solid formation—a setup vastly different from the old disorganized reactionary force that championed the outworn traditions of a vanished day.

Esterbrook®

THE FOUNTAIN PEN WITH THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

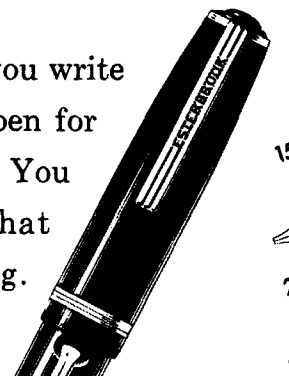


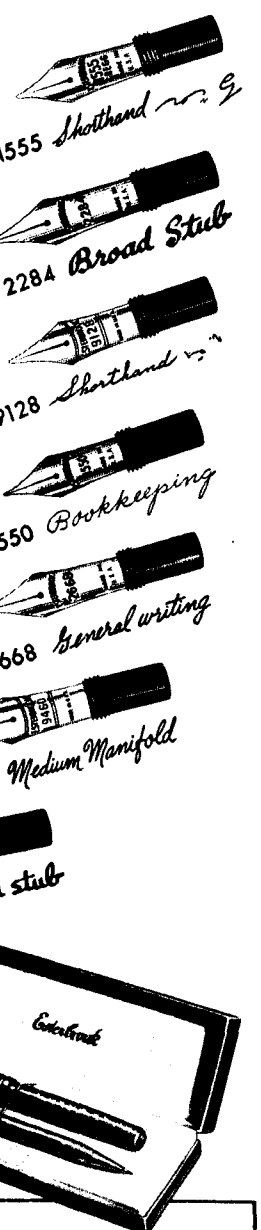
Vivid, Bold
Written With Point No. 2968

neat and precise
Written With Point No. 2556

Sweeping and fluid
Written With Point No. 9048

No matter how you write—the right fountain pen for you is an Esterbrook. You choose the point that matches your writing. You even screw this personal point into the pen yourself!





TO SELECT OR REPLACE ..... HERE'S ALL YOU DO

In case of damage you can replace your favorite point yourself—by number—instantly—at any pen counter.

Matched Pen and Pencil Set

Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Variety for the Meat Menu

MOST Americans pay too little attention these high-priced days to the attractive gastronomical possibilities of the so-called variety meats like liver, heart and sweetbreads. They are wonderful, as any gourmet will tell you. They can be cooked with utter simplicity, which is perhaps the most sophisticated type of cooking there is—and the hardest to do well. They take kindly to fine sauces.

Variety meats are richer in vitamins and minerals than muscle meats and are generally less expensive. Yet they go begging in butcher shops and sometimes aren't even carried because of the lack of demand for them. This is probably because before variety meats are made ready for cooking they are not particularly appetizing to look at, and some of them can be a nuisance to prepare. They have to be cleaned and relieved of fibers and tissues.

A new line of ready-to-cook, quick-frozen variety meats, just coming on the market, should help remove such prejudice. All are cleaned, good to look at, easily cooked and delicious. Pictures of some of them appear at the bottom of these pages. As you will see, not all of those shown are strictly in the variety group.

Good, simple cooking instructions are printed on the 12-ounce to two-pound packages for all quick-frozen meats.

The recipes I give you here show what added ingredients and fine sauces can do to give variety and interest to the cooking of variety meats.

All Recipes Serve Four

If you wish to receive these Frozen Meats recipes printed on file cards, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Food Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DRAWINGS BY FRED IRVIN

BEEF SWEETBREAD-MUSHROOM SOUFFLÉ

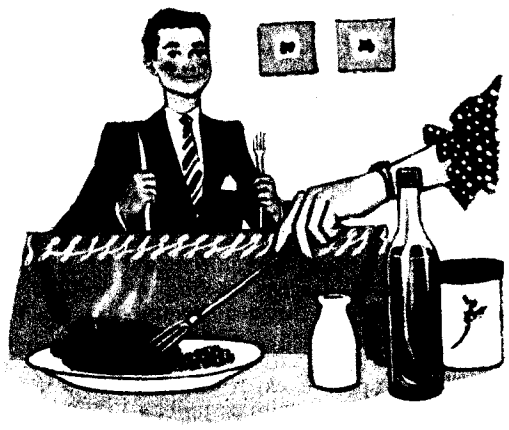
1 pkg. beef sweetbreads; 2 Tbsp. butter or margarine; 2 Tbsp. flour; 1 cup cream; ½ Tbsp. grated onion; 1 Tbsp. minced parsley; salt and pepper; 4 eggs, separated; 1 Tbsp. lemon juice; 1 lb. mushrooms. Mince prepared sweetbreads. Slice half the mushrooms, very thin. Combine the butter, melted, flour and cream, blend and cook until thickened. Add minced sweetbreads, sliced mushrooms and egg yolks, which have been beaten until light and lemon-colored. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into first mixture. Add lemon juice. Pour into well-buttered and floured ring mold. Set mold in pan of hot water and bake at 350 degrees for 45-50 minutes. Invert mold; place the whole mushrooms, which have been sautéed in butter or margarine, in center of mold.

LAMB HEART PAPRIKA

1 pkg. lamb hearts; seasoned flour; 1 medium onion; butter or margarine; ½ cup water; ½ pint sour cream; 1 Tbsp. paprika. Cover hearts with seasoned flour. Fry quickly with sliced onion, in butter or margarine. Add water and simmer for one hour. Add the sour cream and the paprika and heat over a low flame until the cream is heated through. Serve over either Spanish Rice or plain rice.

PORK TENDERLOIN SLICES IN CREAM

1 pkg. pork tenderloin slices; salt and pepper; flour; bacon fat; 1 cup heavy cream; 2 Tbsp. dry sherry. Season the slices with salt and pepper, and dredge with flour. Fry them quickly in bacon fat until they are a good brown. Add cream and sherry and cook over low heat until the cream is heated through and the pork is cooked (about 20 minutes).



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LAZARNICK

LAMB LIVER

OXTAIL

VEAL SWEETBREADS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get more spice into your menu with variety meats—the livers, sweetbreads and other delicious items that are now being marketed in handy, frozen packages

By CHARLOTTE ADAMS

OXTAIL STEW

1 pkg. oxtail joints; seasoned flour; 2 Tbsp. fat; 1 medium onion; 1 carrot; ½ medium green pepper; cheesecloth bag containing 1 garlic clove, 2 stalks celery, 1 sprig parsley, 1 bay leaf; ½ cup stewed tomatoes; ¼ cup white wine; 1½ cups beef stock; salt and pepper. Roll oxtail joints in seasoned flour. Brown in fat. Add onion (halved), carrot (quartered) and green pepper in strips. Cook over low heat for 10 minutes. Add cheesecloth bag, tomatoes, wine and stock. Season with salt and pepper. Simmer 3 hours. Remove fat. Put oxtail on heated platter. Force sauce through a strainer. Add up to 1½ cups of thick cream sauce with 2 Tbsp. grated onion in it, and pour over oxtail. Garnish the platter with 4 small onions; ½ lb. peas; ½ lb. lima beans; 2 quartered carrots and ½ lb. mushrooms, which have been cooked separately.

VEAL SWEETBREADS AND PEPPERS

1 pkg. veal sweetbreads; seasoned flour; 2 Tbsp. coarsely chopped green pepper; butter or margarine; 2 Tbsp. butter or margarine; 2 Tbsp. flour; 1 cup light cream; salt and freshly ground pepper. Boil sweetbreads 25 minutes. Drain and cool. Dip in seasoned flour. Fry in butter or margarine with green peppers until sweetbreads are golden brown. Serve at once with sauce made thus: Melt the 2 Tbsp. butter or margarine; remove from stove and blend in flour. Return to stove and add cream. Stir constantly until thickened. Season to taste with salt and freshly ground pepper.

LAMB LIVER ITALIENNE

1 pkg. lamb liver; 3 onions, sliced thin; salt; pepper; flour and 3 Tbsp. dry red wine. Fry the sliced onions in butter or margarine until nicely browned. Remove from pan and keep hot. Dredge slices of lamb liver in flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry quickly on both sides in pan in which onions were cooked. Remove liver slices to hot platter. Add wine to pan and stir in onions. When thoroughly heated, pour gravy over liver slices and arrange onions in little mounds around the platter.

BAKED LAMB LIVER

1 pkg. lamb liver; salt and pepper; 1 medium onion; 1½ cups stewed tomatoes (canned or fresh); ½ tsp. chili powder; ½ tsp. basil; bread crumbs; grated Parmesan cheese; butter or margarine. Cut liver into 1-inch slices. Mix chili and basil with tomatoes. Butter baking dish. Lay three slices of liver in it. Add salt and pepper, a few thin slices of onion, and a layer of tomato. Continue layering until all ingredients are used up. Top with bread crumbs and cheese. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake for one hour in a 350-degree oven.

PORK CUTLETS DIABLO

1 pkg. pork cutlets; 3 Tbsp. chili sauce; 1½ Tbsp. lemon juice; 1 Tbsp. grated onion; ¼ tsp. dry mustard; 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce; ¼ tsp. curry powder; ½ tsp. salt; ¼ tsp. pepper; ½ cup tomato juice. Place pork cutlets in marinade made of the chili sauce, lemon juice, grated onion, mustard, Worcestershire, curry powder, salt and pepper and allow to stand at room temperature for one hour. Drain and wipe cutlets, reserving marinade. Brown cutlets in hot skillet with a little butter or margarine. Add tomato juice to marinade and heat. Pour over cutlets and place dish in 350-degree oven, covered, and bake a half hour, or until tender.

BEEF SWEETBREADS

LAMB HEARTS

PORK TENDERLOIN SLICES

Collier's for February 26, 1949

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THINGS REMEMBERED

Continued from page 50

make the same mistake twice. Len would have been best for you, if Aud hadn't got in your head. Oh, Lord, there's your mother and I've got to get home."

Mrs. Kilrain came through the back door and watched Grace Smith's back disappear down the front porch steps. "That girl," she said disparagingly. She was hot, she was cross and she knew, Della realized, that Aud Brett was in town. She put her packages on the kitchen table. "Every man around here chased her. I wouldn't want to be her husband, thinkin' about that." She opened the cupboard to stir the tin pans around aimlessly. "I wish you'd quit stringing Len McIntyre along."

Della's answer was soft. "You shouldn't worry."

"I'll worry till you're married," retorted Mrs. Kilrain. She left the kitchen and slammed the bedroom door behind her. From the kitchen window Della watched the men working at the broken wagon. Brett, buried to his waist in the creek, put a shoulder to the wagon and shoved at it, while a string of horses pulled from the shore.

And, she thought, you come tonight. She wanted to see what was in him now, to discover if their breakup and his departure from town had been the tragedy it had seemed. If he had grown into another rough, hard-drinking teamster, if the look in his eyes had changed and the old smile gone—then she could manage a tolerant laughter at her youthful foolishness; then she'd be free.

DIRECTLY after supper, Len McIntyre came, his gray suit shedding the dry, pleasing odors of the drugstore. He sat on the steps in the loose folded-up way of a tall man, arms over knees and shoulders slouched, and smoked his evening cigar. He was a good-looking man. He said, "There'll be a line-up of freight outfits clear back to the rim grade before that bridge is fixed."

She rose. "I want to go look at it." She waited in the yard for him to rise. He sat still a moment longer than usual, his eyes studying her across the shadows, and then he got up and traveled beside her, along the walk to the main street and toward the bridge. The road's soft deep dust squealed beneath her shoes like silk rubbed together.

The creek threaded its way through the collapsed bridge. Near by, the campfire of Audrey Brett's freight outfit burned a ragged orange glare in the twilight. She heard the men talking—the drowsy, grumbling, incomplete talk of tired men. She reached for a chunk of gravel and threw it into the creek. "I don't remember when this was built."

"Long time ago. In the sixties. My father drove stage then."

She heard the idle striking of steps and saw Aud Brett cut across the fire. He came on until he was within arm's reach. He was much heavier—hard work had filled in the youthful lank places, his shoulders were square and his neck solid. His teeth had the same remembered whiteness when he smiled, his voice carried its same easy tone. "I broke your bridge, Della, Hello, Len."

"Going to fix it?" asked Len.

"If I can find a couple trees to use for stringers."

"You'll have a time," said Len.

"I always have a time," said Aud Brett. "Bad or good, the things that happen to me are always large." Well, there was a change after all, for in the lighthearted swinging of his words she heard the humbling of two years. "Men that work with their hands have got to be beat over the head to learn anything." His shoulders turned, he bent toward her. "How've you been?"

His own impulse had brought him over here, and it pleased her to know that some of that power remained with her. She answered him in the roundabout way which once had been their manner of talking. "Still sitting under the apple tree, Aud."

He smiled; a chuckle rustled up from his deep chest. "Workin' here today, I remembered I taught you to swim off this bridge."

"You threw me in."

"It was only four feet deep, and I was right there—and you learned." A sudden linking of memory took him to something else. "Where's Mrs. Keen now?"

"Oh, Aud," she murmured in half laughter, "how could you think of that? She's over in Mitchell, teaching. You'd better get dry and do some drinking in Pendexter's before your shoulder stiffens on you." It was his left shoulder she touched with the lightly moving point of through the chute with his men if he wanted to handle them. "Jimmy," he said, "lay out that Colonel Grant if you got any left, and what's happened around here?"

"Huntin' birds in the fall, chasin' women in the winter. Same as always."

"That so?" said Brett, and tried the Colonel Grant.

"You didn't take all the fun with you," said Jimmy Pendexter.

"I didn't take any, Jimmy. I left it all behind me. Right here."

"Had any good fights since Rob Starkey licked you?"

"So he did," said Audrey Brett, and felt no malice in the recollection. He smiled at Jimmy Pendexter. "Where's he now?"

"Out Cherry Creek, ranchin'. His old man died and left him the place." The saloon man folded his thin hands on the bar and let his agate eyes search Brett.

"These kids aren't serious like we were, Fred. Why, there's a crazy one in our office—fancies himself as Frank Sinatra—!"

"Don't you remember when they called George 'Sheik' McClure? He used to dress like Rudolph Valentino—wore his hair pompadour—!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

her finger. Her laughter rose again. "You recall? Let's go back, Len."

At the house she settled on the steps and motioned toward Len to sit beside her, but he stood back to watch her with his quiet temper ruffled.

"No," he said, "I'm going home."

"Len," she said, regretting his embarrassment, "I'm sorry."

"It's never stopped, has it? Will it ever stop?"

"I'll know soon," she said.

"I can wait a little while," he said. "I'm good at it."

BRETT'S crew drifted toward Pendexter's while he remained by the fire to dry himself. McIntyre—that was a strange way for Della to end up; he thought of McIntyre with the puzzled interest of a lively man for one who had never run with the crowd. What was there in McIntyre for her?

Her lips were moist warm velvet whose sensation came at him as though it were only last night and made the two years of absence seem impossible. He thought of Mrs. Kilrain's voice stridently rising to call Della back from the darkness. Mrs. Kilrain had disliked him.

He left the fire and joined his men in Pendexter's. Ten dry days lay behind them, and this hard day's work. They were going to get drunk and tomorrow he would have a cranky outfit on his hands. He laid his chest against the bar, smiling at Pendexter; since leaving this town he had learned a boss had to go

"Always wondered. Was it the lickin' that made you leave here?"

Aud Brett raised his glance with a show of clear surprise. "Jimmy, I thought you knew me better. When a man likes to fight he gets a lot of offers; and I was fool enough to like it then, and never refused one. I took a licking once in a while, but I never was ashamed and never held a grudge. That's not why I left."

"Why, then?"

"Ah," said Aud Brett, his eyes dancing with their sharp humor, "I know you, Jimmy. The town's a puzzle you've been putting together for thirty years, but there's a piece missing—the reason for my leaving—and it aggravates you. The hell with you, though the Colonel Grant's still good." He finished his glass, feeling the nudge of an elbow at his back; he turned to give this other customer an extra bit of room, and met the man's unhappy stare. "You the one that busted the bridge? You got my wagon hung up. A day lost. Damned fine notion."

"Two days, maybe three."

"Damned fine notion."

"Don't thank me," said Brett, all at ease. "I'd do it for anybody."

The stranger looked at him and said, "I don't like the way you throw it back at me."

"Man," said Brett in quietest humor, "catch me when I feel more like fighting."

Malarkey, who had been watching from the saloon's doorway said at once, "You don't want him, I do."

"He's sober and we're drunk. That's unequal. First see that he has liquor enough, Bat."

Malarkey and the other three closed around the man at once. The man said, "Now, men—" Audrey Brett's great laugh sailed across the room; he left the saloon and followed the walk around the corner and onward to the Kilrain house. She was on the porch alone, waiting.

He waited at the gate for her invitation but it didn't come and then he thought: She's married to Len. But if she were married she would be in McIntyre's house instead of here.

HE WENT in and let himself down beside her; the night's light made its stilled and diminished reflection in her eyes; a smile lay motionless along her mouth. "Della, it's a long time back."

Her laugh went around him like a thin cool puff of night wind. "Where've you been?"

"All over. You going to marry Len?"

"Maybe."

He rubbed his two great fists together with a patience strange to her; he had not been patient before. "He's got the store now? When I was here I never thought much about him. The hell in me wasn't in him. The steady ones go where they're going, but men like me spend half their lives settling down, and then it's too late." He pointed to a corner of the yard. "Where's the swing?"

"The rope rotted away."

"I saw Grace for a minute. Hard to think she'd got a baby girl." His laughter was a gusty barrel-tone from his throat. "And when the baby's grown, Grace'll tell her not to do all the things she did. Where's Barge Stone?"

"He's got a little ranch, and a ferry, over in the Clarno. Sukie married him."

He said, "Teaming back and forth I see some of the crowd now and then. Bill Pogue's bartending in The Dalles. Ed Cochran rides a mail route out of Maupin. He ever marry Fay?"

"No, Fay went bad."

"Ed could have stopped that. That began—" He was quiet, searching back; small lines came around his eyes and, young as he was, she saw that he had learned to understand people, for his smile was soft. "That began on the hay ride we all took to the upper rim. Five years ago. They got lost and Fay's people made too much out of it."

"She was a little wild, Aud."

"So were we all. But all that fire and fuss everybody worried about in us—it's turned into married people with youngsters. It's turned out mostly fine. Not Fay. Not Clark Gaves—he's in the pen. But the rest of you—" He shook his head. "It makes me old."

"Was it the fight with Rob Starkey that made you go?"

"A funny thing. Jimmy asked that too. Was I the kind of a kid I didn't think I was—couldn't take what I gave out?"

"I only wondered."

"I had a lot of ideas, all of them too big for me I know now. But it wasn't the licking that sent me on." Then he was quiet, searching himself, and he presently said, "I'll have to think about that. If I wasn't the boy I thought I was, maybe I'm not the man I think I am."

He tilted his head aside, openly admiring her. He laid his hands on her waist and gently swung her toward him, and kissed her and waited for some kind of an answer to come back; but even though she remained still, she seemed to elude him, until it was as though they were falling through space, he above her and never able to catch up. He rose and walked to the foot of the steps. "You mentioned my shoulder. Why?"

"You were going through without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Today's Acute Shortage of Aged Whiskies

COMPARE BACK LABELS AND YOU'LL BUY SCHENLEY

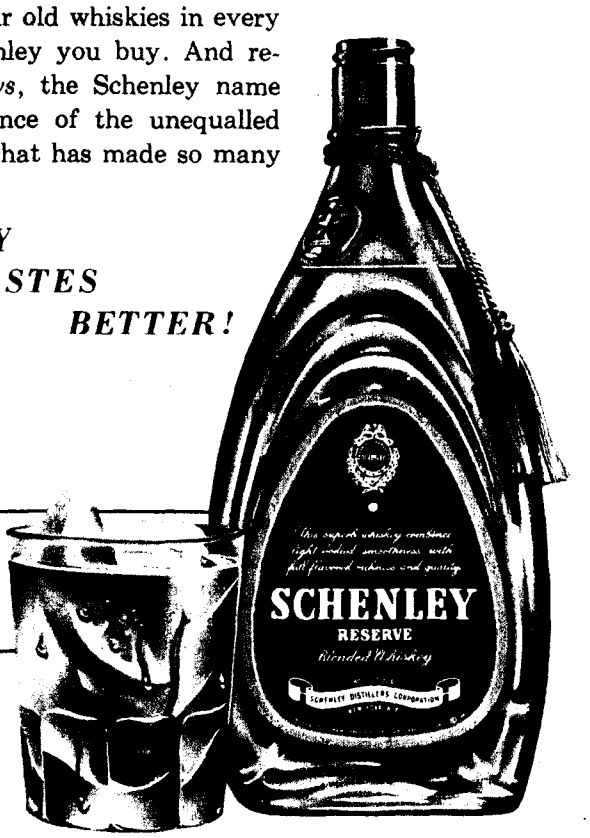
From the world's largest reserve of quality aged, American, pre-war whiskies, Schenley continues to give you the same rich measure of 5, 6 and 7 year old whiskies*

PRE-WAR QUALITY WHISKEY
BLENDED WITH
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS, INC.
SCHENLEY, PA.
BLENDED WHISKEY
86 PROOF
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE
5 YEARS OR MORE OLD 35% STRAIGHT WHISKEY
65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 10% STRAIGHT
WHISKEY 5 YEARS OLD 21% STRAIGHT WHISKEY
6 YEARS OLD 4% STRAIGHT WHISKEY
7 YEARS OLD

The back label proves SCHENLEY'S PRE-WAR QUALITY

Look at the label on the back of *any* bottle before you buy. It's this *back label* that tells you the age of the whiskey you hold in your hand. The *Schenley Back Label* is proof that you are getting the same rich measure of 5, 6, and 7 year old whiskies in every bottle of Schenley you buy. And remember, *always*, the Schenley name is your assurance of the unequalled blending skill that has made so many millions agree:

SCHENLEY TASTES BETTER!



Join the millions who enjoy mild friendly Schenley—friendly to your taste

*RARE PRE-WAR QUALITY BLENDED WHISKEY

The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 35% straight whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof. 10% straight whiskey 5 years old. 21% straight whiskey 6 years old. 4% straight whiskey 7 years old. Copr. 1948, Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stopping. I wanted to see what you were like."

"Well," he said, "when the old crowd asks, you can tell them Aud Brett—the kid that wanted to be boss—turned into a teamster kicking around eastern Oregon, sleeping on the ground."

"It wouldn't come to me to say exactly that," she said.

He said, "We were close once."

"Yes. Once." . . .

He turned over the meadow to the campfire and crouched down, the fire's livid ashes darkening his face to an oiled bronze. The creek's current struck the fallen stringers of the bridge with a liquid clucking. The earth was quiet and the lamps of town were winking from their scattered places. What came to him so clearly was the remembered warmth of Della, the intense belonging that wrapped them together. How could a thing like that go? He thought: I have caused her trouble enough. If it's Len she wants, I've got to stay away from her.

He heard his teamsters tramping down the road, their voices blurred and easy. They came to the fire, half drunk, the salty discontent settled, the smarting memories dulled. Bat Malarkey said, "Women you knew all gone?"

"All gone. Heaven ain't here any more."

FROM her window in the pearl-gray sunless hour of dawn, Della watched him go far down the creek until he was a shape without detail, and crouch to shave, and strip to swim; and her eyes followed him as his hustling walk carried him back to breakfast at the campfire. He had been so careless as a younger man, but somewhere he had learned to be a good boss.

Two men began to pry away the broken stringers of the bridge while the rest of the crew worked the great iron chunk of machinery slowly up from the ground, building a cradle beneath it. Her glance followed him faithfully and steadily around; he lent his weight to the crew working on the machinery, the strain of his heaving so evident that her body grew rigid with him.

She moved to the kitchen and laid her hands on the table; her mouth was flushed and heavy against the summer dusting of her face, its corners minutely unsettled by the rapid shift of her thoughts. Mrs. Kilrain watched these signs with fretful dislike.

"I'm inviting him for supper," Della said.

The protest came furiously from Mrs. Kilrain. "He left you flat. You're a nice girl till you think of him, then you're a she-devil. I hate it."

Della said, "You've forgotten." She turned into the bedroom and put on a skirt and a low-necked white blouse with short sleeves. She looked into the mirror and experimentally swung the upper part of her body, watching the curves of it stir and reshape themselves; her eyes met the eyes in the mirror with a bright head-on hope.

She left the house for the butcher's and while she waited in the shop she faced the doorway and watched Aud Brett in front of the blacksmith's. He had a long stick of lumber laid across a pair of sawbucks, along which he traveled with a hatchet, rounding it down. She took the T-bones from Rudy and crossed over to Brett. "What's that for?"

"New tongue," he said. He had peeled off his shirt; from waist up his flannel undershirt lay tight against the elastic muscles of his body. His neck was burned dark brown as far as the edges of the undershirt, the pale whiteness of his skin showing below. Sweat beaded his face. He nodded at the packages in her arms. "You still make those potatoes with onions and peppers in 'em?"

"They'll be on the table for you tonight."

His wide smile came; it was a white flash of confidence in the bright day. But soberness followed soon after and for an instant she saw him exactly as his eighth-grade picture—in the top drawer of her bureau—showed him to be: grave and uncertain as he looked directly into the camera with some very young and very nice thought in his mind. He said, "You want this town to start talking again?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Six o'clock," she said, and went on. She saw Grace Smith come along the walk from the frayed-out end of the side street; she waited on the porch for Grace to turn in. Grace said, "What have you got there?"

"His supper."

Grace Smith's glance made its swift darts here and there over Della's face. "Was it any different? Did you wear that blouse?"

Della said nothing.

"You'll break before he does."

Della shook her head and a small-girl faithfulness was a thick shining in her eyes. Grace Smith made a gesture of resignation. "If only you didn't think that there was just one man. That's what traps you—" But there was no answer from Della and Grace Smith said, "Oh, Della, I'm so awfully sorry. You are going to break your heart." . . .

Aud Brett carefully dressed down the new tongue, bolted on the iron fittings, and carried it back to the wagon. It was five o'clock then, and work and heat left him tired. He walked far down the creek for his swim, coming from the water with great hunger and liveliness, and for a moment he stood by the creek to search the roundabout barren hills with his glance, trying to remember where there was a scattered tree or two. The bridge stringers made him a hard problem.

Then he walked to Pendexter's for his drink, realizing that Jimmy Pendexter was an old man now whose flesh was settling into its final wrinkling. The knowledge saddened him; it was change and loss, destroying something he had grown up with. It made him older, too. He turned out of Pendexter's and walked to the Kilrain house.

She was on the porch, in a gray skirt and a white shirtwaist which made her look exactly like the girl he had waited for in front of the schoolhouse. Her smile came, the well-remembered smile, and he waited for her voice to draw him on with its eagerness; but her words were only pleasant. "Come in, Aud." Throughout the meal he had the notion that she watched him from a great distance.

AFTER supper, in the graying twilight, he sat on the porch steps beside her and felt loss go through him like an empty wind. He laid his hard hands together with a pushing force. "I shouldn't have come back at all."

"Why, Aud?"

"When a man's away from his home town he remembers it as it was, never thinking it will change. It's good to have something solid to fall back on."

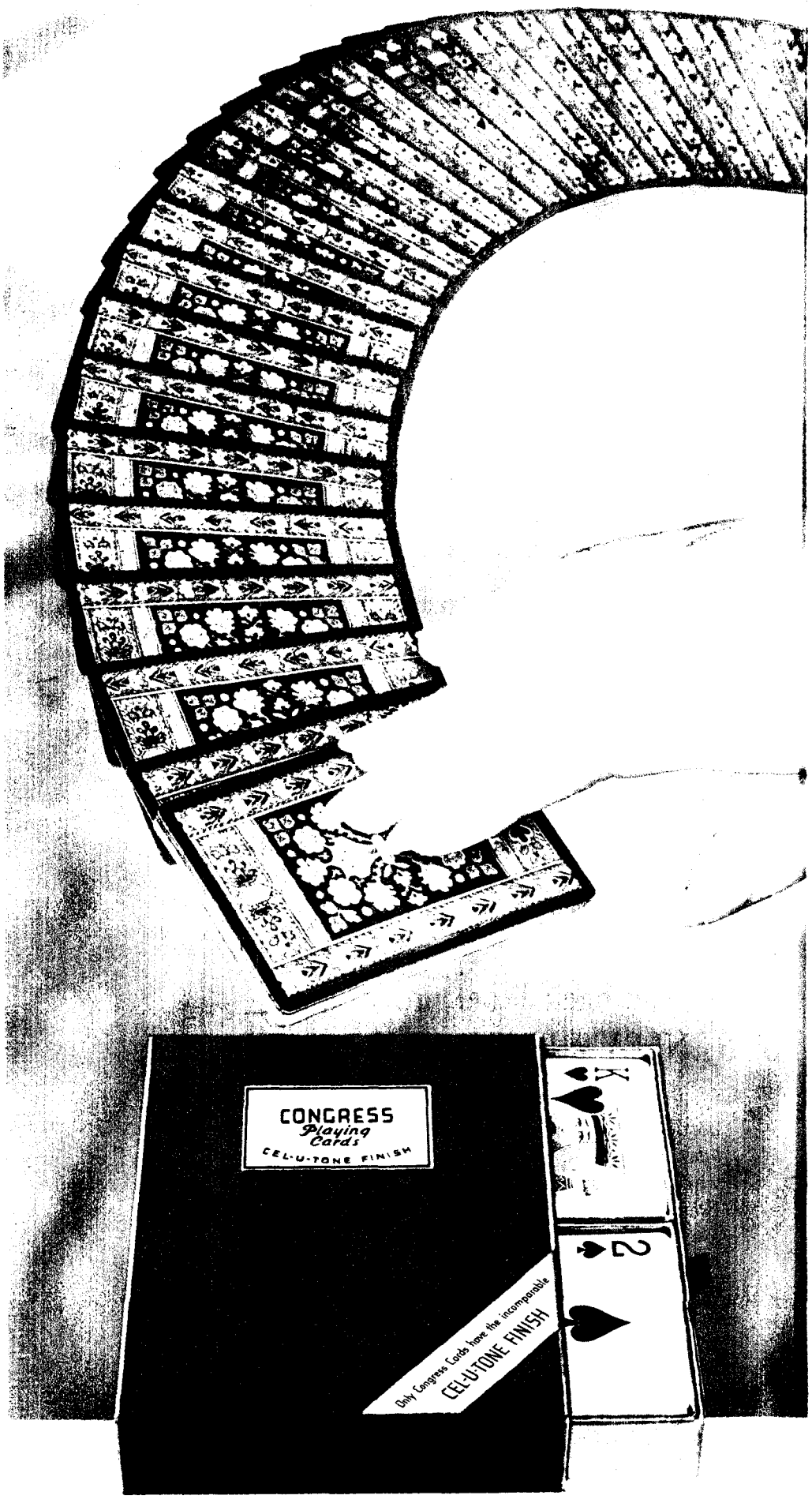
"What's changed the most—you or the town?"

"I'll have to think about that," he said quietly. "You want to know why I left? It was the Starkey fight. I had nothing except pride in being able to whip nearly anybody and after Starkey knocked my brains out in front of Pendexter's I didn't have a thing. I remember I said to myself I'd go somewhere and make a million dollars, and come back." He let it ride a moment and added, "I come back a teamster."

"A wagon boss," she said.

He was silent. She watched the various memories, good and bad, make their small changing tides of expression on his face. He said, "Well, it was a good time. We owned this town once—you and I."

"Found your trees?"



A new perfection in playing cards!

♣ Just spreading the deck . . . you'll *feel* the difference! No other cards can have this smoother "slip" . . . this livelier "snap."

The secret? *Their special* CEL-U-TONE *finish, now brought to a new perfection by exclusive extra processes.* This lustrous, satin-smooth surface resists soil and smudge . . . to give Congress Playing Cards an ease of handling . . . an unrivalled *feel* of luxury. There's a *look* of luxury, too, in their jewel-like colors . . . in the silver and golden gleam of their edges.

You can pay no greater compliment to your guests than to open a fresh pack of Congress Cards. The United States Playing Card Co., makers of famous Congress and Bicycle Cards, Dept. 22, Cincinnati 12, Ohio.

ONLY CONGRESS CARDS HAVE THE INCOMPARABLE
CEL-U-TONE FINISH

HAVE YOU PLAYED OKLAHOMA? It's the rage! For free instructions and rules, just send a self-addressed stamped envelope to address shown at left.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No," he said. He was long still, his chest growing thicker, his whole shape seeming to lift to the thing he had in his mind; she watched this change, knowing that he was making himself face something. He said, "I'm not interfering. I only want to know. Is Len enough?"

"Yes," she said. "He'll know me better."

"Will he know about the storm you like to walk under and the fire that's got to be bright, and all the fun and foolishness? Will he do for that, Della?"

"Maybe," she said.

He listened to her answer and his shoulders settled. "Well, then, that's it," he said. "And I remember where I'll get my two trees. The two down in the hollow at the west end of Rob Starkey's place, where we used to have our picnics." He rose, turning to look down upon her, to watch her closely. "You remember?"

"Yes," she said.

"If a thing's done with, it's better all done with—wiped clean away."

She said, "Cut the trees. Will that wipe it away? The campfire spot's still a mark on the ground."

"The rains will take care of that."

"Can the rains wash through your head, Aud?"

"I guess," he said, "I left my claw marks deep in you. I was pretty young. Put it down to that." He swung away.

She listened to his feet strike over the yard ground and watched him wheel toward the saloon, and in a little while lead his crew to the wagon camp. She saw the crew gather at a wagon and unload it and bring up two teams. Everybody got in the wagon when it swung eastward toward the hills, toward Starkey's ranch. Her mother called irritably from the house, "Come here and tell me." Len McIntyre paced along the walk, turning in. He had been waiting for Aud to go, she realized.

"Had enough company for one night, Della?"

She crossed her arms over her breasts and went through her terrible moment of honesty. He had been patient; he could wait, but she couldn't let him go on waiting. Whatever came of this, it couldn't be Len; it was impossible. "Yes," she said, and was sorry for him as he walked away.

She remained on the porch long afterward, hearing the last groaning of Brett's wagon in the distance; then she went to her room and lay awake in her bed, to stare at the ceiling, to be haunted by the old memories. Somewhere in the early morning hours she heard Brett's wagon returning. . . .

The two logs, squared at the ends, were dropped onto the bridge supports. Bat Malarkey drilled holes for the long tie bolts while the rest of the crew spiked down the planks. As soon as the thing was done, the dammed-up wagons of other freight outfits began to roll over. It was midmorning and Aud's men, having little sleep, were cranky. But that wasn't what made him decide to lay over there until afternoon; he had pushed men harder before.

He was sour himself, restless and bristled up. Bat Malarkey noted it. "Who you expectin' to fight?"

He said, "Man we stole the trees from," and walked over the bridge to Pendexter's.

HE STOOD at the bar in silence, drinking his whisky without satisfaction. He closed his eyes a moment, bringing an older memory of Della back to him. He brought it quite close; but it was like walking down a dark stairs and coming unexpectedly to a jump-off.

Pendexter said, so mildly, "Well now, that's Rob Starkey ridin' in," and Aud Brett opened his eyes to find old Pendexter staring through the foggy front windowpane at a horseman coming forward on the street.

Brett said, "I'll try to do better this time, Jimmy," and walked to the street. Rob Starkey was at the moment swinging his leg down from the saddle.

"When I want any trees cut on my range," said Rob Starkey, "I'll do the cutting."

"They're cut now," said Aud Brett. "Two's all you had."

"I won't argue," said Rob Starkey. His eyes, of a calico marble, touched Brett here and there. He dropped the reins of his horse and walked in. He cocked his fists, looked for an opening and began the fight with a feint.

The town came in on this, to make an audience on the walks, and Bat Malarkey and the crew walked forward. Bat, clever at tricks which threw men off balance, said, "You chop him a while, Aud, then I'll chop him a while."

Rob Starkey paid no attention to it. He feinted again, he came in close for a quick try. Brett swung his shoulder to let it pass, and threw all that turning weight into one blow, belly deep.

Starkey's lips grew mushy from the punch and Brett stepped in and hit him twice in the face; but he was wide open when he did it and a club came in from nowhere across his temple and again across his jaw, a roaring started up in his head, he tasted his blood. He twisted and tried again and missed; he threw

"Willis, that suggestion you dropped in the box last month has enabled us to save two million dollars. Please accept our heartfelt thanks"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

a matter of

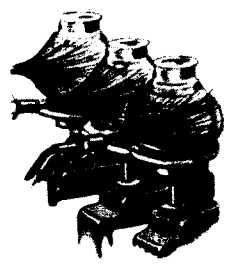
Good Taste

Taste the difference

Coffee's far more delicious brewed in *taste-free* glass, the Cory-way. No metallic taste—nothing but pure coffee flavor.

You can be sure it's clean

See it sparkle, see it shine—in seconds! And with Cory, the only All-Glass coffee brewer, there's no rubber to tug and scrub—no guesswork about cleanliness.



Yes - Cory glass is stronger too!

Only Cory glass is Flame-Tested by an intense blow-torch type heat-shock test. Cory glass is 250% more heat resistant than ordinary glass. Reinforced at all strain points . . . built to last for years with reasonable care.

for better living better giving

CORY

© 1949, CORY CORPORATION, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

Also makers of the famous Cory Electric Knife Sharpener and Fresh'nd-Aire fans, air circulators and humidifiers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He'll Say Hamburgers taste better with

A·1

Sauce — the dash that makes the dish!

FREE — "Cooking for a Man." Write Dept. C G.F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

RESET LOOSE DRAWER PULLS

EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty...hardens into wood.

PLASTIC WOOD

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

IN CANS OR TUBES

DOZENS OF OTHER USES

How Dr. Edwards' Helps Folks Who Are Constipated

For over 40 years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, successfully relieved patients bothered by constipation and its headaches, lack of pep, dull eyes, bad breath, sallow skin, with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets are *purely vegetable*. They work *gently* but oh—*so thoroughly!* Olive Tablets act on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean clogging waste from the entire intestinal tract. Just see if Olive Tablets don't give YOU the most comfortable, satisfactory, more *natural-like* bowel movements you've ever had! No griping or weakening effects.

Buy Olive Tablets today. Follow label directions. 15¢, 30¢. All drugstores.

New Advertising Machine

PRINTS and ILLUSTRATES 1¢ POST CARDS

Send Coupon

CARDMASTER CO., 4546 Ravenswood DEPT. 32-D, CHICAGO 40, ILL.

FREE!

Send FREE Illustrated Book* and complete, unique advertising plans and money making ideas for my business.

* Shows HOW thousands of business men in every line are boosting sales in spite of conditions with 1c messages printed and illustrated in few minutes on gov't post cards—with amazing, new, patented CARDMASTER. Your "today's" ideas, read by your prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy advertising machine built to last years. Sold direct at low price. Guaranteed five years. SEND NAME TODAY. All FREE!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

himself against Starkey and got an arm around Starkey's neck.

Starkey let him ride, and beat on his flanks. Brett's eyes cleared and he brought his weight against the back of Starkey's neck and heaved the man away. Starkey fell in the dust; he rolled and came up and walked forward. Brett slashed him on the mouth. He ducked, taking Starkey's fist on his head. That, he thought, was bad for Starkey's fist, but not very damned good for his head.

He saw Starkey brace himself for a rush; he timed it and jumped with Starkey. His head struck Starkey's nose and he buried a fist in Starkey's stomach. He swayed and brought in a slugging punch to Starkey's head. He was hit hard on the mouth, on the ribs, on the side of the neck. Starkey was quick and the punches came in too fast. Brett knocked his way through and got his arm around Starkey's neck again.

He sensed a weakening, for Starkey didn't throw him off. By God, Brett thought, I'm not what I was. He stepped away, and brought down Starkey's guard. There was a look on Starkey's face like that of a runner who had gone far enough and wanted to stop for wind; Brett slugged him twice, on the jaw and on the Adam's apple; his arms got so heavy that he drew back and let them fall.

Starkey stared at him. "Let's quit this."

"All right," said Brett. "I can't hate a man very long. Come have a drink."

He followed Starkey into the bar. His feet were leaden and the big muscles along his thighs trembled. He hooked his elbows on the bar; pain began to swarm in from everywhere. His hand shook the whisky glass. So did Starkey's. "I was a damned sight better at nineteen," said Starkey. "Where does it go?"

"Down the black funnel, drop at a time. Make Wasco County pay for those trees, Rob."

"Only two trees I had. Ten thousand acres and just two trees." Starkey gave Brett the first direct look since the fight. "Where'll the kids go now for spoonin'?"

"Under the bridge, when the creek's dry," said Brett.

"Listen," said Starkey, "no more of this," and went away. Brett crossed his arms on the bar and dropped his head against them a moment.

He heard Bat Malarkey say, "You had him, Aud. One more and he'd been flat. Too bad. You could of killed him off."

"We'll lay over here till morning," said Brett. He pulled himself away from the bar's support and spoke to Pendexter. "Jimmy, you were right, and that's the end of your puzzle." He limped from the saloon, knowing he had been kicked by horses with less damage than this. He stopped before the Kilrain house; Della stood in the doorway.

He said, "I cut the trees, Della, but I'm sorry for it. There'll never be another spot like that one—not for me."

"Your mouth's bleeding. You've got a cut on your hand."

"That was his big seal ring," he said.

She said, "Come in the house," and waited for him to pass through the door. "Lie on the couch." He hesitated, but she gave him a brief push with her hand and went into the kitchen and he heard her move a kettle around the stove. He put a hand over his eyes, rolling to take the weight from his worst side. She came back beside the couch and he removed his hand from his head and found her looking down, her eyes dense with feeling, gray as ashes.

"It's queer what fool kids will think," he said. "After I took my beating, I didn't figure I had anything left you wanted. It was a long time before I saw we had something better than that, but then it was too late for me to come back. I didn't want to make things rough for you a second time."

She said, "Len won't do, Aud," and she dropped to the edge of the couch and bent down against his chest. She lay still, the warm air of her breathing touching his neck. Her weight doubled the crying of his sore body, but he remained motionless and endured it. "I've been back to those trees many times," she said, "and wished you were with me."

He put his hand on her back. "Your mother's listening in the other room. Tell her she's got nothing to be afraid of. We better tell Len."

"I've done it," she said

LONDON'S MIGHTY CROOK TRAP

Continued from page 25

so I put on a cigarette and tried to think of something else. After a while Sir Bernard came in. He sniffed twice, looked around the room and said, 'You mustn't smoke, please, Johnson. I can't smell the smells I want to smell.' Spilsbury then bent down over the corpse and sniffed away as if it were a rose garden."

When flashes of genius such as Spilsbury's illuminate the otherwise gloomy façade of Scotland Yard, the English public is naturally obliged to sit up and take notice. At other times, however, public and press together display a determined apathy toward all but Scotland Yard's most sensational activities, with the result that a great many people go through life without ever being quite sure what Scotland Yard really is.

Americans, of course, are inclined to think of the Yard as a collection of super G-men with curved pipes and a fondness for violin music and stormy nights. Many Englishmen are equally confused and suspect, even after 120 years, that Scotland Yard is a sinister Ogpu used by the government to keep potentially damaging dossiers on innocent, law-abiding citizens.

Neither is the case. Scotland Yard is nothing more and nothing less than the headquarters of the metropolitan police force of London. As such, it functions in essentially the same way as do the police forces of New York, Chicago or Los Angeles. The 1,400 or so plain-clothes men of the Criminal Investigation Department and the highly confidential Special Branch are naturally Scotland Yard operatives. But so are the 14,000 uniformed bobbies who drive the "wireless" cars, direct traffic, answer silly questions, and patrol London's vast rabbit warren of narrow, twisting streets.

Although it can, under special circumstances, operate anywhere in England, Scotland, and Northern Ireland, the daily police activities of Scotland Yard are limited by law to the 700 square miles embraced by Greater London.

One notable exception to this sweeping metropolitan authority is the "City," a single square mile of historically sacred ground located in almost the exact center of London. The City, exclusive domain of the Lord Mayor, is London's financial district and is policed by its own force of a few hundred men who are distinguishable from Scotland Yard men by combs on their helmets and red-and-white brassards on their sleeves.

There is no love lost between the two forces and the defection manifests itself in curious ways. Drunks careening along certain streets, for example, have been known to be propelled into the City by playful Scotland Yard bobbies, and, inevitably, to be shoved out again into the surrounding Scotland Yard territory by irate City policemen. The result is that these peripheral drunks seldom go to jail but spend a great deal of time being traded helplessly back and forth between two police forces.

Although it is the premier police organization in England, Scotland Yard cannot enter crime cases outside of London unless it is formally invited to do so by the local authorities. If a crime is committed outside London and the local chief constable calls in Scotland Yard within 24 hours, he gets the services of the Yard's best detectives free, the Home Office bearing the cost of the investigation. If the constable waits longer than 24 hours, he must pay the expenses of the Scotland Yard men out of his own local funds.

A chief inspector and a sergeant are on duty at Scotland Yard headquarters 24 hours a day, ready to go anywhere to take charge of an investigation. Seven inspector-sergeant teams take turns in posting themselves for this sort of assignment. They are constantly on the ready with full equipment, including their famous "murder bags."

A Scotland Yard murder bag is a wondrous attaché case containing, among other things, railway passes, pens, pencils, paper, an electric torch, plaster of Paris for taking footprints, fingerprint equipment, test tubes for keeping bits of evidence, magnifying glasses, sealing wax, measuring tapes, scissors, tweezers, handcuffs, aprons, rubber gloves and a strong disinfectant.

Unfortunately, many provincial constables, concerned with the preservation of their own reputations, are reluctant to enlist the services of Scotland Yard in local crimes on the ground that calling for outside help reflects on their own abilities. As a result, when Scotland Yard is finally called in after two or three weeks, the clues are generally about as cold as yesterday's omelet.

This sort of thing happened not long ago in a Lancashire murder when the local constable waited seven weeks on the wishful assumption he could solve the killing himself. Finally, outraged public opinion forced him to send for Scotland Yard experts. At this writing, Scotland Yard has been able to establish only that the murderer is tall, thin, a salesman, and uses penicillin ointment on his cheek. But even with these meager scraps of information, the Yard is virtually a cinch to get its man.

One of the advantages of pursuing criminals in England is that they can't go very far without coming to a dead end in the form of a customs officer or a large body of water. In the several instances when a fugitive has not been deterred by these obstacles, he has been mortified to find a Scotland Yard man waiting at the other end. Such was the sad end of the murderer, Crippen, who walked down the gangplank at Quebec into the hands of Inspector Dew. The inspector had taken a faster boat.

In the absence of a national police organization like our F.B.I., Scotland Yard takes on some special duties. It is responsible, for example, for the safety of the royal family, Cabinet ministers and distinguished visitors. There is usually a Scotland Yard man attached to each of the British embassies abroad, and Special Branch operatives are stationed at all principal seaports and airfields to scrutinize foreigners entering Britain.

Scotland Yard also participates for obvious reasons in the international police radio controlled by the French Sûreté in Paris and has access to the records of international criminals which are kept at The Hague. London holds daily radio conversations with police in Stockholm,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copenhagen, Utrecht, Brussels, Lisbon, Rome, Zurich, Prague and Paris, and in emergencies Scotland Yard can clear urgent messages through the Sûreté in Paris to the F.B.I. in Washington in a matter of minutes.

During the war the Special Branch operated with deadly effect in dealing with German agents in England. Colonel Karl Buchs, the Nazi spy master, had spent years setting up not one, but two spy rings in Britain. When war was declared, Scotland Yard's information was so complete that 35 key German agents and more than 400 smaller fry were put out of action within 48 hours. Both of Colonel Buch's carefully planted rings were smashed to pieces in the process.

This thrust by the Special Branch seems all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the spies were ferreted out from among 62,000 Germans and 12,000 Austrians who were in England when war broke out. The Special Branch, moreover, had even managed to take motion pictures of most of them, by means of cameras concealed in army trucks cruising through the streets of London.

For all its versatility, Scotland Yard is concerned primarily with keeping order in a not-so-orderly city of more than 8,000,000 inhabitants. For policing purposes it has carved London into 23 divisions, including the Thames Division which, in Waterloo Pier, boasts the only floating police station in the world. The Water Division, as the name implies, is Scotland Yard in boats. It patrols 36 miles of the Thames as it flows through London.

Not So Many Specialists

The C.I.D., or Criminal Investigation Department, is spread over the whole Metropolitan Police District. Whereas most large American police forces operate with considerable specialization, Scotland Yard men are mostly general practitioners.

For complicated cases, however, headquarters in Whitehall has in its dimly lighted corridors a branch known as "Central." This is a small coterie of specialists who are experts in several different kinds of crime.

The Yard also has a "Ghost Squad," a "Rubber Heel Squad" and a "Flying Squad." The Flying Squad is a small fleet of fast radio cars. The Rubber Heel Squad consists of detectives shadowing other detectives suspected of being in cahoots with the underworld.

In the matter of undercover work, Scotland Yard, with its Ghost Squad and its mysterious fleet of "Q" cars, comes closest to fitting the specifications of Hollywood. The Ghost Squad is the Yard's intelligence corps. It consists exclusively of detectives in disguise who move silently through the London underworld with their eyes and ears open.

Under the direction of an adroit Yard man known as "Charlie Artful," the Ghost Squad is constantly being shuffled in personnel so that criminals will not learn the identity of its members. Ghost Squad detectives never make an arrest and never appear in court to give evidence unless it is absolutely imperative.

The "Q" cars are simple but effective "blinds" and appear on the streets of London in an astonishing array of disguises. Some of them are ordinary, unmarked sedans. Some are taxicabs which, although empty, never stop for fares. Some are detective-driven delivery trucks with such diverting signs painted on them as, say, "Shop at Harrod's."

Crime in London, as elsewhere in the world, consists mostly of offenses against property. Theft, fraud and other forms of dishonest endeavor comprise some 90 per cent of the indictable offenses. Crimes of violence are relatively few. London, for example, averages only about 35 murders a year, whereas murder in New York is an almost daily occurrence.

Scotland Yard does not capture criminals exclusively by deduction or intuition. Like all police forces, it makes a surprising number of its arrests solely on the basis of information supplied by "copper's narks," or in the American idiom, "stool pigeons."

The London public is famously helpful in co-operating with the police. In 1937, to take advantage of the public's willingness to aid, Scotland Yard installed the "999" system whereby persons wishing to contact the police in a hurry simply dial 999 on their telephones. In 1947, for example, there were nearly 80,000 calls on 999. More than 7,000 arrests were made because of them.

To pin-point crime in London by type, methods employed and location, Scotland Yard operates a map room beneath the great pile of stone in Whitehall, sticking varicolored pins and flags into maps of the city whenever and wherever a crime takes place. Gradually, the pattern emerges. One elusive thief had an entire map dedicated exclusively to his activities before he was caught in the web he had spun with colored pins and flags.

For a long time Scotland Yard did not keep a murder map, since there were not enough murders to justify one. Finally the Yard had to install one in self-defense against visiting American police officials, who could not seem to get it through their heads that Londoners do not go around killing one another with either the frequency or the enthusiasm that New Yorkers and Chicagoans do. The murder map remains Scotland Yard's most useless piece of equipment.

Scotland Yard's crime index represents its most scientific endeavor outside of actual laboratories, but it is based on the prosaic conclusion that most criminals have one-track minds and tend to do the same things in the same way over and over again. But there is infinite variety in crime itself. The Yard's general index, for example, runs from "Adventures" to "Warehouse Breaking with Violence." Forty-seven different kinds of burglary alone are classified under such headings as "Burglary, climbing," or "Burglary, making acquaintances with servants."

Personal Data on Criminals

Nicknames of criminals are carefully recorded and the file contains references to such interesting characters as "Ice-wagon Ike," "Big Foot" and "Double Handsome." Criminals who pose as undertakers, scoutmasters and veterinary surgeons are listed. There is also a section devoted to couples who work together, criminals who wear aprons, criminals who hold the Victoria Cross, and criminals who smoke stramonium cigarettes, a remedy for asthma.

The Yard naturally is interested in the physical markings of criminals, and it is currently intrigued with the observations of Gilbert Forbes, a lecturer in forensic medicine at Sheffield University. Forbes has been studying occupational markings, and has drawn some rather striking conclusions showing that opticians, tailors, butchers, typewriter repairmen and so forth all develop their own peculiar markings. Bakers, for example, show calluses "on the adjacent sides of the distal interphalangeal joints of the index and the middle finger, gained by their constant picking up of bread tins."

The fingerprint section contains about 1,000,000 prints and is constantly being pruned to rid it of dead prints in order to make room for new ones. Occasionally, Scotland Yard dispatches portable fingerprint units to big sporting events, for example, to oblige criminals arrested at the scene.

For all its ramifications, the story of Scotland Yard is best personified by the London bobby—traditional in his courage, impeccable in his majesty, and unassailable in his dignity. His job is not easy and his pay is worse, averaging around $25 a week for ordinary constables. He still is unarmed and could not hit anything if he were, since he seldom sees a gun, let alone fires one.

Winston Churchill's wartime bodyguard, a top-flight Scotland Yard inspector who presumably was acquainted with firearms, shot himself in the leg while fiddling with a revolver. Another inspector, investigating a robbery at a jewelry store, asked the jeweler to identify a gun and, in his nervousness at having a gun in his hand, promptly shot the jeweler's son in the ear.

Nevertheless, the London bobby remains an imposing figure. He never runs to the scene of a crime; he walks, slowly and deliberately. He never "goes" anywhere; he "proceeds." He never "sees" anything; he "witnesses" it.

His language has been described as a language on stilts, but defenders of his verbosity point out that the atmosphere created by court trumpeters and justices' wigs is conducive to high-flown language and should not be otherwise. As evidence, they offer the actual testimony of a Scotland Yard constable describing how he arrested a prisoner.

"At 4:35 P.M. on the 30th ultimo," the constable intoned, "I proceeded to the address given me on Whitechapel Street, the residence of the accused. I ascended to the second floor. I entered the room occupied by the accused. The accused was lyin' on a bed. I says to him, 'You come with me.' He says to me, 'You go to hell.' I declined and arrested the accused."

COLLIER'S

"I wanted my wife to meet you. She's heard you every night for fifteen years"

HANK KETCHAM

YES, in just 7 days . . . in one short week . . . a group of people who changed from their old dentifrices to Calox Tooth Powder averaged *38% brighter teeth* by scientific test. Why not change to Calox yourself? Buy a can of Calox today . . . so your teeth can start looking *brighter* tomorrow!

CALOX
TOOTH POWDER
McKesson & Robbins Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Take **Alka-Seltzer,** and feel better

At the first sign of a cold, take Alka-Seltzer. Two tablets of Alka-Seltzer in a glass of water relieves that feverish, ache-all-over misery of a cold and makes you feel better *fast*. And for that sore throat caused by a cold, dissolve two tablets of Alka-Seltzer in ¼ glass warm water and use it as a gargle. The next time you have a cold, try Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer

All drugstores U. S. and Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"AN EVENING OF BOWLING," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 26 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HELL-RAISIN' BEAVER

Continued from page 28

he watched the water level drop and rubbed his hands with satisfaction. He had, at last, outfoxed the beavers. And so he had—but not for long.

At first, all the rubbish the resourceful beavers dumped into the pipe to plug it up was carried through by the rush of water. Then, one morning, Sprague found the pipe effectively corked. Not a trickle came through. The beavers had cut a small lodgepole pine and forced it, butt first, into the upstream end of the pipe. Here it stuck fast, providing a solid foundation for the smaller material that sealed the passage. Nor was this ruse a mere accident. Thereafter, whenever the pipe was cleaned out, the victorious beavers cut and inserted a similar tree.

Trapped almost to extinction in pioneer days, when the beaver pelt was the currency of the frontier, these animals are now protected by conservation laws. They are making a comeback over much of their former range. During the four years from 1941 to 1945, the number of beavers in Vermont, for example, increased from 400 to 1,100.

In New Jersey, where, a few decades ago, there were no beavers at all, there are now more than 750. New York counted 6,358 in 1946. Top states in beaver population include Michigan, with more than 50,000, and Washington, with upward of 100,000. The total beaver population in the United States is probably well over a half million.

The beaver is coming back. But he is finding the country changed. Mountain lakes are ringed with summer cabins, and streams lead to settled communities. With instincts unaltered, America's biggest rodent is out of place in the midst of civilization.

A beaver can't live in a back yard. His minimum requirements are a woodlot and water. His whole body is designed for water-living. Oil from glands near the tail waterproofs his fur. Valves in ears and nose seal them shut when he dives. His lips are equipped with flaps that permit them to be drawn shut behind his front cutting teeth, thus closing his throat when he gnaws wood underwater. Webbed hind feet, sometimes as much as seven inches long and five inches across, drive him through the water.

A Tail That Has Many Uses

The beaver can twist his flat tail up on edge and employ it as a sculling oar. In spite of his ungainly appearance on land, he can shoot through the water with the speed of an otter. He tows heavy logs like a tugboat, swimming at one side and using his tail as a rudder. And, in time of danger, he slaps it down on the surface of the water with a sound like a pistol shot, a far-carrying warning to other members of the colony.

Willett T. Grey, a U.S. deputy game warden of Ashland, Wisconsin, once timed a number of trapped beavers and found that several could stay underwater for a full quarter of an hour. Although the lungs of the beaver are not especially large, its liver is relatively immense. This provides storage space for oxygenized blood during long underwater dives.

As soon as a beaver takes a deep breath and submerges, his body automatically begins conserving oxygen. His pulse slows down, his blood pressure drops, and he seems to be going into a kind of miniature hibernation.

Water to the beaver is a life-and-death matter. He guards it carefully. His dams impound it. His canals carry it nearer the trees he is cutting. Water protects his home, forms a barrier that holds his enemies at bay.

The beaver lodge was the original Castle-with-a-Moat. Even when a beaver lives in a hole in the bank of a stream, the entrance is underwater. Food for the colony is stored under the surface of the pond where it will be readily accessible beneath the ice in winter.

On the edge of a small Colorado lake, some years ago, a man heaped aspen wood as food for a colony of beavers. At the end of 12 months, he totaled up the score and found that it takes about a ton of wood a year to keep one beaver supplied with bark.

During summers, beavers branch out. They browse on wild raspberry, wild rosebushes, mushrooms, apples, corn and even red clover.

But the *pièce de résistance* of the beaver's vegetarian diet, year in and year out, is bark and more bark. Aspens and willows are given preference although, in a pinch, he will tackle almost any kind of bark, even that of conifers. Because he can't climb, he has to fell trees to get enough bark for winter food.

The beaver buzz saw has self-sharpening, ever-growing teeth. Orange-red enamel forms the front of the quartet of chisel-like incisors while dentine forms the back. Because the dentine wears down faster than the enamel, the teeth are sharpened by use. In fact, a beaver has to use his teeth to keep them from becoming too long. Throughout his life, the incisors keep growing. If some accident deforms a beaver's jaws so his teeth cannot be used for cutting, they may become so long he will be unable to open his mouth wide enough to eat. The skull of one such unfortunate beaver was found to have incisors half a foot long.

These chisel-teeth are highly effective. With one snip they can cut off a branch three quarters of an inch in circumference. During a single night, a beaver will cut down a five-inch aspen, trim off its branches, cut the trunk into six-foot lengths and transport them to the water.

A naturalist once kept track of the trees felled by six colonies of beavers and discovered the total for the year was in excess of 5,000.

The largest tree I ever heard of being cut by beavers was a giant cottonwood on the Torpy River, in British Columbia. Steel-tape measurements showed the stump was five feet, seven inches in diameter.

Once, in a remote section of the Maine woods, I camped with a guide close to a beaver pond. Half a dozen trees had been felled on its sloping bank. Every one had fallen toward the water. But on level ground, above the bank, other trees had crashed in all directions.

Why was there so great a difference in the two techniques? I found that at the pond's edge the trees had grown leaning a little toward the water. They had just fallen in that direction when cut. This probably explains the long-held, erroneous belief that beavers are such expert lumbermen they can drop a tree just where they want to. Beavers are smart; but they are not *that* smart.

Neither do they select a tree and drop it into the stream to form the backbone of their dam. Beaver dams are made of mud and smaller sticks. In more settled areas these traditional materials are supplemented with a wide variety of odds and ends. I have seen beaver dams that contained tin cans, old shoes, boards and empty bottles.

Near Little Falls, New York, where Mrs. A. L. Richards has her remarkable beaver sanctuary, the animals hauled a 75-pound rowboat up on the side of their lodge one autumn when they were adding material to strengthen the structure for winter. In the West, a man with beaver trouble hung a lighted lantern over a dam in hope of discouraging the animals from going on with the construction. Were they discouraged? The next morning, the man found his lantern cut down and added to the dam.

Huge Jobs of Dam-Building

Like New York City, a beaver dam is never quite finished. It is continually being improved, repaired, extended and reinforced. Several generations may contribute to its final form. This certainly was the case with the record-breaking 2,140-foot dam found on the Jefferson River, near Three Forks, Montana. However, during a single season, one pair of beavers can produce a surprising amount of construction work. In one case, two beavers felled 116 trees, built a series of dams totaling 705 feet in length, and constructed a lodge with a volume of approximately 472 cubic feet—all in one year.

Wire-mesh traps that close like suitcases with the beavers imprisoned inside are the answer to the nuisance beaver. He can be caught and transported to a wilder spot where his activities will do no harm. As many as 8,000 beavers a year are live-trapped in Montana alone. They are distributed in wilderness areas by truck and pack horse.

To save time and make use of remote lakes difficult to reach by pack horse, Idaho has begun flying beavers in and dropping them by parachute. The animals ride in special clamshell containers that open on contact with the water.

Except where he interferes with the plans of humans, the beaver is a highly beneficial animal. He is a natural factor in halting erosion. His dams catch the rich topsoil that rides downstream. Incidentally, some of the richest fields in New England are old beaver meadows formed of impounded silt.

In times of flood, the dams of the beavers slow down the rush of water and, during forest fires, their bogs and ponds hinder the progress of the flames.

Several power companies in the West have begun putting beavers on the pay roll, so to speak. They have distributed them along the streams above their hydroelectric plants. The beaver dams equalize the flow of the streams and, in times of drought, their ponds are reservoirs of water.

While the effect of beavers on trout streams is still being debated, there is no argument about their value in providing favorable breeding places for waterfowl like black ducks, wood ducks, American goldeneyes and hooded mergansers.

As the Colorado naturalist, Enos A. Mills, once put it, the beavers were our first conservationists. When one of these live-and-let-live citizens is a headache, all that is necessary is to move him to a less-settled spot. Too-busy beavers are simply busy beavers that are busy in the wrong place.

BELISSE

Let Me See, What Should I Worry About First?

I toss and turn upon my bed,
I prod the wheels within my head,
And thus, while hankering for sleep,
I round up all the things to keep
Me wide-awake and in a stew:
I ponder problems, old and new—
The loathsome bills I haven't paid,
And what to feed my part-time maid;
My week-end guests and where to sleep them,
And have I sheets enough to keep them?
The phone call I forgot to make,
The birthday cake I've got to bake;
The wedding gift I haven't sent;
And will the landlord raise the rent?
The thank-you note I didn't write.
Then comes the sullen morning light.
The lamentable night is past,
And I fall fast asleep at last.
What happens then? My family begs
For milk and cereal and eggs.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes

Helen:

Forgot to tell you I asked Ed (and Jean) to come over this evening. O.K.? Thought you might get some Sherry wine. They enjoy it as much as we do—and its easy on the budget

Herb

P.S. Remember what the ads say—"Sherry from California costs so little... and adds so much". Let's see!

Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California

IN PLACE OF PITY

Continued from page 24

She had been murmuring, filling in the gaps between the breathless voice of Nat Dorfman and silence. She paused, closed her eyes as if in prayer and then said, "I haven't seen him in eight months, Nat."

She put the receiver back on the hook. She walked, still slowly, back to the terrace. He stood, his face in profile, waiting for the sound of her approach, for the right moment to begin again.

"Eddie." At the sound of her voice he turned and smiled with infinite tenderness and started to speak, but she stopped him. Her voice broke in over his—hard, cruel, filled more with hate toward herself than him.

"If I take you back," she said, "we will leave here tomorrow. We will go to New York. We will never come back. You know what that means. It means you will never belong to yourself again, you will never work again, you will belong to me."

He couldn't hide the despair in his eyes, but behind the despair was a tremendous relief. He had won. He was safe once more. He had won, but he had also lost, because she saw in his eyes that this time he was trapped for all time, that he would never have the strength to leave her again.

"All right, darling." There was an abjectness in his voice. "I'll go to the apartment and pack."

She walked with him to the door. Her steps were firm, she was on sure ground. She opened the door. He turned and kissed her lightly on the cheek, a little-boy kiss of dependency and gratefulness and thanks-for-the-forgiveness and now-I-can-go-out-and-play-again if I promise not to leave the yard, promise to stay out of the gutter.

She stood, shielded by the rich curtains again, and watched him move down the flagstone steps, the late-afternoon sun on his bare head. There were tears in her eyes. For the first time, a wave of pity swept over her—not for herself, but for Eddie Linden. As she watched him move toward the car, the pity grew, engulfed her, became stronger than the panic within her had ever been.

As he opened the door of the car, he looked back toward the house, fearfully. Pity for him spread through her entire body and she swayed, slightly, with the ache of it. Pity had erased all panic and hate and now it was eating away at the love she had felt for him. It ate slowly, but she knew that love and pity are incompatible and that she would never be able to look at him again without feeling pity and that it would grow and grow, become part of the blood and bone and chemistry of her and that soon, perhaps even now, she would no longer feel any love for him.

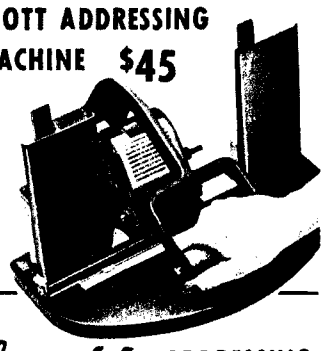
As the car moved away, she turned resolutely and walked to the telephone near the door. She dialed a number. The voice of Nat Dorfman answered.

"You can reach Eddie at his apartment in about a half hour," she told him matter-of-factly. "I'm sure he'll make the deal. Tell him, by the way, that I have left for New York."

She turned away from the telephone and walked quickly up the stairs. She stopped for a moment on the landing to have a last, sentimental look at the ocean, the calm friend of many lonely months. The waves rolled in, receded, and within her was a kinship to the motion, a new feeling of freedom, one that she was certain would endure forever. She no longer felt alone. She went on up the stairs to her bedroom, her mind already busy with the thoughts of packing.

This ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE $45

other models up to $17,000

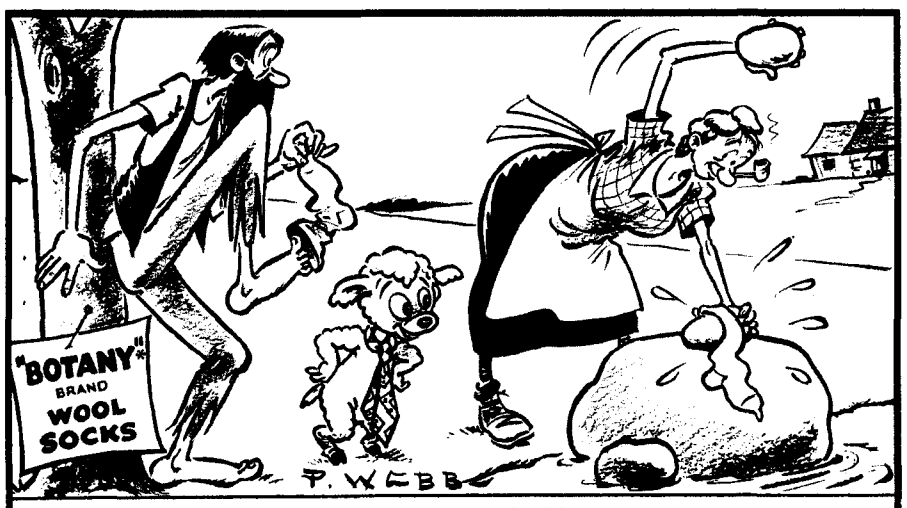


Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

149-C Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.
Established 1898 • Rated AAA-1
Our booklet describes 28 models, $45 to $17,000

SALESPEOPLE
WORLD'S LARGEST DIRECT SELLING ADVERTISING BOOK MATCH FACTORY
Offers money-making proposition to men or women, full or part time. SPOT cash commissions. No experience needed to start. No investment—now or ever. Year 'round selling. Low prices for high quality. Factory service. Repeat orders. Impressive samples printed in FOUR and FIVE colors of ink. Sales Kit and Instructions Furnished. Write today.
MATCH CORPORATION OF AMERICA
3433-43 W. 48th Place, Dept. C-219, Chicago 32, Ill.

feel SLUGGISH?
Feel Alive Again with JAD
Sluggish constipation need no longer slow you down, make you feel dull and logy. Jad ® the *gentle*, quick acting laxative can give you wonderful relief within an hour, make you feel better faster. Yes, Jad works *fast*, but *smoothly*, to give you the kind of relief you want. Jad is alkaline, *reduces excess stomach* acidity as it makes bowels move again. Switch to Jad today for that new alive feeling. At all druggists.



"Beat 'em to death, Maw—
You can't hurt 'Botany' Brand Wool Socks"*

*"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. REG. IN U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1949, BOTANY MILLS, INC.

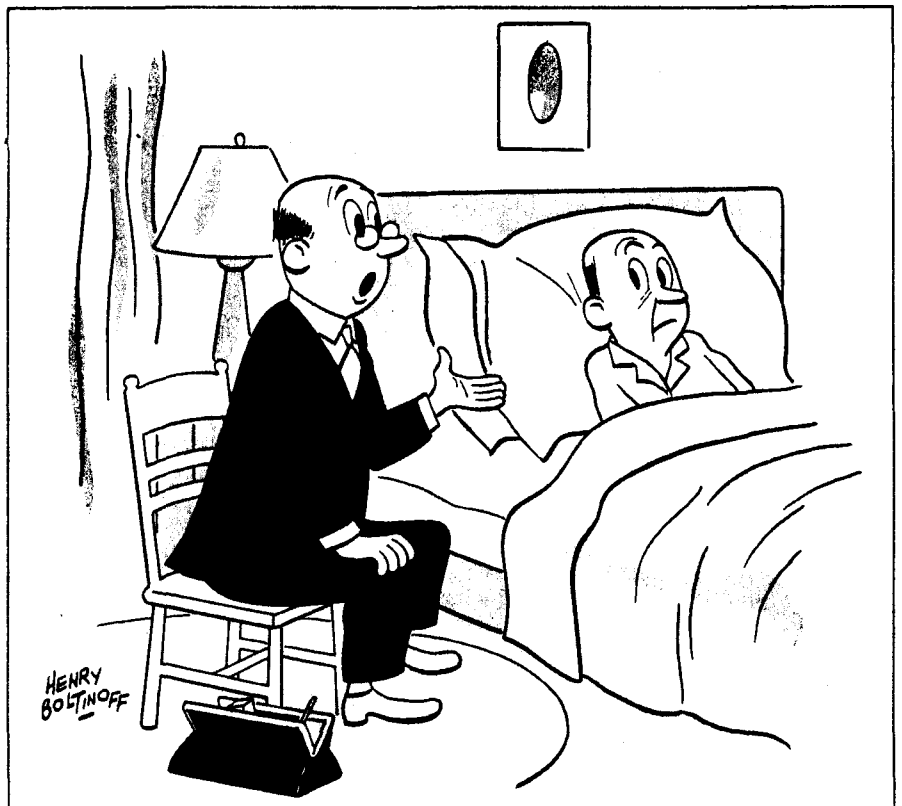
13 Isn't Unlucky

There's a Friday the 13th next May, but it really doesn't matter

THE LUCKY ONES	THEIR LUCK	
Horticulturist, Hickory, N. Carolina	He placed 13 exhibits in a flower show, received entry card number 13—and carried off all top prizes.	
Hunter, Columbia, S. Carolina	He drew 13th place in a party of 13 hunters—and had the biggest bag (13 doves).	
Dog, Ketchikan, Alaska	The first 12 dogs taken into the dog pound in the month of March were all killed—and the 13th was ransomed.	
Baker, Newark, New Jersey	He founded his business on February 13th, married on April 13th, joined 13 lodges, built a house with 13 rooms, amassed a fortune—and lived to be an octogenarian.	
Parents, Woolley, England	The Woolley hamlet sent 13 men to World War I and 13 men to World War II—and all returned unscathed.	
Students, Colgate University	Colgate was founded by 13 churchmen who drew up a constitution with 13 articles and made an initial contribution of $13.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"What you have is a common cold, and there is no known cure for it. But cheer up—it may run into pneumonia—and we know what to do for that!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

THE MAGIC OF LILLY DACHÉ

Continued from page 21

In the moldedlike sculpture category are simple draped felts and straws which set a lady back from $59.50 to $79.50. Of these Daché adds, "It's all in the line." The line, however, is usually broken by a rose, a brush of feathers or a bit of embroidery. For, as the millinery buyer for a large department store explained, "In high-priced hats like Daché's, trimmed hats sell the best; women can see the value."

Styles in millinery originate with very high-priced makers, like Daché, who are called by the trade "custom" milliners because their hats are made by hand and fitted on a lady's head like a made-to-order suit. Gradually they work their way down to inexpensive manufacturers. With each price drop the quantity of similar hats produced increases, and the style is simplified.

Style stealing is the regular order of business and the nation's largest manufacturers pride themselves on the scientific way in which they do it. One—explaining how he got his ideas for next season's bonnets—said frankly, "We have spotters out, in stores and around. We watch how hats are selling."

How Hats Are Popularized

A hat that sells well at $65 will undoubtedly sell better at $25. And if women are still going for it in a big way at $12.50, its sales possibilities at $2.98 are unlimited. It might even become a "hot item"—a hat possessing such irresistible appeal that ladies from Portland to San Diego rush stores to buy it at the rate of 10,000 to 12,000 a day for maybe as long as six weeks. (Millinery dies very fast.)

According to moderate-priced manufacturers the average woman's taste in hats is conservative. "Daché's customers are exhibitionists," they declare, and possibly Daché suspects that there is truth in these words. At any rate, she knows that once a Daché creation shows up in quantity her customers will no longer pay her a fancy price for it. As a result she tries to protect her efforts from style-hungry manufacturers for as long as possible. An unknown finds it harder to see her hats than to get a front table at the Colony.

No tempting window display invites the uninitiated to push open Daché's heavy glass doors. Nor does the dimly lit, deeply carpeted first floor indicate that madame is in a millinery shop.

From behind a counter in which costume jewelry twinkles with discouraging expensiveness, a tiny Frenchwoman inquires what madame wants, meanwhile eying her appraisingly. At the end of the room a frozen-faced little man in a beige uniform straddles the elevator and stairway. On the second floor another guardian of the secrets of millinery presides at the entrance to a large circular salon with mirrored walls. Once seated in a roomy upholstered chair at one of the small tables set against the mirrors, it's still no cinch madame will see many hats.

To women who pay Daché's prices the idea that the sanctum in which they purchase their Easter bonnet can't be entered by just anybody is worth at least half the price of the hat—a feminine reaction of which Daché is fully aware. But at times, the atmosphere of ultra exclusiveness has led to ghastly mistakes.

Jean Arthur, on her first visit to Daché's, sat neglected in a corner for 20 minutes. She had arrived in attire suggesting a suburban matron of limited means rather than a movie star. But doubtless more horrifying to Daché's snooty saleswoman than the brogues on Miss Arthur's feet was the straw hat on her blond head. It was November!

Finally someone thought to ask her name. "Oh! Miss Arthur . . . not Jean Arthur!" A tremendous fluttering of apologies followed, and Miss Arthur was rushed upstairs to Madame Daché's study for personal attention.

When Daché appears on the second floor the aura of hushed reverence melts away and proceedings take on the aspect of an old-fashioned melodrama, noisy and hysterical, with Miss Daché playing all the parts. She is only five feet two, but she weighs 140 pounds and possesses

GOD...Or The Greatest Fraud That Ever Lived

Almost everyone will agree that Jesus Christ was a great man.

Most people will admit that Jesus was a person of the highest morals... that He was an inspired spiritual leader... that neither before His time, nor since, has anyone performed the miraculous works which He performed.

Yet millions of people refuse to believe that He is the eternal Son of God.

The Catholic Church maintains that Jesus is the Son of God. He is either that — or the greatest fraud that ever lived.

For Christ Himself... under cross-examination by the high priest Caiphas ... was asked: "I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou art the Christ, the Son of God." And Jesus replied: "Thou hast said it" (Matthew XXVI: 63,64).

"O, sure," some may say, "Christ claimed to be the eternal Son of God. But His claim doesn't prove that He really is."

A man who only claims to be the Son of God, however, could not walk upon the waters and quiet the waves as Jesus did. He could not cleanse the lepers... give sight to the blind... bring the dead back to life. Nor could a man who only claimed to be divine return from the dead as Jesus and no other has ever done.

Scattered through the books of the Old Testament from Genesis to Machabees are numerous prophecies of the coming of the Savior — written as long as 1,000 years before Jesus came upon the earth.

These prophecies describe the family from which the Savior would come... the circumstances of His birth... His life of preaching and His miracles . . . and finally, His passion and death in atonement for the sins of mankind. All of these predictions apply to only one person in all the annals of human history — and that one is Jesus Christ.

For more than 1900 years, the Catholic Church has taught without change or compromise... as it does today... that Christ is the eternal Son of God who became man — that only through Him can men find their way into the eternal grace of the Father. Upon this truth rests not only the foundation of the Church, but the hope of mankind.

"He who is not with Me," Jesus said, "is against Me." Being "with" Jesus is not merely a matter of acknowledging His greatness. It is an obligation to know Christ and His teaching... to believe and follow Him... to pattern our lives to His example and precept.

If you want to know Jesus better... to have a fuller and clearer understanding of His teaching and His plan for our lives... you will find the answer in Christ's Own words as told in the Four Gospels of the New Testament. We shall be happy to send you a copy of the Four Gospels arranged in a continuous narrative for easy reading... upon your request and without cost or obligation. Write today for Gospels No. 8—C.

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
Religious Information Bureau
4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MO.

SONOTONE FOR BETTER HEARING

W. T. ROBBINS—Amarillo, Texas, Consultant, for over 15 years serving the hard of hearing. One of Sonotone's 700 Coast to Coast experts.

SEE SONOTONE IN 'PHONE BOOK
OR WRITE SONOTONE, ELMSFORD, N. Y.

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN
OF SIMPLE PILES
INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness —reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHNSTON
the precision built
LAWN
MOWER

Easy running, clean shearing, the all-steel Johnston is built to last a lifetime. It handles so easily even a child can run it. Two sizes: 16″ and 18″. Also ask your dealer about the Johnston Lawn Patrol Power Mower.

JOHNSTON
LAWN MOWER CORPORATION
Ottumwa, Iowa
Subsidiary of Jacobsen Manufacturing Co.

Eternal Youth

ONE MORNING at breakfast little Nancy, who was acutely aware of "Grampa's" great age, was prevailing upon the old gentleman to do something about it.

"You ought to eat some of this hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, Grampa," she sallied. "It's my favorite cereal!"

"No thank you, Nancy, not this morning," said the old gentleman patiently.

"But Grampa," continued the child, "it's just delicious and it'll make you young and strong again!"

"Consarn it, child," was the reply, "that's just it! If I get young and strong, I'll have to go to work again. Then I'll have to get married and raise another family. Then I'll lose all my teeth again. Now it just ain't worth it!" (ADV.)

Your YOUNGSTER WILL LOVE IT!

Give your youngster the joy-ride of a lifetime! TRACTALL looks just like a man-size Tractor. It's the perfect gift for boys, girls, up to 12 years old. Pedal-driven. Sold direct from factory. Write for Literature and FREE trial offer.

INLAND MFG. CORP., Dept. CM-2 • 184 Ellicott St., Buffalo 3, N. Y.

Give Your Income A Lift!

SURELY there are a lot of things you want to do—if only you had the money! If this is so, write today for our free folder, ***"There's Money For You."*** That has helped so many—it can help you too!

Today—this very day—resolve to find out what membership in our friendly Club can mean to you. We have no fees—the aim of the Club is to help you as it has helped thousands of women and girls. Just send a card or letter to

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Dept. C-35, 250 Park Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

powerful lungs. She flies into a tantrum over almost anything and her screams have caused strong men to tremble with fear.

Once she drove a union organizer from her workroom by threatening to scream. "He was a big bruiser," she declares indignantly.

She talks constantly in a mixture of French and English, with an accent all her own, and laughs a great deal, a shrill, hearty laugh. The only time Madame Daché is quiet is when she is asleep.

"I cannot do things leisurely," she explains, "I must have excitement around me—the more the better."

She invariably wears a simple black dress. This makes a nice contrast to her colorful hats and doesn't overshadow the customer's apparel.

Her ability as a saleswoman both delights and amuses her, and she will preface her entrance into the salon with, "Now I'm going to see what damage I can do." Her method is to give the customer so much personal attention that the lady is overcome by it, and never to let go of her until she has sold her several hats. All the while she is pumping out pounds of flattery aimed at blowing up the lady's vanity to a point of utter helplessness. She admits with a twinkle in her large, lively, gray-green eyes that she understands feminine psychology.

The customer always looks "so wonderful," while poor Miss Daché is tired and looking a fright, so she says. She is fond of announcing, as she points out the virtues of a hat, "I am not pretty, I'm an average woman, and I understand the problems of a woman."

This is both a subtle dig at her competitors, many of whom wear trousers, and a further injection of wind for the customer's ego. For, although Daché is hardly a Bowl Queen she handles her bubbling vitality with the skill of an actress. With it she dominates her stage completely and creates about herself the impression of beauty.

Likes to Buy in Quantities

She loves to buy, and in quantity. Once she read about a product said to wave hair and bought six dozen packages. "My hair is naturally straight," Daché says, pulling on her reddish-brown locks, "and I saw this exquisite advertisement." Two years ago she bought five seal coats. "I just loved seal then, and it was beautiful seal."

Periods of frugality temper her moments of extravagance. "I am very saving," she declares. "Once a week I go through my workrooms and check that everything is not thrown out. Last week I saw the feather girl throwing away end sticks of the feather. You can make another trimming out of those sticks. In France if you throw away a piece of thread six inches long they say, 'It's easy to see you don't pay for the thread.' I have never thrown anything out. I still pull things out of the wastebaskets. It's stronger than me."

Lilly Daché was born in Bègles in the south of France shortly after the turn of the century. Her father was a small farmer with eight children. At 13, Lilly, the oldest, went to work for her aunt, a milliner in near-by Bordeaux. "She wanted me to take care of her little boy. I didn't want to be a maid, I wanted to be a milliner." There was a great council. Her aunt could arrange an apprenticeship with Georgette, a top Parisian milliner. Finally Lilly's mother agreed. "My parents thought they'd never get enough dowry to marry me off, so I had to learn something," Daché explains.

At Georgette's Lilly picked up pins and needles, ends of thread and bits of silk. She trimmed the stiff buckram frames on which hats of the World War I period were made. "In France you serve a very thorough apprenticeship," she says with a shudder. After four years she moved to Suzanne Talbot's and learned to drape turbans. "Always I was eager to design. Always I was a rebel."

Her next job was with Reboux. "She was using beaver, cutting and fitting it on the client's head." Then it was blocked by hand "over a teakettle with two spouts." This was the beginning of a new era in women's hats—the soft felt cloche era of the twenties. "I learned that," says Daché, "not knowing that it was something new."

In 1921, weary of the routine of a French millinery assistant and certain that prosperity and a husband lay across the waters, Daché exchanged her meager savings for a passage to America. She arrived in New York with $13 and the promise of a job in the millinery department at Henri Bendel's. Bendel's wasn't hiring milliners that day and Daché wandered despondently across Fifty-seventh Street and up Broadway.

At Seventy-seventh Street she saw a sign in a window, Milliner Wanted. She walked in, reeled off the names of her previous employers and was hired at $30 a week—a fortune. But it seldom came weekly or in a lump sum. "So I went to Macy's."

There the floorwalker insisted that she make out sales slips and wait for change before she took care of the next customer. Daché considered such detail a waste of time, and besides, she didn't quite understand it. She told the floorwalker to take care of it himself, since he apparently had nothing else to do. Then, says Daché, "I quit before they fired me."

The spring season was on. Her former employer at Seventy-seventh and Broadway told her she would pay her regularly. So she returned. However, when the Easter flurry ended the woman decided to sell out. She wanted $1,000 for her business. Weeks went by with no takers. One day Daché asked, "Would you take notes?" She said yes, with $100 down. There was another girl working in the shop. "I pepped her up to go in with me," says Daché. "We each put up $50."

After the first excitement of ownership wore off, the partners took inventory. "We didn't have fifty dollars' worth of stock! I found some bright scraps of velvet," Daché recalls, "and made from them a turban. We put it in the window and in half an hour we sold it for $12.50." However, this was just one of those things.

"In the beginning," Daché admits, "it was very hard." She made all her own clothes, "even my underwear." She walked to and from work to save carfare. In a few months Daché's partner had had enough of running a business. "She could get a job for thirty-five dollars a week," says Daché. "I bought her out—with notes."

Daché opened her little shop at 8 A.M. and at 10 P.M. she'd still be working, bending over a kettle in the rear, blocking felt. Once a sympathetic customer asked her why she worked so hard. Daché replied, "Why not? I love it. I have nobody. I have nothing at all, only time. But it won't always be like this."

The Deposit Was Essential

At first Daché didn't have enough money to buy stock ahead and she resorted to strategy. An early customer relates: "She'd analyze you, look at you with mirrors back and front. She'd spend a lot of time studying your face. Then she'd suggest something. But you had to give her a two-dollar deposit before she'd make it up."

No one else was throwing in a lengthy personal analysis with a hat, and Daché's performance so flattered her customers that seldom could they resist gambling two dollars on what was to come. With the deposit Daché would buy material. The finished hat was always different, but not too different, from the cloches that were being shown downtown, and usually the customer willingly paid the additional $10.50 to get it.

Women began to whisper to one another of "the little milliner who makes a hat right on your head to suit your type." Before long Daché found herself with more customers than she could handle. She hired an assistant and took a larger shop at Eighty-second and Broadway.

Unknowingly she had started her business at a most strategic time. After the first World War elaborately hand-trimmed hats were junked in favor of simple felt cloches which required a minimum of labor.

By the mid-twenties the hydraulic blocking machine was perfected. Cloches poured off assembly lines by the thousands. They all looked alike and soon women tired of them. The new millinery manufacturers hadn't learned how fast a hot item dies. Instead of switching quickly, they persisted with the same cloches until they had lost much of their business to little milliners like Daché.

Around 1927 a few alert manufacturers got busy and sent scouts to find out

COLLIER'S

"Mother-r-r-r-r, I left my blue socks in the washing machine!"

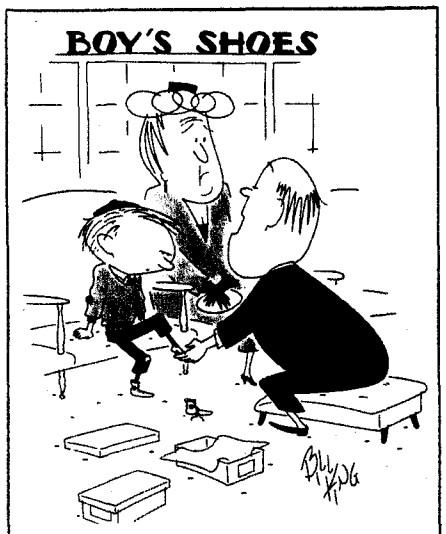
DAVID PASCAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what the little milliners had that they didn't. These scouts would buy a good hat and send it to the manufacturer to copy. This was called "buying models for the trade." Marion Unger, who bought for the Simon Millinery Company of San Francisco, discovered Daché on one of her style-scouting expeditions along upper Broadway.

Other model buyers came in and Daché sold them. "Just like I'd sell anybody. I didn't know about copying then." Customers arrived at nine and waited until four in the afternoon to be fitted. "They'd send next door to Reuben's for sandwiches," says Daché. "I'd work until ten or eleven at night making the hats."

"I had beaux," she says, "but they had to wait until I was through work to take me out." While they waited Lilly kept them busy delivering hats. "When I'd go out I'd sell more hats. In restaurants the customers would come to me when I went to the ladies' room and say, 'Oh, I want that!' They'd take the hat right



"Here's a sturdy, serviceable pair —they should wear for days"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

off my head and I'd go home without one."

In 1929 Daché moved to 485 Madison Avenue. "I could see that that was the coming neighborhood," she says. She had 30 employees, and her hats had moved to $20, minimum. By that time she had acquired a very special beau, Jean Despres, who had come from France as assistant sales manager for Coty, Inc. For three years they argued about Daché's business. In 1931 they were married.

"Jean said he'd let me work until I had children," Daché explains. "I have no children so I am still in business."

In 1931 Daché had a few department-store accounts, but she knew nothing about running a wholesale business. "Jean said I did it like a little girl." Despres, whose ability as a sales manager has earned him the positions of vice-president in charge of sales for Coty and president of Marie Earle, got Daché contracts with top stores throughout the country for so many hats a year, to be sold at prices fixed by Daché. Before any hat could be marked down, Daché's label had to be removed. This preserved the prestige quality of her name.

When Daché discovered how profitable such a business could be, she set out with characteristic determination to make it as big as possible. Aware that no one can sell a Daché bonnet as well as Daché, she made personal appearances in millinery departments all over the United States. "I met the customers," she observes.

Today in her New York salon she has time for only "my very good" customers. Many of these are screen stars, and to keep up with them she subscribes to a celebrity bulletin which lists the names of prominent persons arriving in New York and the hotels at which they are stopping. She checks the list for Daché customers and sends each a note of welcome.

She does two collections a year for which she designs about 750 models. There are usually eight silhouettes—Daché calls them "families"—in a collection. The models shown are variations of these. Three or four families are new each season. The others are last year's best sellers done with minor changes. All year around she designs new models. Such of these as prove particularly popular she sends to stores as added starters.

Daché designs with the hysteria with which she sells. "I am always in a state of nervous tension. I have this terrific energy which must be awful for anybody around me." She works with three assistant designers, each of whom has four assistants. When she doesn't like a hat she picks it up and rips it apart with one movement of her arms and hands, which, she says, "are very strong from stretching and pulling felt."

Her assistants have learned to ignore her rages and read her mind.

"Daché wants to oversee every tiny detail," an employee says; "you soon learn that if you yourself want to use pink you should ask for green."

She will pick up a hat a designer is working on and try it on. "See," she'll say, crushing it, "drape it this way and it's almost a slouch taffeta hat. We haven't made anything like it for a long time. Put some wool underneath the taffeta, see how soft that makes it . . . and one rose underneath the brim."

Precious Hoards of Ideas

All over the house are shelves and cabinets filled with pieces of material, embroideries, and old hats. Daché calls them "my references." Periodically she rummages through them for ideas. The bows on a fifteen-year-old hat become "nice bows for a pillbox . . . see, not the shape but the bows." Some gold embroidery on a piece of felt also becomes "nice" for a pillbox. "But don't use too much," Daché cautions her assistant. "This is very expensive."

Twice a year she goes to Paris where she maintains an office which buys trimmings and materials and keeps her posted on the doings of her Parisian colleagues. She imports a few French models for her New York salon. "You have to watch for new techniques," she explains, "you have to keep your eyes wide open, otherwise you become stagnant, and then you're through."

Daché calls herself a product of the depression, and she says, "Any time is a good time to go into business if you really want to." She bought a lot and had a building constructed on East Fifty-sixth Street in 1937. The eighth and ninth floors are a penthouse in which Mr. and Mrs. Jean Despres reside. "From Monday to Friday I never leave the house," Daché says.

At six in the evening when Despres comes home he rides up in the elevator, stopping at each floor and calling Lilly, until he locates his spouse. At the sound of his voice Daché drops everything. From then until eight in the morning there is no Miss Daché in the house, only Mrs. Despres. "My husband says I must not work when he is at home."

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Jean Despres depart for their country place at Poundridge, Connecticut, where they raise chickens and rabbits and lead the life of an average couple. On Sunday they attend eleven-o'clock Mass in the village church and in the afternoon they entertain a few friends.

"Jean doesn't like for me to be in business," Daché says. "But," she adds wishfully, "I think he's just a little proud of me because sometimes he says, 'Meet my wife, Lilly Daché!' "

No Gin in the World is Finer than FLEISCHMANN'S
Ask FIRST For FLEISCHMANN'S
*-America's FIRST Gin!
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
1870

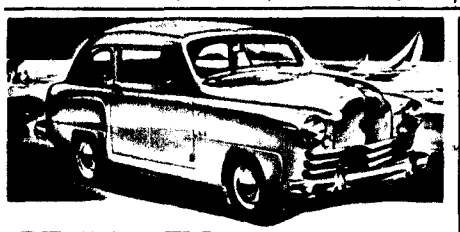
*FIRST GIN DISTILLED IN AMERICA • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

OWN a Business

Clean and Mothproof rugs and upholstery "in the home." Patented equipment. No shop needed. Duraclean dealer's gross profits up to $20 a day on EACH serviceman. These Nationally Advertised services create repeat customers. Easy to learn. Quickly established. Easy terms. Send today for FREE Booklet—Full details.

DURACLEAN CO., 1-2 PL., DEERFIELD, ILL.

Get Well QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound



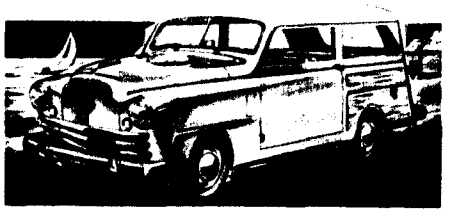
CROSLEY Announces big NEW models!

They're here—five new Crosley style leaders! New Crosley Sedan Deluxe is bigger! It's the latest word in American design. New speed-line styling, rich interior, choice fabrics. Seats 4 with ample luggage room. Crosley—the world's biggest-selling Station Wagon—has larger, longer body lines. All steel. No increase in price. New Crosley Convertible gets admiring glances wherever it goes. And smart Crosley trucks save money by the mile.

That's not all. Today's Crosley engine gives you even more power, even better hill climbing—even greater economy—35 to 50 miles on a gallon of regular gasoline. Smart enough for small incomes, inexpensive enough for high income tax brackets! Crosley gives you more for your money. Prices range downward from the Station Wagon at only $929 F.O.B., Marion, Indiana.

CROSLEY a FINE car

See all five models at your dealer's. Or write for free catalog—Crosley Motors, 2530-CC Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.



A QUALITY DRY BATTERY FOR EVERY PURPOSE

BURGESS

BATTERIES

for Your Flashlight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's believes...

College Teaching Doesn't Pay

COLLIER'S believes we American people ought to have sense and imagination enough to pay college teachers decent salaries. It's something we don't do, generally speaking, at this time. If you scanned the entire field of employment in the United States you would have to look long before finding groups worse paid than college teachers and particularly in the so-called endowed colleges.

An ambitious young man, until lately an assistant professor in a well-known college, tells his story and that of thousands of other men and women in next week's Collier's. He is a Ph.D. graduate in mathematics. He finally got a salary of $2,250.

This young professor found that he and his wife could not support two small children and themselves on such pay. No matter how frugal and austere and ingenious they were, it seemed not possible to keep solvent.

His story is interesting. It is not exaggerated. Being an adaptable young man and plainly no fool, he could take a hint. What he did is what thousands of others are doing. He quit teaching and got a better-paying job.

Another job solved his personal financial problem. But it certainly was no solution of the college problem or of the public problem of providing competent teachers for higher education.

Our American way of life is made possible by education. Cut off the supply of college-trained technicians and almost instantly you lower the level of material production. The United States is immensely productive because, among other factors, we have a larger proportion of well-educated workers than any other country.

We built our way of life on an educated people but we have not given enough thought, or money, to the support of higher education. For as long as we can remember, college salaries have been low, but in the last years of inflation the college pay has become calamitously inadequate.

Colleges can't be blamed. They have little money. Their endowments yield less than ever. It is hard to find rich philanthropists to give new endowments. Very few colleges charge students enough to pay the costs of present instruction.

Yet the fact is that the public interest, the national welfare, vitally needs the kind of education that historically has been available in the colleges. If all our present colleges went bankrupt and the professors all got other jobs we should have very quickly to create a new higher educational system. We could not afford to be slow about it.

It is a dismaying waste to lose a well-trained teacher to some other better-paying occupation. Many professors can better themselves financially by learning to drive busses or mine coal, or peddle milk. But is it wise for us as a nation to let the valuable skill of scholars and scientists be drained out of the teaching profession? Should not we have the gumption to find ways of paying decent salaries to people who want to teach and who are qualified by education and personal qualities and inclinations to teach?

To ask such questions is to suggest inevitable answers.

Of course, we can find ways of paying professors. Twenty-five years ago farmers were at a disadvantage. Sons and daughters of farmers abandoned agriculture and crowded into the cities for jobs. Presently the nation began to fumble over the plight of the farmers. Today by reason of legislation as well as of other factors, agriculture is a well-paid, pleasant way of life.

The need to keep good teachers in colleges is just as urgent as it was to induce farmers to continue contentedly to till the land. The need to keep teachers satisfied because they are fairly paid is just as great. Certainly a teacher nursing a feeling of having been forgotten when justice was being done is in a poor mood to be the guide and philosopher of youth.

Collier's thinks much can, should and will be done to stop this drain of the teachers from the colleges. Americans are used to paying for what they get. There is no conceivable reason for not paying the fair costs of college education. No more is there any reason to make college teaching an ill-paid occupation unsatisfactory to anyone except drudges and those without spirit or ambition.

Collier's thinks that one quick step forward would be to raise college tuition so that students actually more nearly pay for what they get. Not all students come of families able to pay the higher costs. For such, scholarships should be provided and soon, if necessary, at public costs as in the G.I. system.

Perhaps you have other fruitful ideas. Collier's is interested in your suggestions. What's your solution? Speak up. . . . W. L. C.

☆ ☆ ☆

"It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER

☆ ☆ ☆

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

© 1949, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prove CAMEL MILDNESS *for Yourself!*

In a recent 30-day test of
hundreds of Camel smokers,
noted throat specialists reported
NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF
THROAT IRRITATION
due to smoking CAMELS!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

How mild can a cigarette be? Make the 30-day Camel mildness test—and then you'll *know!* A similar test was recently made by hundreds of smokers from coast to coast. These men and women smoked Camels, and only Camels, for 30 days—an average of one to two packs a day. Each week, noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers—a total of 2470 examinations. And these specialists reported *not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!*

Put Camels to the test yourself—in your "T-Zone." Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel's choice tobaccos. Let YOUR OWN THROAT give you the good word on Camel's cool, cool mildness.

Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED